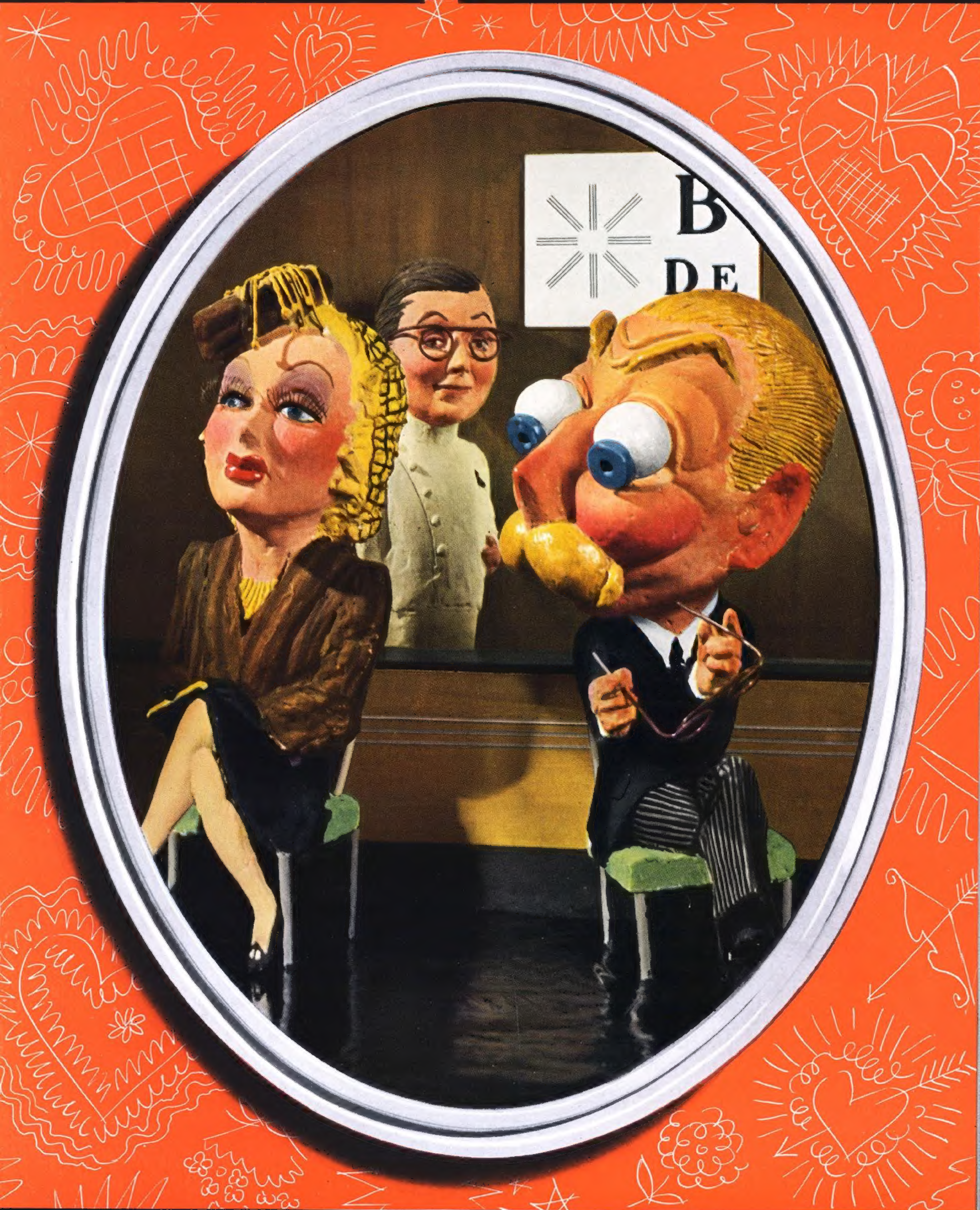
FEBRUARY
1940

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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RICHARD ALDINGTON
MANUEL KOMROFF
DANA DOTEN
CREIGHTON PEET
PAUL W. KEARNEY
WILLIAM LA VARRE
ERIC HOWARD
FORREST DAVIS
HARRY SALPETER

FICTION
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
CAPT. WILLIAM OUTERSON
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
JOHN MIRKO
JAMES STERN
HOWARD EARL MAIER

ART
HARRY GOTTLIEB
JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE

SATIRE
JOHN COLLIER
SHANNON FIFE
DOUG WELCH
HOLGER LUNDBERGH

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JESSE STUART

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CRAIG WOOD
JACK KOFOED
OTTO LANG
ROGER TREAT

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GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD
ILES BRODY

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GEORGE PETTY
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GEORGE DALY
ELWIN HENRI
LEO DINK SIEGEL
BOB WILLIAMS
DON BENDER
A. CRAMER
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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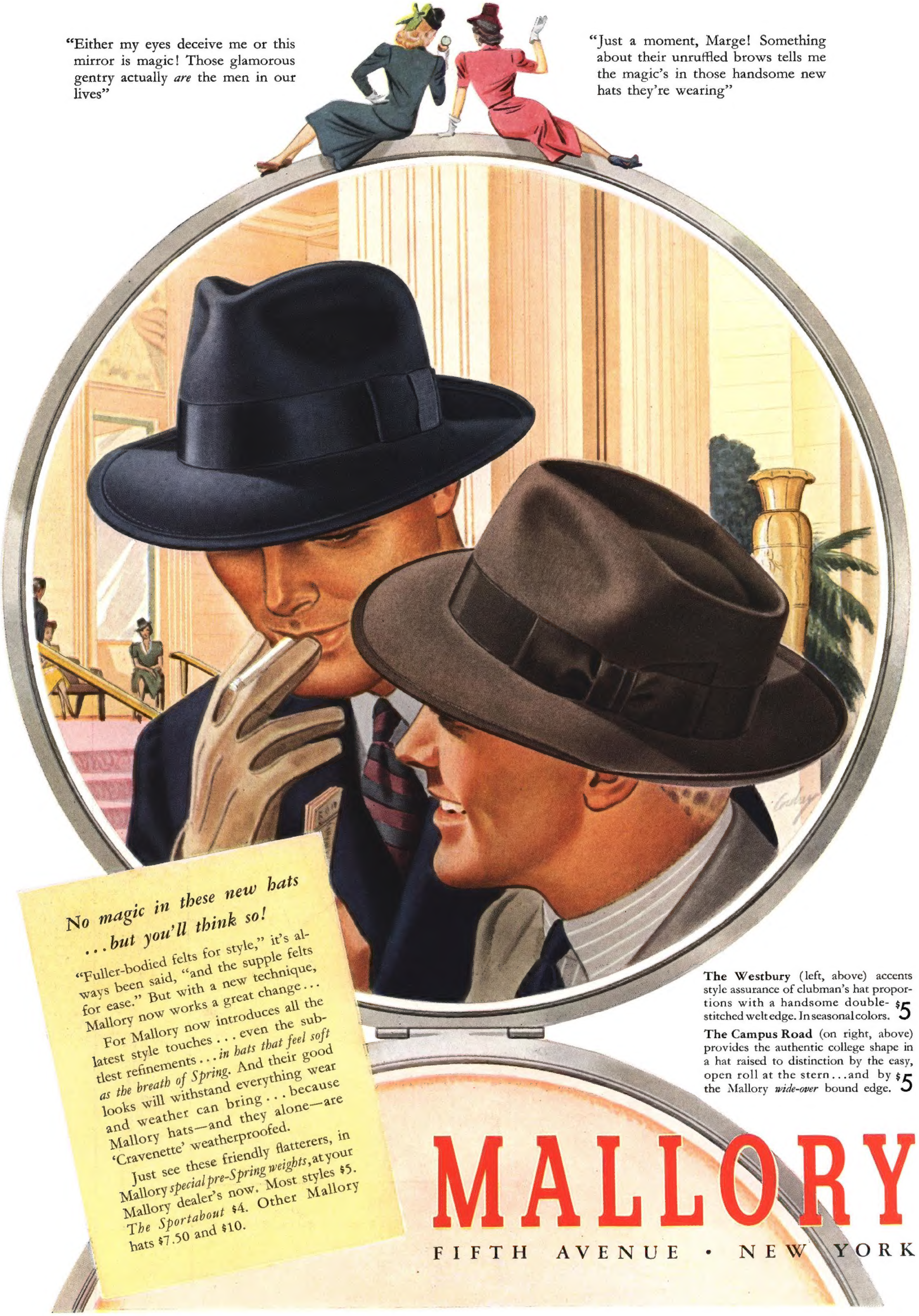
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

"Either my eyes deceive me or this mirror is magic! Those glamorous gentry actually *are* the men in our lives"

"Just a moment, Marge! Something about their unruffled brows tells me the magic's in those handsome new hats they're wearing"



No magic in these new hats ...but you'll think so!

"Fuller-bodied felts for style," it's always been said, "and the supple felts for ease." But with a new technique, Mallory now works a great change... For Mallory now introduces all the latest style touches... even the subtlest refinements... *in hats that feel soft as the breath of Spring.* And their good looks will withstand everything wear and weather can bring... because Mallory hats—and they alone—are 'Cravenette' weatherproofed.

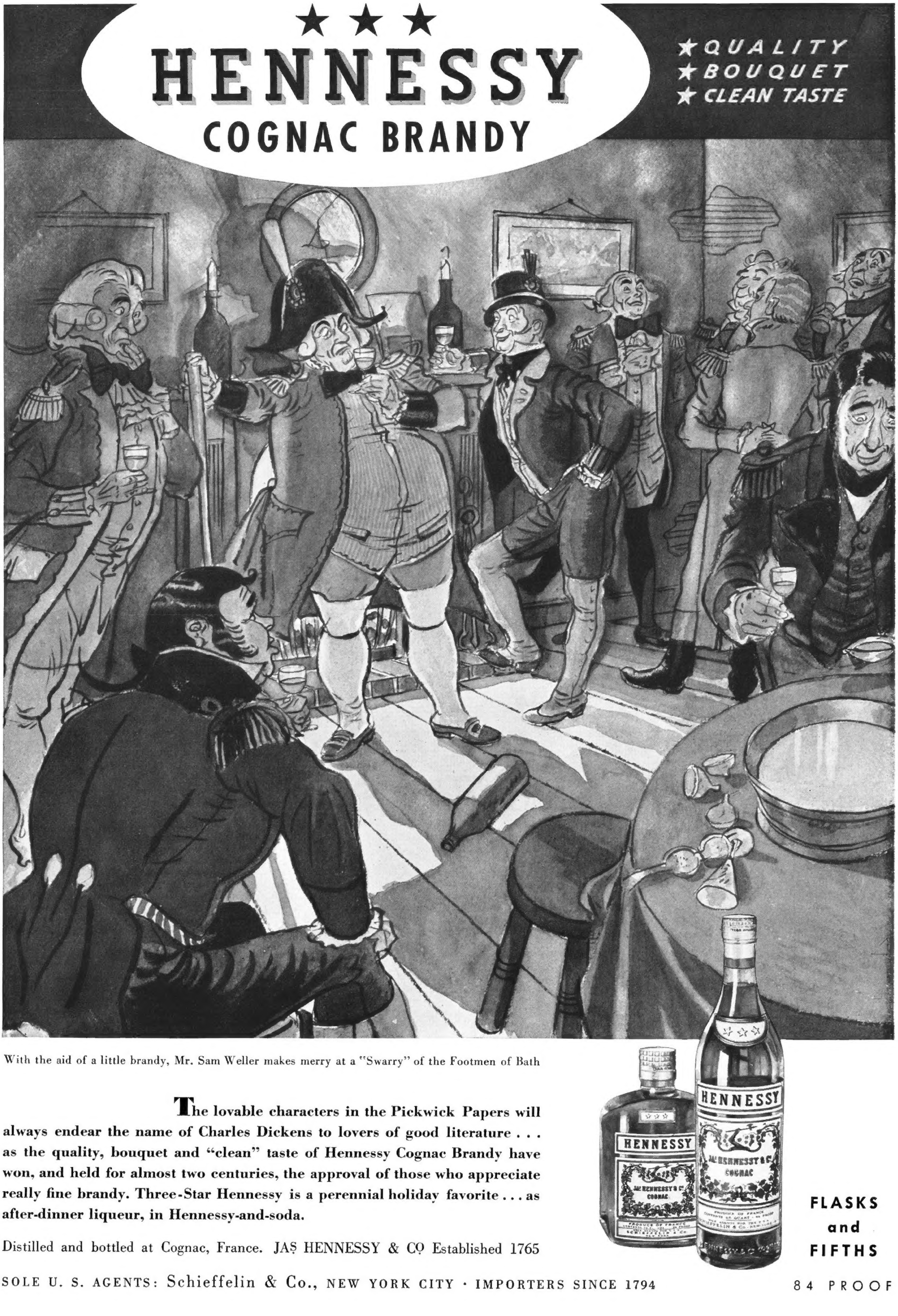
Just see these friendly flatterers, in Mallory *special pre-Spring weights,* at your Mallory dealer's now. Most styles $5. *The Sportabout* $4. Other Mallory hats $7.50 and $10.

The Westbury (left, above) accents style assurance of clubman's hat proportions with a handsome double-stitched welt edge. In seasonal colors. $5

The Campus Road (on right, above) provides the authentic college shape in a hat raised to distinction by the easy, open roll at the stern...and by the Mallory *wide-over* bound edge. $5

MALLORY

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK


★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE
HENNESSY
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC

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84 PROOF

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The Embassy, S-893
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The Major, S-831
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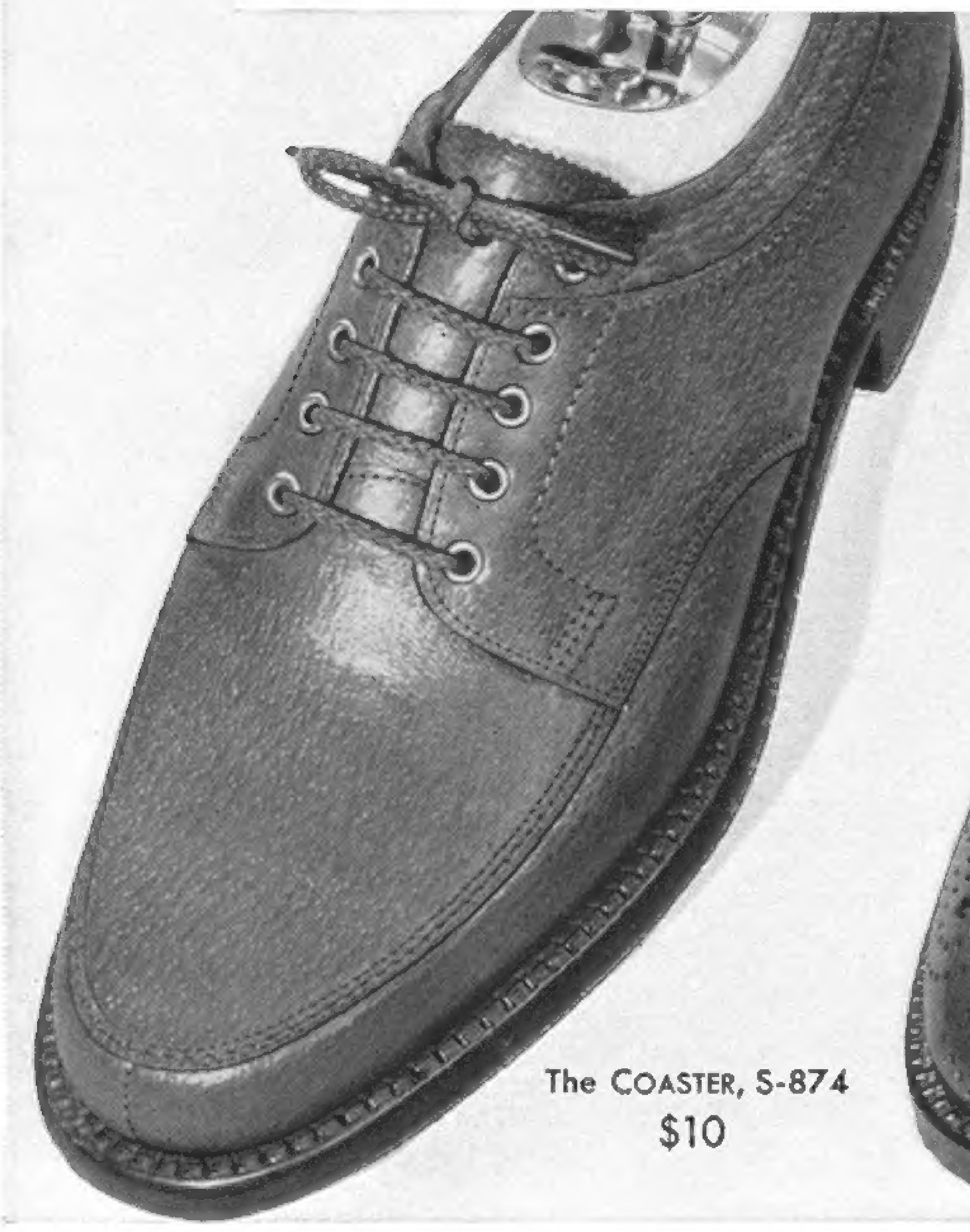

The Coaster, S-874
$10

The Highland, S-882
$11

The Exmore, S-898
$10

Edited by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches *by* Hughes, Goodman, Grafstrom, Saalburg and Fellows beginning on page 95

Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

The editor's own loyal opposition

We have an uneasy feeling that our big idea of the ℞'s, so loudly self-hailed in this space last month, is already turning slightly sour. We don't think people will agree with our recommendations. In fact, looking them over just now, in preparing to release the above listing of contents from the typesetters to the printers, we made a very upsetting discovery about these recommendations of ours. We discovered we don't even agree with them ourselves.

So why wait for other people to take issue with our selection of this month's "required reading"? Since we're the first to look at it in print, why not be the first to attack it? Very well, then . . .

. . . *as the curtain rises on the February issue of Esquire* . . .

THE OBJECTIVE US: What the blue-be-cheeses ever possessed you to put those four dingbats where you did?

THE SUBJECTIVE WE: Did I put 'em there? Let's see, when I was away, do you think maybe Gus just stuck them in any old place . . .

GUS: Aaaowwhathefercryeye—

THE OBJECTIVE US: You leave Gus out of this! What are those dingbats supposed to mean?

THE SUBJECTIVE WE (hedging): Well, as I said in this space last month, these little ℞'s are to our Table of Contents as the headwaiter's recommendations are to a menu card. And I was careful to say that they only mean that in a given issue of Esquire these are the items that we personally feel—

THE OBJECTIVE US: *Who* personally feels?

THE SUBJECTIVE WE: Why, we do, that is, both of us, you and me both, as it were.

US: Forget *me*.

WE: I can't, you keep interrupting. Well, anyway, I explained that these little ℞'s flag the features that are most likely to appeal to the greatest number of readers and that, accordingly, those items are the ones we'd most hate to have them miss.

US: Hmmm.

WE: (covering up): Of course, we didn't say they were the *best* in any given issue, only—

US: Only the ones you don't want anybody to miss!

WE: Well, of course, if you put it that way.

US: I didn't. You did. So I suppose you don't care whether anybody reads Don Chidsey's *One on the House*, for instance.

WE: Well, that's a mystery story and—

US: And this is a magazine for men. What kind of fiction do more men read than any other kind?

WE (trapped): Mystery, I guess. But we're giving it to 'em, aren't we? Had one last month, got one next month, going to try to have one every month—

US: Did you put an ℞ on the one last month, that *good* one, that wow about the girls trapped in the safe in the night club where this waiter who used to be a yegg—

WE: Never mind, I read it. Of course, it was good, I wouldn't have printed it if I hadn't thought so, but—

US: But there was no ℞ on it, and now there's no ℞ on this month's either. That's great—that's a great way to build up the habit of watching for Chidsey's mystery stories—just sneak 'em in and hope people will find them. And another thing, if this is a man's magazine, answer me this. Have you ever had a more typical expression of the masculine viewpoint than this month's story *You Can't Have Everything*, where the poor old guy and his dog get kicked around by that slut—

WE: No, but I'll tell you why I slugged the ℞ on *Ships That Meet* in preference—because I got that old authentic chill chasing up and down my backbone where the suspense builds up, and I figure more people like action stuff like that, so—

US: So where was your backbone when the Major picks up that snake in Jimmy Stern's story *The Man Who Was Loved*, or for that matter, when those two guys in *They Paid for Their Drinks* are up for court martial and—

WE: But you'd have an ℞ on every story in the book if you slugged those—

US: Would I? Let's look up at the listing again. Well, you're right, the only one without an ℞ in that case would be Scott Fitzgerald's *A Man in the Way* and—migahd that's a Pat Hobby story, why hasn't *that* got an ℞, at least?

WE (but weak): Well, last month it did have—that is, last month's Pat Hobby story did have, and as long as it's a series—

US: Who knows it's a series? Forgetting you and me, please.

WE: Well, last month's subhead said—

US: Forgetting last month, too, if you'd be so kindly—this is this month. And who knows it's a series?

WE: This month's subhead could have—that is, should have said something about—

US: Does it?

WE: I don't remember, it was supposed—I'll have to look. (Embarrassed pause.) Now that's funny, just as it happens it—it—well, doesn't.

US (over-sweetly): But you and I know it's a series, don't we? And we know how you almost broke your damn neck trying to get that series, and how close you came to losing it, and how sorry for yourself you were that one night when it looked as if the whole works had got away from you after all. And we remember how you were practically living on the long distance from here to Hollywood for the next two days, trying to hang onto it with a mixture composed, in approximately equal parts, of injured friendship and the old oil, until I finally saved the series for Esky with cash, cash, cash and more of it and on the line, dope!

WE: But we got it, didn't we?

US: Sure, that's why we're keeping it a secret. We wouldn't want to share a swell series like that with the public. If we told 'em it was a series they might read a Pat Hobby story and like it and want more—that's what *you* did, after you read the first one.

WE: They're going to get more. I just forgot to say so this month.

US: But any month—why keep 'em guessing—if you've got some good stuff coming up, why not say so? For instance, at the end of a story or an article—and speaking of articles, how the hell comes it that there's no ℞ on—

WE: I know—let's not get started on the articles. But this other idea isn't so bad—we could fix up a system of telling 'em at the end of a story or article something about more to come. Of course, we can't do it this month, it's too late, most of the forms have gone to press. And on the other hand, we've never done any of that and as you've often said yourself Esquire is such a highly habit-forming magazine that people may not have to be told in so many words just what to expect—

US: It's all right to have a highly habit-forming magazine as far as the public's concerned—but there's always a danger that it may be highly habit-forming for us! Maybe editing shouldn't be done sitting down. For instance while you're sitting on that big broad—

WE: Hey, watch your language, don't forget we're in print.

US: Watch my language, hell—watch your job!

ESQUIRE
Feb., 1940
T. M. Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XIII, No. 2
Whole No. 75
T. M. Reg.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

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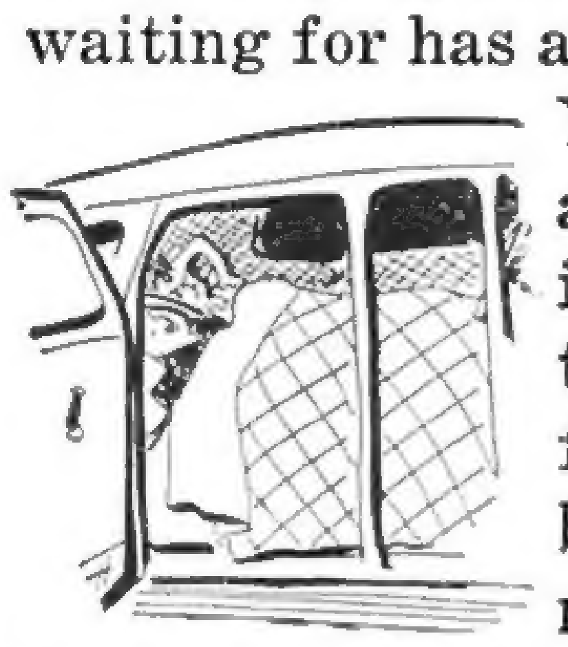
Send me FREE information (in plain wrapper) telling how I can appear 1½ inches taller, instantly; and full details of your 10-day Examination Offer.

Name__________

Address__________

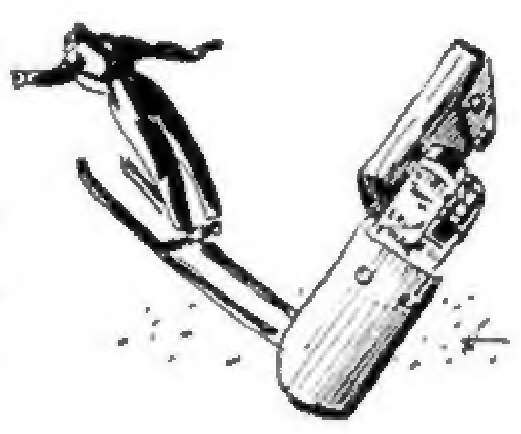
City__________ State__________

THE DOUBLE BED ON U.S. 1. Maybe it's the New York Fair's influence. We wouldn't know, but that "car of tomorrow" with sleeping accommodations, double beds, etc. we've been waiting for has arrived, and with considerable commotion.

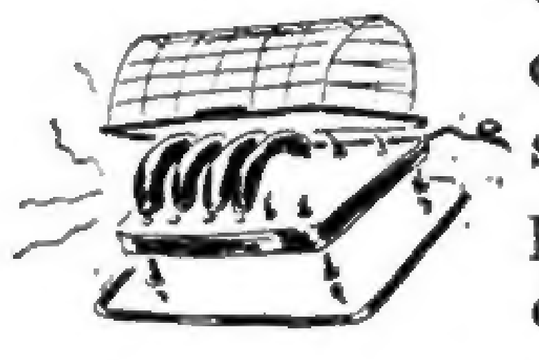


Yessir, right away now equipment is available that will make your car a traveling bedroom. The outfit fits all standard two and four door sedans, converts into a full-sized 6′ 4″ double bed or a 6′ 4″ single bed and two reclining chairs. Having many variations, it can be used as a half-bed, or, by placing the right hand front seat in bed position and the rear seat in normal position, it forms a comfortable ottoman-like affair. Along with the necessary "seat-bed" equipment, there are special men's and women's fitted cases, a wardrobe trunk, cook and lunch cabinet and a wash cabinet. The whole business is solidly well made. Going south this winter?

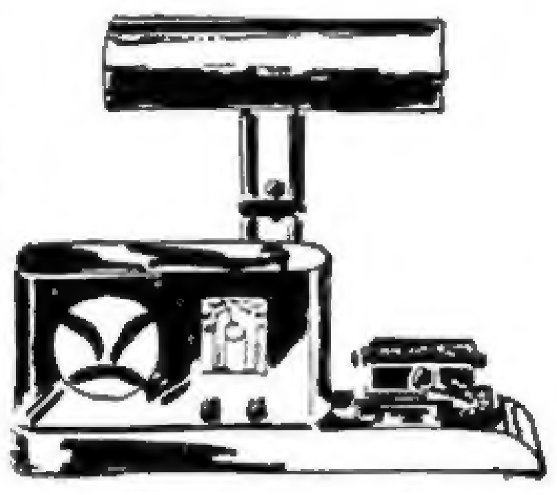
A WORD ON WAX. As most skiers, expert or otherwise, are singularly combative when it comes to their pet wax preparations, we offer this "wax kit" in the proper humble spirit. It contains the two necessary types of wax—one for dry snow when temperature is freezing, one for wet snow when the thaw's set in—and was completed after an analysis of European waxes. The kit's of water proof material, has a loop on the back to fasten to belt or suspenders, and seems practical to our inexperienced eye.



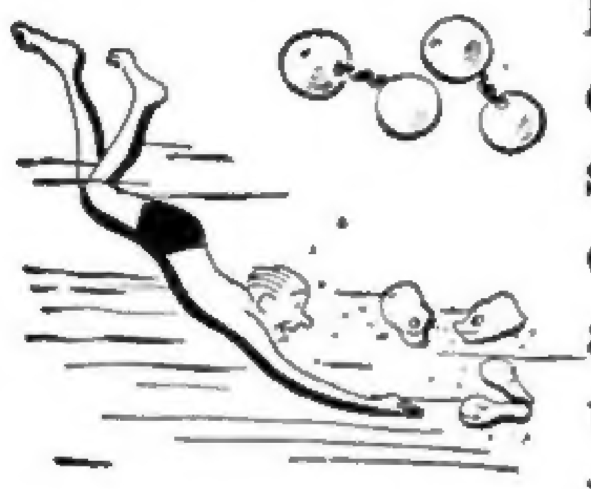
HOT DOG . . . subtitled — streamlining the weinie roast. Presenting a successful, young machine that rebutts the common question, why do I only get hot-dogs at the ball game? It grills them quickly and easily, four at a time. You spike them on the four sets of pronged points, close cover for contact and they're done in ninety seconds. The franks are really electrocuted so there's no grease remnants. The griller is chromium with black plastic handles; A. C. only.



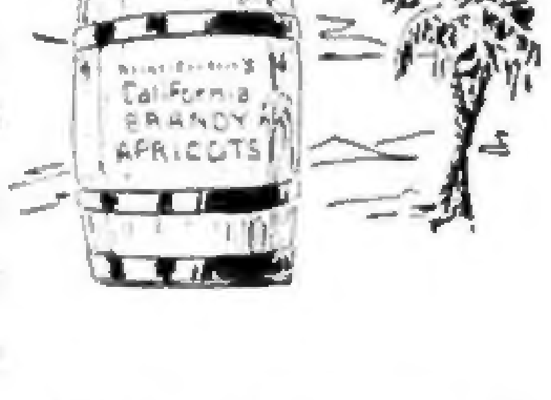
ON THE DESK. There's always some new sort of desk set lurking about these offices, usually representing an advance in one direction or another. This one explains the situation—it's a handsome combination of radio, desk lamp, revolving calendar and pen-holder. These four are set on a solid stand, the whole thing being finished in conservative bank-bronze, compatible with the usual run of office and library furniture. It's designed along good, simple lines.



TICKLISH BUSINESS. The pearl-culture process, otherwise known as tickling the oyster, has produced a new variety of very reasonable, smart pearl cuff-links. They're well mounted in either sterling silver or 14 kt. gold, are, of course, especially suitable for nocturnal purposes. In addition to the sets with round pearls, there are baroque links, pearls in odd shapes which can't be duplicated.



PICKLED PRESENTS. On behalf of that friend of yours who possesses a sweet (and alcoholic) tooth, we refer you to a celebrated California establishment that puts up all sorts of savory Californian fruits in fine solutions of rum and brandy. These fruit and ferment combinations come in handsome, nickel banded kegs, have proven fine gifts for both the hale and hearty and also for patients in our more liberally-minded hospitals. There are dates, figs, apricots and peaches in brandy—pears and dates in rum.



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NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
"As British as beef", the burning question about him is whether he will compromise once again with the dictators; it is now doubtful.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Man of many talents who, it is believed, will soon be the controlling figure in British conduct of the war — as Lloyd George was in the last.

EDOUARD DALADIER
Nicknamed "the Bull", "the Inscrutable", "the Taciturn", — a stubborn man of the people, slow-witted, honorable.

BENITO MUSSOLINI
He fears most an early death, since most of his family have died at his present age. He was once in the pay of the French Government.

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"I just can't find any time to read books!"

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MOMENT IN PEKING *by Lin Yutang*
THE GRAPES OF WRATH *by John Steinbeck*
THE YEARLING *by Marjorie K. Rawlings*
INSIDE ASIA *by John Gunther*
NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD *by Vincent Sheean*
WIND, SAND AND STARS *by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*
DAYS OF OUR YEARS *by Pierre van Paassen*
THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM *by Hermann Rauschning*
COUNTRY LAWYER *by Bellamy Partridge*

—or *any other* new books you may have been particularly anxious to read. Instead, you may have been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

The dozen books listed above are among the leaders on all best-seller lists. It is an interesting fact that seven of them were chosen as the book-of-the-month by our judges.

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

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INSIDE EUROPE

BY JOHN GUNTHER

John Gunther

WHAT will be the course of the war? What will the peace be like? The fateful answer really lies, as it did in 1914, in the decision of a few individuals; in the nature of their personalities; in their particular notions, justified or mistaken, about matters which affect them and their people. By circumstance or ability or guile, a handful of strong-willed men, each equipped with unusual power as the representative of millions of people, can and will determine by their action what the future of all of us is to be.

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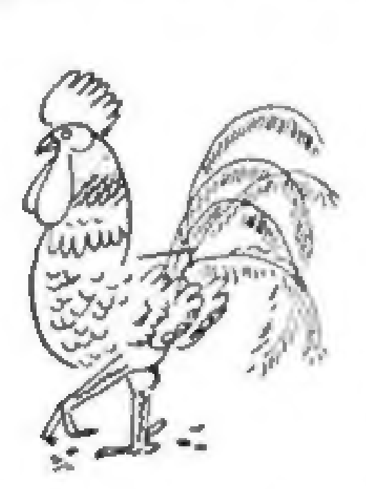
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SO WHY NOT?

Some day, when the editing job gets too strenuous, come down on the farm and we'll feed you milk and eggs.

By that time you'll need them.



By *The Sound and The Fury* I figure people don't like your interpretation of the French. They should look up the Frenchinterpretation of us.

And why worry about hurting French feelings? Did any of the kickers ever get a French hotel bill?

And why do people waste reams in criticism of your stories? Did they ever write a story? Was it ever accepted?

I can state definitely that your rejection slips are not on glossy paper. But I got a nice note from you once and I cherish it as my highest literary award.

I had it framed and I love it with my eyes every morning.

It acts as a tonic.

Next month I'll send you a nasty letter. I don't know anything about magazines but I'll tell you all about how to run yours.

You might reciprocate by mail. You can tell me how to raise chickens. Anything you say will be accepted as gospel.

I see that the girls don't like what men don't like about women.

My wife has a list of things she doesn't like about men. She collected it from old numbers of the *Journal*, *Companion* and a few more ladies' magazines.

Have you ever noticed the unfairness of these success-in-marriage quizzes?

They've got the male side bracketed by the heavy artillery.

But they ask the gals if they powder their noses before breakfast. If they do, the grading is 100%.

So what?

The Sound and the Fury.

Sincerely yours,
Collins, N. Y. Carey Wilber

PETTY IN PARVO

Shortly before the war I met a friend of mine, a German art professor. This man is proverbially famous for giving, in the shortest time of thinking, the most comprehensive descriptions of the essence of a picture or a style.

Merely as a joke, I showed him several cartoons of George Petty, which he examined quite professionally. At last, he gave, or rather burst out into, the following definition:

"Die erotophile übertriebenheit der linearen Vollendung innerhalb der Grenzen anatomischer Möglichkeiten, bei sparsamster Beschränkung im engeren Sinne störender Umweltselemente auf jeweils einen, die gewünschte Haltung des Modells rechtfertigenden Gegenstand."

(The erotically stressed exaggeration of a linear perfection within the borders of anatomical possibilities, while most economically confining the—in a narrower sense—disturbing elements of the surrounding world to as few objects as necessary to justify the required pose of the model.)

I wonder if Mr. Petty will like this scientifical disguise of the essence of his art, so delightfully unscientifical.

Yours Faithfully,
Dublin, Éire Dr. C. H. Petersen

WHY BRODY IS OUR TREASURE

Writes Iles Brody in his story *My Treasure* in Esquire's Christmas number:

"Two wonderful racers were competing against Kincsem (in the Goodwood Cup): Pageant and Lady Golightly. The former ridden by the famous Cannon was favorite at 5 to 4; Lady Golightly—the incomparable Fred Archer up—stood at 2 to 1. Kincsem was ridden by Madden . . ."

Two paragraphs later we read:

"It was in the last stretch of the course that the English saw the most fantastic, unbelievable performance ever given by a race horse: Kincsem literally flew after Pageant who was practically in the shadow of the Judges' box. When Fred Archer saw Kincsem moving up to him the famous jockey started to whip Pageant; likewise Madden used his spurs on Kincsem".

Fantastic, unbelievable is right. Apparently coming into the stretch Fred Archer leaped from Lady Golightly on to Pageant. And was Cannon's face red!

As a youngster I watched Archer lose his last race the day he beat his own brains out with a pistol butt at Lewes. He was my hero but I never guessed him to be an acrobat.

Very truly yours,
Windsor, Ont. Andrew Cory

COOLING DOWN THE XMAS ISSUE

If you're feeling all puffed up over your Christmas Number, permit this Constant Reader to inform you that in spite of its bulk that number isn't so hot. With the exception of the Departments, Art and *Brain Alley Blues*, the reading matter could have appeared in the Satevepost. And I doubt that Komroff's and Shaw's masterpieces could be considered good enough for that rag. And as for the cartoons—Esquire's famous cartoons—alas!

No, Esquire, you can't do that to us. You're supposed to be catering to the depraved tastes and morbid intelligence of a class of readers who have long outgrown the Satevepost. You started out in the right direction but success seems to be making you smug and you're becoming average. I often hear folks saying: "Somebody ought to start a magazine to do what Esquire promised . . ." Have a care, Esky old dear.

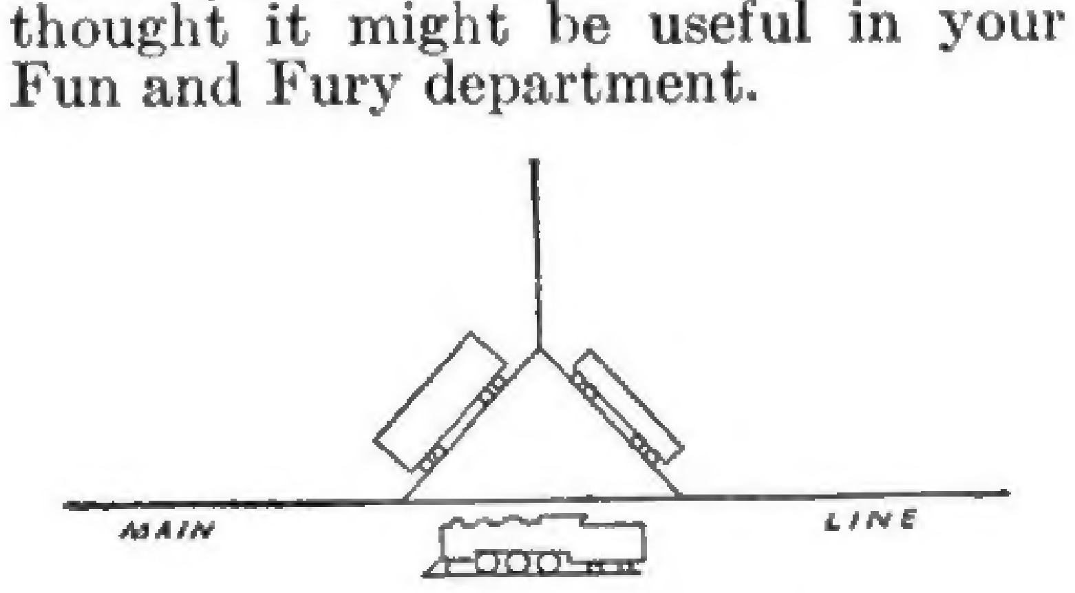
West Orange, N. J. James Cragie

PROBLEM FOR THE IMPROVEMENTS DEPT.

Probably like hundreds of other old subscribers of Esquire I take pride in keeping back copies both for reading and reference, but I dislike tearing down half of the house to find the article desired, therefore I am taking the liberty to suggest that you perforate the Title Page so that it could be readily detached and filed in a loose-leaf Index-book.

Incidentally, here is a little problem which was sprung on us at a sales meeting.

My solution time was a minute and twenty-six seconds—some of the boys are still working on it. I thought it might be useful in your Fun and Fury department.



In making up a "freight" it is necessary to reverse the position of the box-car and gondola. The tail of the "Y" will not hold the engine alone or more than one car.

Very truly yours,
William R. MacDonald, Jr.
South Portland, Maine

WITNESS FOR ILES

That Mr. E. R. Groves who held forth in the *Sound and Fury* column in the Christmas issue reminds me of the stuffed shirt who comes in the theatre at the third act and proceeds to criticize the whole play to the annoyance of all seated near him.

If Mr. Groves could "afford" an Esquire as far back in the distant past as March, 1939, he could see that Mr. Brody neither has side whiskers, nor does he look like an old fool in his dotage.

Mr. Groves is undoubtedly one of those superior and irreproachable horses, pardon, horsemen who rides always with his elbows pressed closely to his ribs and his tongue in his cheek.

He is such an unconstructive critic that I wonder his alter ego does not tremble for fear he will turn on it—surely perfection is not too much to ask.

I, for one, should like to know Mr. Groves' qualifications as a critic of horse stories so that I may judge for myself whether Mr. Brody's or Mr. Groves' experiences with horses have the broader scope. I dare say Mr. Brody's have increased by one anyway.

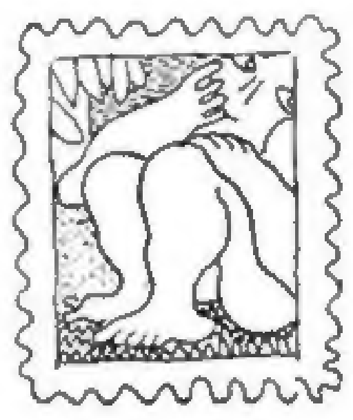
So hurray for Mr. Brody for making what might be dull, statistical, pedagogical reading matter into stimulating and interesting literature!

Sincerely,
Harriet Thomas Purdy
Montgomery, Alabama

P. S.—Hurray for Esquire, too!

NON SEQUITUR OF THE MONTH

If the following serves for naught but to keep out of your *Sound and Fury* columns at least one geometrical solution ("polution" would be more apt), it shall have accomplished a lofty and worthwhile objective. However, be that as it may, on to the task.



As a long time reader of your Esquire, I feel that it is high time that someone (could it be me?) renders an honest opinion concerning your modern "Art" (what's in a name?), a misnomer, if there ever was one. Candidly, it is utterly meaningless (and seemingly regarded in inverse proportion to its "meaningless-ness"); and at times can be said to advance to the heights of incomparable mediocrity, and I do refer, above all, to your December issue, a truly notable work otherwise. Oh! Why is it that we "Moderns" can read no meaning into our "Art," unless it is meaningless? I could go on like this for hours, but one of our true artists has expressed it with infinitely greater truth, and so, permit me to quote Gutzon Borglum, from the *Milwaukee Journal* article of a recent issue.

"Frightful decadence-filth!" he characterized it.

He told how he resigned from a committee sponsoring an exhibit of modern art several years ago when he saw what had been selected for the showing.

"I was just sick when I saw them hang on the wall a lot of foolish scratches and write under them the lie—'Woman Descending Stairs,'" he said

"Such things are exhibited as a result of immature minds. I forced myself to read about those artists and their lives and art. I say one cannot live like a drunken sot and do things that destroy life, and still produce something beautiful. Unfortunately, most of the great modern artists and sculptors are dead—the great Saint Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Frederich William MacMonnies, to mention a few. So present-day daubers—these vulgarians—have the field to themselves. And as for art dealers, they will sell anything, even manure, if there is a market for it!"

Sincerely,
Milwaukee, Wis. Frank F. Schluga

THE FLOSS ON THE MILNE

After reading Gilbert Seldes' lucid consolations (Esquire, Nov. 1939) to the younger generation of authors, I felt its benefits immediately. I consider it a singular advance that I am now able to do my own psycho-vivisection of significant passages. After doing a dozen I offer you a picked sample. (I put the name of the author at the end so you'll have to read through the entire letter.) This selection might be called "Could This Boy Write?"

"These are the facts. Washed out, I tell you, that's what is wrong with boiled potatoes. Defunct, a boiled potato is like a bald head. What is its highest good, its summum bonum? Can it stand to be mashed, or fried in the French style? No, it's no use. You'll never snare me that way. Out with the stewed beef, it has been kept a secret long enough. What do I care if it and old maids are the salvation of the British Empire? Besides, some day, maudlin fool that I am, I could see a tiny wind-encircled bower where we can have unmolested, ROAST beef just for two."

Class exercise: Read the above paragraph carefully so that no unimportant detail will escape your notice. Do you feel the neat style of the running monologue undertone? How does it strike you? Can you tie up the thought with the first Diet of Worms? Is it faintly reminiscent of springtime in Montmartre? Note the emphasis on *roast* beef. How many modern authors do you think could do as well? Think back and say who could have written this in 1100, in 2436 B.C., in 1940, before the flood. What is the effect of, wind-encircled, on your aesthetic sense, on your landlord, on your Congressman? Can you smell the potatoes; hear or see them? Who said, "What is life but a boiled potato"? (If you don't like potatoes insist on two other vegetables on the same dinner.) The author was born with one leg; which one? Which could it be? From this excerpt make a shrewd guess about the British Empire. How do you like it? This is highly ambiguous writing.

No it isn't Tolstoi—Bluebeard or the little man who wasn't there, it was, Students—(you'll never guess) WINNIE THE POOH.

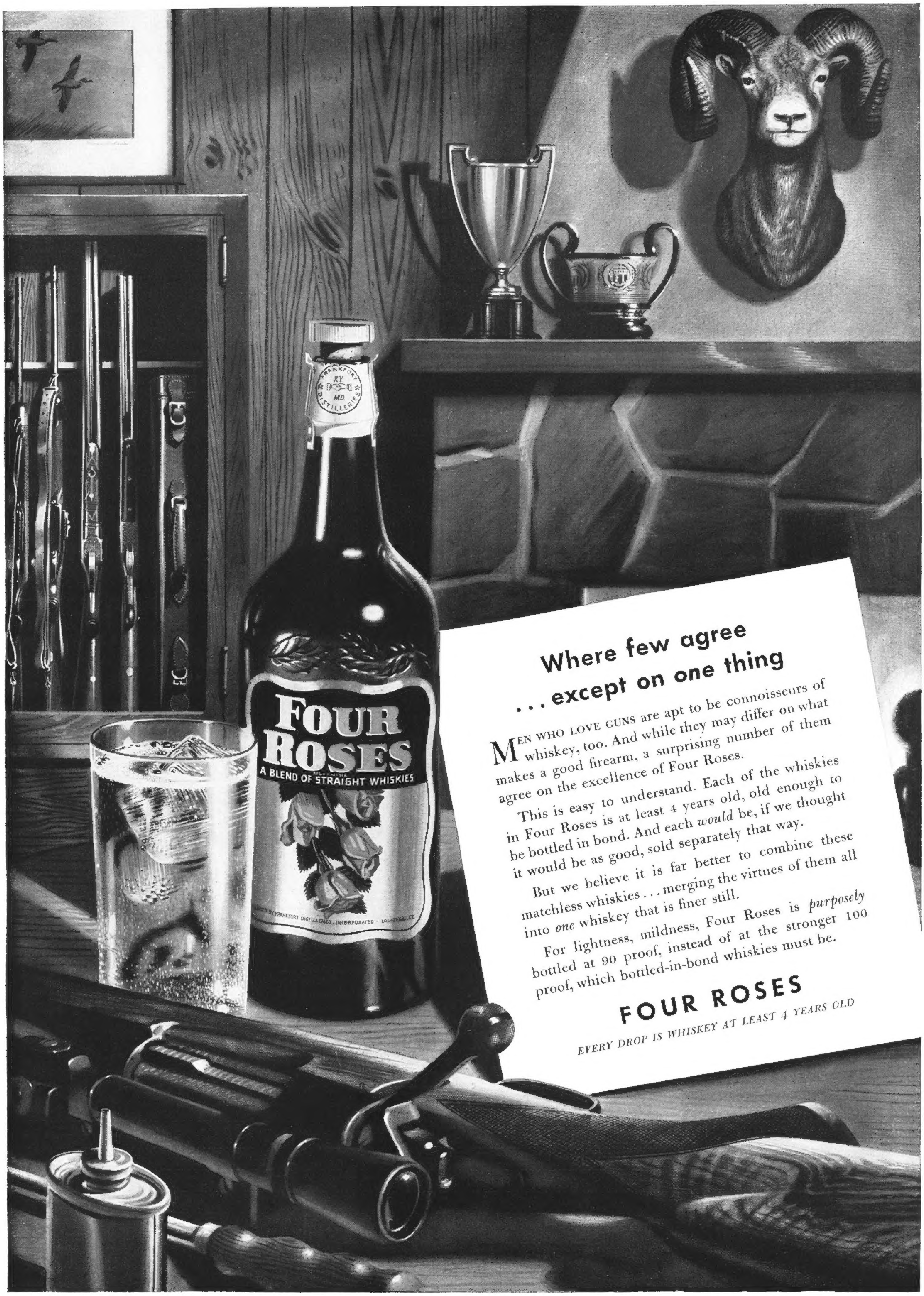
Very truly yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Oscar Janiger

DECEMBER ECHO

Congrats to Esquire for this last issue! The Christmas Issue! That three page Petty is like Champagne in Zion; like red flannels in July! It's the tops! It makes up for Petty's conspicuous absence in the November issue. I've got four of the Petty superdupers in my locker at school (five with this latest) and it's the most popular locker there. If I should leave my locker open for a moment and go away, I'd have to call out the riot squad to make a path back to it for me. The entire male population, (well, almost!) and a goodly proportion of the female, are all trying to see them at once. So here's more power to you AND Mr. George Petty!

Anxiously yours,
Evanston, Ill. Ed Chester

Continued on page 10



Where few agree
. . . except on one thing

Men who love guns are apt to be connoisseurs of whiskey, too. And while they may differ on what makes a good firearm, a surprising number of them agree on the excellence of Four Roses.

This is easy to understand. Each of the whiskies in Four Roses is at least 4 years old, old enough to be bottled in bond. And each *would* be, if we thought it would be as good, sold separately that way.

But we believe it is far better to combine these matchless whiskies . . . merging the virtues of them all into *one* whiskey that is finer still.

For lightness, mildness, Four Roses is *purposely* bottled at 90 proof, instead of at the stronger 100 proof, which bottled-in-bond whiskies must be.

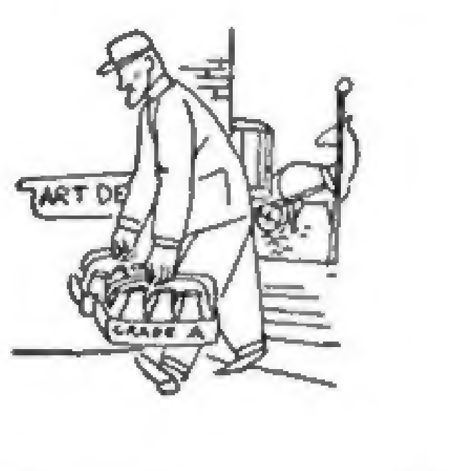
FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BIRTH OF A SUSPICION



After viewing some of your so-called art, and I don't mean the cartoons, in your December issue, it occurred to me my problem of making a living was solved. All I have to do is go into any kindergarten and collect the drawings of the little ones; the younger the little artist the better. The next step, which should be simple, is to sell the masterpieces to your art editor. (By the way, what brand of whiskey does he drink?) Then you would have your art, I would have an easy living, and your art editor would be in seventh heaven. But kindly remember, ESQUIRE, that it is my idea and don't go swiping it unless, O Horrible Thought! that is what you have been doing already.

Yours very truly,
San Francisco, Cal. STANLEY STOUT

PROBLEM HITCHED TO THE STARS

In regard to Free Jamison's problem which appeared on page 8 in the *Sound and Fury* department of your December issue I should like to say the following:

Euler's "Algebra" published in St. Petersburg in 1770, gives definite proof that there is no integral solution for the equation $x^3+y^3=z^3$ other than $x=0$, $y=0$, $z=0$. As a matter of fact the famous "Fermat's last theorem" states that there are no integral solutions other than 0, 0, 0 for the equation $x^n+y^n=z^n$, when n is greater than 2. This is a famous unproved theorem, but it has been proven for all the special cases of n up to 100.

I may say, therefore, that if you receive any prospective solutions of this equation you may disregard them at once.

Sincerely,
CHARLES C. FOSTER
Rochester, N.Y.

SCRATCH A BOWMAN . . .

I have NOT been an ESQUIRE reader for seven years, neither do I think it is the finest book published. I haven't bought over ten copies in my life, yet—I would be heard.

ESQUIRE's one claim to true nobility is its high type of Sporting articles. No Sports magazine equals its general run of "blood and thunder" sports yarns.

HOWEVER, in the December issue appears an Archery article written by a Mr. R. R. Camp. *You Can't Roast a York Round* has a faint touch of cleverness. In fact, Mr. Camp's work is usually quite worth while. But to be clever and satirical all at once, he has so mistreated and misrepresented a noble sport as to gain the disrespect of every Archer from here to Hoboken.

Mr. Camp mentioned that Dr. Saxton Pope while hunting African Lions, enjoyed the safety measure of a rifleman behind him. Would he be unduly surprised to know that Mr. Art Young and Pope pursued and killed six grizzly bear, one of them the largest ever killed by anything, with bow and arrow only? On this particular hunt, no gun was within night's ride by a college freshman.

We are proud to quote the Encyclopedia Britannica (usually authoritative) that the bow is the third only in importance of men's first inventions to succeed and live. It is distinctive that the invention of fire and speech precede the bow. Our weapon is placed before writing, art, and domestication of animals in importance. Now unquote. ATTENTION MR. CAMP . . . More human beings have fallen before the bow and arrow, than have been killed by guns and firearms. That is a fact, (a thing which is unfamiliar to you). It may also be noted that more big game has been killed by the bow than has by guns. You see, no man who would enjoy turning loose a sub machine gun on a herd of deer could possibly feel the thrill a bow offers a true sportsman.

I will even ask the author to treat himself to the experience of pulling back an eighty-pound hunting bow (or trying to) to the tip of a well sharpened broadhead arrow, and feel its power as it splits a two-inch plank. I would then gamble that a surge of respect would enter his opinion as well as his next article on Archery.

Yes, fifteen states now have legalized big game hunting for bow and arrow, and popularity of this fine sport is increasing by leaps and bounds. The rest of the states, as you say, will fall in line. A splendid step in true sportsmanship.

Anyway, here's to more and "better" articles on Archery.

Yours truly,
GEORGE CLAMP
Colorado Springs, Colo.

BLIGHTED BROOKLYN

Parke Cumming's satire titled *Stay as Irrational as You Are, Girls*, in your Xmas issue no doubt will bring many scathing letters from your erstwhile readers. Predominant rebukes will be from the female sex. Here, however, is a male who wants to contradict that irrational Cummings.

In all my experience, and I've had plenty, I have not come across a girl who speaks either in high or in low. Most of them travel the middle road. A college education has done much for the female and she can't help but speak logically. Those imaginary conversations may not have taken place when Parke was about but I've heard discourses that could equal those of his imagination. But may I go on record as saying that in the past I thought that the female members of the logical, cultured and literati sects were the most fascinating and mentally attractive. But it becomes monotonous to listen to so much constructive conversation.

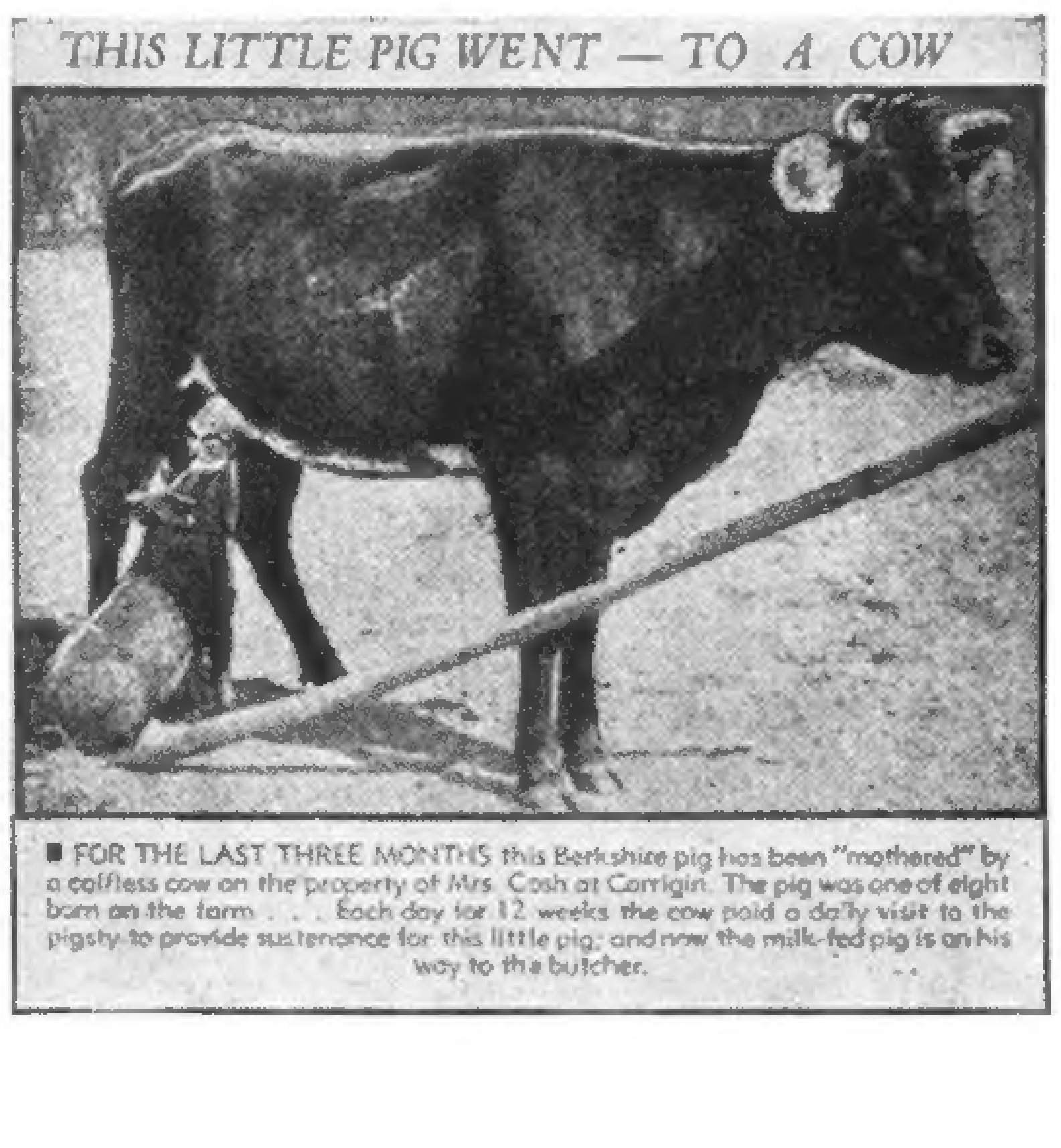
It would be a revelation and a relaxation to meet some of those ladies that your author alleges are in the majority. Thus far I've not had that pleasure.

Sincerely yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. I. IRVING WEISSLER

NATURE FOLLOWS JESSE STUART

In one of your old copies of ESQUIRE, was a story of a blue pig which was suckled by a cow; and some readers cast doubt on the tale. Well, here's a photo of an Australian pig who knew where to find his tucker, and, incidentally, it proves the truth underlying that story.

Yours faithfully,
J. S. LITCHFIELD
Darwin, N. T., Australia



THIS LITTLE PIG WENT — TO A COW

■ FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS this Berkshire pig has been "mothered" by a calfless cow on the property of Mrs. Cosh at Corrigin. The pig was one of eight born on the farm . . . Each day for 12 weeks the cow paid a daily visit to the pigsty to provide sustenance for this little pig; and now the milk-fed pig is on his way to the butcher.

PLEASANT COMPLAINT

Responding to your many pleas,
(Although your Mag's a piece of cheese)
I signed upon the dotted line,
To make sure that two friends of mine
As well as I, would find good cheer
Through ESKY for the coming year.
Can you imagine my dismay
To find among my mail today
A bill for two instead of three
Subscriptions—leaving out poor me.
Please let me know without delay,
That you've renewed my own O. K.

Sincerely,
MARVIN F. SCHWARTZ
Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

P. S.—My wife says that's what she'd expect of a magazine for Men.

P. P. S.—Don't get mad at the second line. I had to put it in to make it rhyme.

YOU CAN'T ROAST ARCHERS

I enjoyed the article *You Can't Roast a York Round* by Raymond Camp; it proves you need not know your subject to write an acceptable article.

Now archery hunting may be "atavism" as Mr. Camp states, so what? True we have high power rifles which will kill any game in the world, if we hit it in the right place. We have light tackle which will land heavy fish if they are hooked securely and the right man handles the tackle, but we can buy fish at any market and beef is for sale in most parts of the country so what should we define the urge to spend lots of $$$$ on guns and fishing tackle.

Archers do concoct alibis at times and some archers go hunting and fail to get any game—but—my old grandpappy told me many years ago he heard a rumor of a fisherman who did not always bring home the fish and scandalous as it may seem he made some remark about the condition or temperature of the water and murmured something about an east wind. Even of more recent date I heard rumors of a man who toted a very fine highpowered rifle into the forests of northern Ontario and failed to get a moose. Now these things are more or less hearsay but they may be true, I could not say for sure.

Now we will begin to shoot bow, archery to you:

I killed my first crow, using a red cedar bow, just about thirty-seven years ago, and I still shoot bow, but I have never seen an archer who "sighted down the arrow as though it were a gun barrel."

Dr. Saxton Pope (who has been dead for years) killed all the big game mentioned, so did his hunting partner Art. Young (also deceased) and the fact that they were backed up by a rifleman "doesn't mean a thing."

From all I can learn about the subject it is customary for a lion hunter to have an extra gun in charge of a gun bearer and the said gun bearer is supposed to be handy when the artillery begins to rumble.

That statement refers to lion hunting and not to North American game.

There are men living today who kill big game regularly with a bow and arrow, and not just a few men either, in fact one of these men who hunt big game told me that killing a moose with an arrow was just about as exciting as shooting a cow in the pasture.

Horace Ford made 137 hits in the York round in 1848 but the record has been beaten and tied several times since then, in the 1938 National Archery Association Tournament, Pat Chambers made 139 hits, Larry Hughes 138 hits, and 8 other archers made 130 or more hits. Chambers also made 139 hits in the 1939 tournament.

The article boils down to this: The Indian made more kills with inferior equipment because he was more skilled in woodcraft and stalking. He should be, he lived in a wild country and his daily food depended on his hunting skill, no skill no game, no game no dinner, and no soup kitchen for him, and to close this ramble: A novice at any form of sport is not as good as the veteran, or is he supposed to be?

Canton, Ohio. C. B. BECK

THE FIRST ANSWER

Regarding Mr. Charles L. Shedd's *Not Impossible Beanpile Problem* (ESQUIRE, Dec., 1939) wherein two men starting with three piles of beans alternately draw any number of beans from one pile—the object being to force their opponent to draw the last bean. Mr. Shedd gives two examples. In the first the piles are 26, 17, 14 and if you draw 3 from the last pile leaving 26, 17, 11 you win. He also suggests 28, 20, 15 and remarks that there are three correct answers. My investigations indicate only one correct answer—namely 28, 20, 8. In fact although I have not found a rigorous mathematical solution of the problem I have investigated by a semi-analytical method all combinations of numbers up to 28, and in all cases found only one winning answer—in fact for many combinations there is no winning answer—no matter how many you draw, you will lose. It is incorrect to call this a game because as soon as the piles are fixed and the starting player decided upon—the winner is determined absolutely—irrespective of any subsequent moves—assuming of course that both players have an equal knowledge of the game and make no mistakes.

For example, if you are confronted with the combinations 25, 20, 13 or 28, 19, 15 and it is your move—you cannot win!

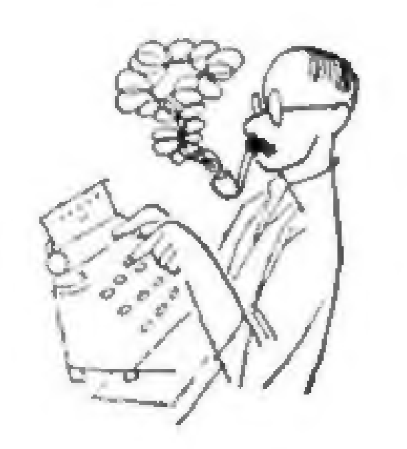
The number of winning combinations is small compared with the total number. For example—there are 4060 combinations containing not more than 28 beans per pile, and of these only 142 are winners so that the probability that the player who draws first will win is 3918 to 4060.

I am very much interested to find out if Mr. Shedd has succeeded in finding a general rule for this problem, which is easy to remember.

MARSHALL MORRIS
New York, N. Y.

BRITISH WITH A BANG

Re: *The Town that Poisoned Dickens.* Because I, too, smoke a pipe and devote most of my time to writing, as does Frank Jerome Riley, (p. 44, Xmas Issue), I feel that I may beg the privilege of asking two questions.



Why the Hell doesn't he (Riley) write something creditable about Charles D? His *Christmas Carol* excuses any possible rudeness he may have been forced to indulge in while visiting America. Why the Hell doesn't he (Riley) learn to distinguish between "Implied" and "Inferred"? (First line p. 268.) Inaccuracy in the mechanics of literacy leaves room for doubt as to authenticity of detail.

Britishly yours,
Regina, Sask. ROY HENDERSON

Editor's note: Why not learn to distinguish between credible and creditable, while we're at this?

GOODBYE-MR. WINTER

TERRIFIC PICK-UP and power! From 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds, *high gear*—with the big Nash engine that delivers small car economy. New Fourth Speed Forward saves you up to 20% more on gasoline.

THROUGH A BLIZZARD in summer comfort; you ride coatless in Weather Eye conditioned air warmth. *Flash* starting on coldest mornings . . . with Nash's exclusive Manifold-Sealed engine.

PICK OUT A DAY when a roaring Nor'easter has sent the last lone driver scuttling back home with frozen fingers.

Then see if it's true what Nash owners say! *that there isn't any winter any more!*

Out of the storm and up to your door will skim a car as sleek as the wind, so gay its dancing wheels hardly touch the snow.

You all pile in, from Granny down to the two-year-old . . . into seats as soft and deep as gossamer clouds. Then someone touches a magical dial—and presto!

It's May! Fresh, warm air that lets you shed coats down to your shirt sleeves . . . that brings back a springtime zest to go places! It's Nash Weather Eye magic—and lo, it's *fully automatic.* Your comfort always stays the same.

Toe the throttle—and you feel a terrific surge of power whisk the city away. Then, a *Fourth* Speed Forward cuts in—and the country comes winging up.

Suddenly a snowbound straggler blocks the way, but you zoom by with the reserve pick-up of the automatic Overtake.

Outside the storm rolls on. But you can't feel its icy fingers . . . or hear the whine of the wind . . . or notice the frozen ruts below.

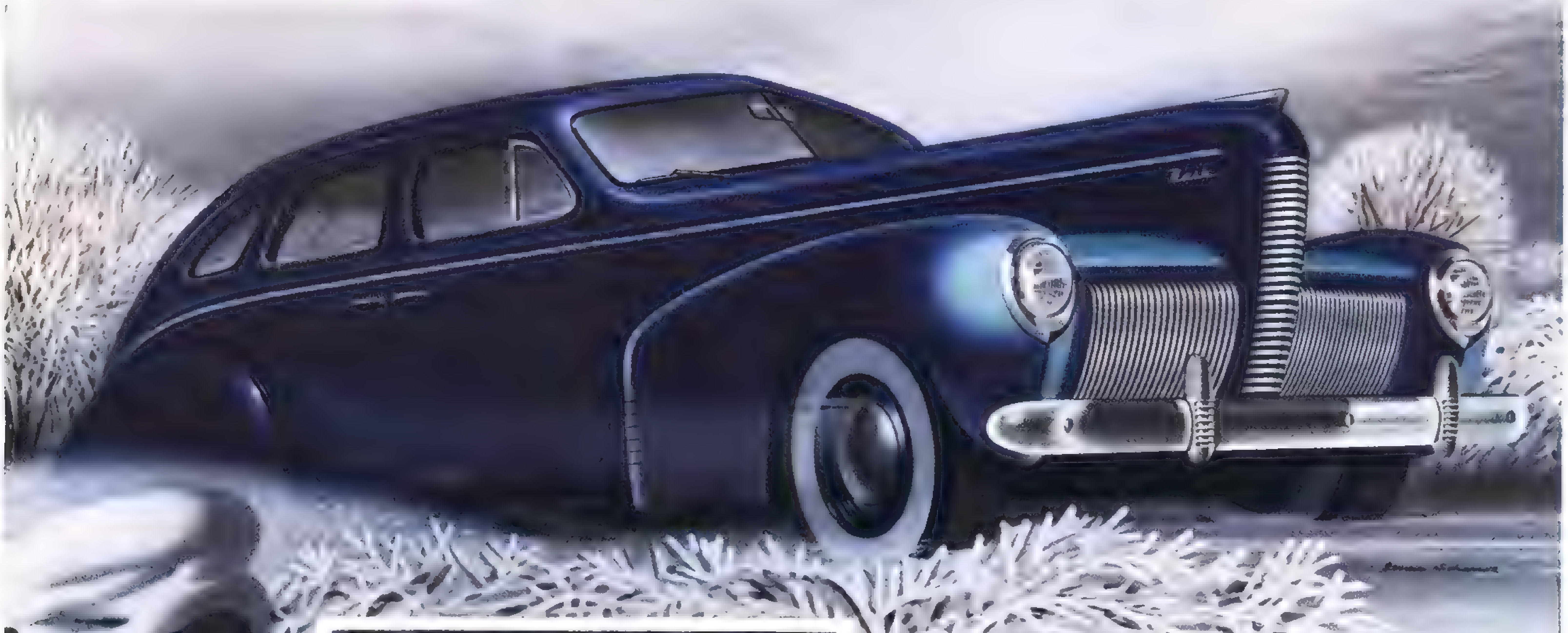
You sail along *as smooth and silent as Arrow-flight.*

Soon you'll be at that secluded pond where singing skates make gay music in the frozen air.

Let the rest of the world sit chattering by the radiator . . . let the almanac say snow—here in your Nash you know for a fact it's goodbye Mr. Winter—*for good!*

• • •

Why keep on "hibernating" half of every year . . . when *many models of this amazing car are priced next to the lowest!* Get in a Nash today and collect on year 'round fun!



SAFE AT NIGHT. Sealed Beam lights give glareless brilliance, 50% more power. Convertible bed, in rear, for summer trips. Remember: *Nash long life assures higher resale value.* Dealers everywhere (over 1800) are ready to serve you.

Again... IT'S THAT NEW NASH

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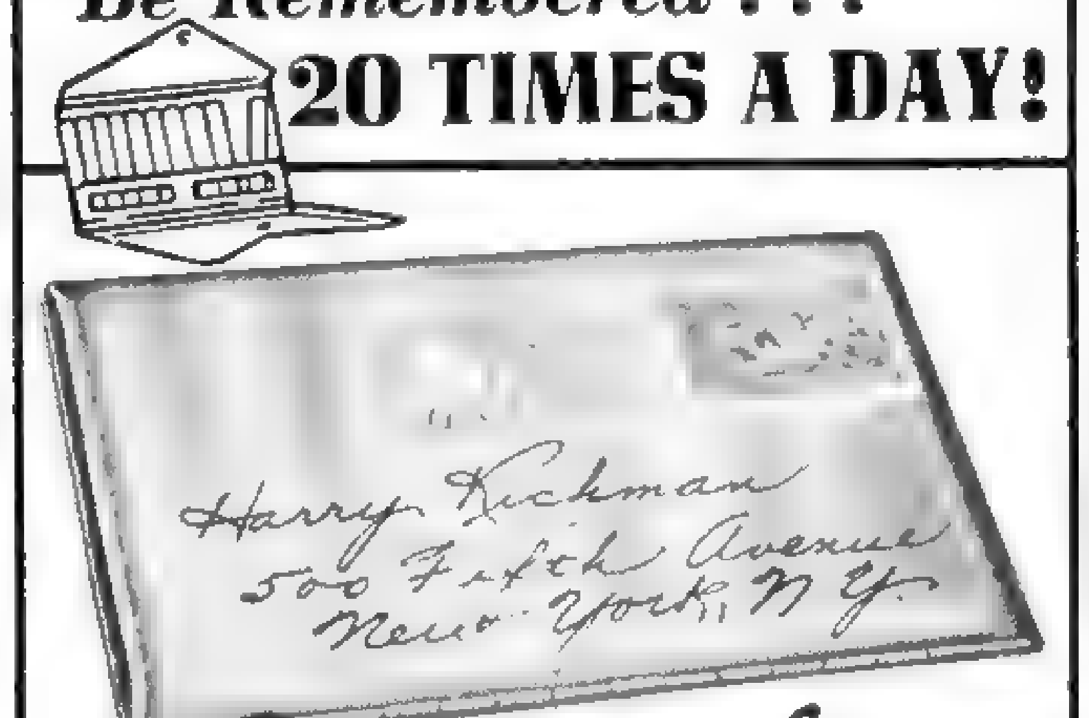

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20 TIMES A DAY!

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Here's the Harry Richman cigarette case which has taken the country by storm . . . addressed in everlasting ink or engraved from you to him or her . . . holds 20 cigarettes. Resembles and opens like an envelope.

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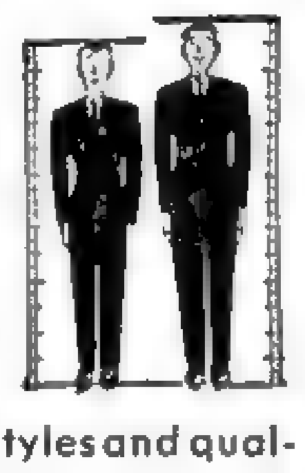

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men wear Staturaid shoes to increase their HEIGHT.

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Dept. H, Irvington, New Jersey.

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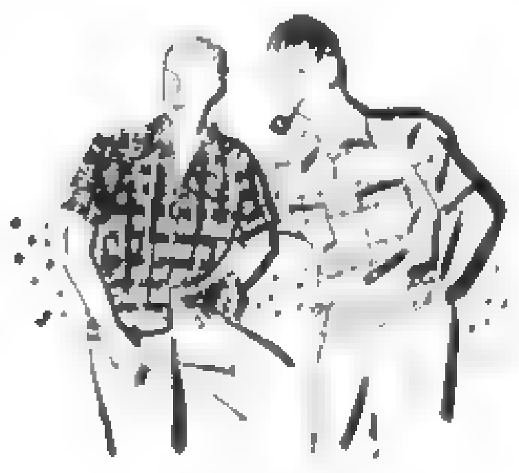
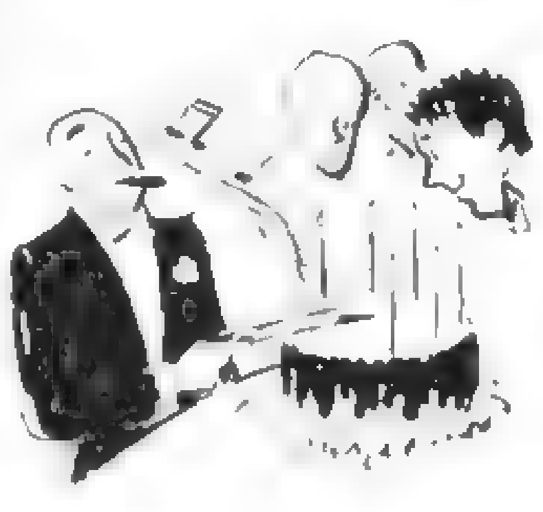
Address________________________

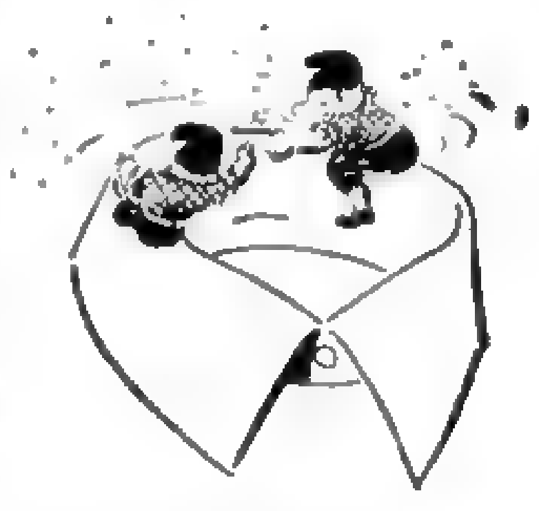


GOING SOUTH, MAYBE? With Florida and the Southland in general currently in the midst of one of its biggest seasons, better resort clothes are appearing in alarming numbers. We can't cover the entire situation, but here be two sport shirts that deserve a word of introduction to those lucky lads who are heading south. Both have slide fasteners which are made to withstand any and all dry-cleaning and laundering processes and add to the shirts' general practicality. In sketchy fashion, on the left—one of the newest and most popular types, an in-and-outer of cool mesh in a broken plaid design, can be had in various weights of wool and rayon gabardine and in practically any color you like. The shirt on the right is brought in at the bottom by side laces, won't pull up over the trouser waistband. It's available in many colors too, and also in several weights of gabardine.



FROSTED MUSIC. The first bright idea for that party you're giving came easy—liquid refreshment. An original second idea didn't come at all. Enter our cake—and it be no ordinary cake this. Somewhere inside it sits a Swiss music box that gives out as soon as you begin to cut. Your choice of songs ranges all the way from "Rockabye Baby" to "Whistle While You Work." It's also got lights in it and any sort of design you want is plastered on its top. They're quickly delivered anywhere in the country, and fresh.

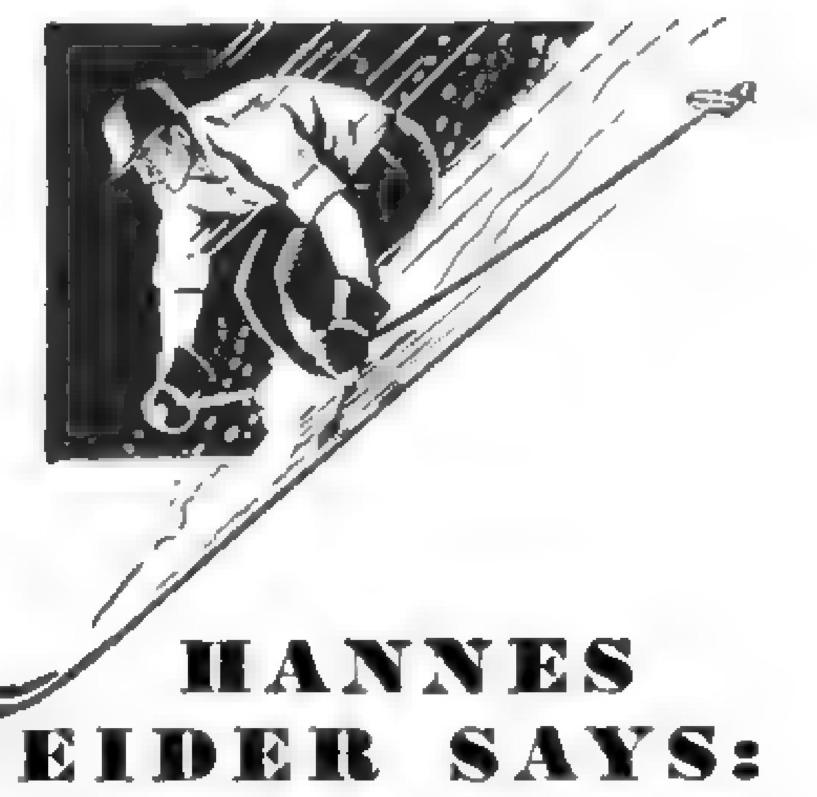
THE BLOOM IS ON . . . We'd like to bucolicize for the moment on a prospering nursery that will deliver a beautiful, shapely rose tree, or trees, to your doorstep with little or no urging. This nursery specializes strictly in producers—each of its trees is good for from forty to sixty roses yearly; three grafts on each tree make a perfect round crown of roses. And they'll bloom for many a season. Arriving ready for immediate planting with moss-tied soil around the roots, they vary from four to six feet tall. For those wise in things botanical, there's a choice of Hollywood, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Johanna Hill and Briarcliff. We're pretty sure that means red, white, yellow and pink.



DEFINITELY DULL. One of the large chemical companies has developed a sideline that's doing a fine piece of work these days in making the well starched collar a more amenable adjunct of masculine attire. It's a scientific preparation that definitely prevents chafing by buffing down the point of contact on collars and neckbands. It's antiseptic, invisible and water proof, also preventing wilting and discoloration of the collar. This stick, in fact, produces a lot of neckline comfort for a couple of coppers, which is practically all it costs.

STUBBLE DEPARTMENT. If your greatest matutinal problem happens to be whiskeritis and not your wife's coffee, maybe you might give a look at that hollow ground safety razor blade that's guaranteed by the manufacturers for ten shaves—many users, in fact, claiming to have not much trouble in stretching the figure to 20. The blade, made of fine steel, fits all conventional double edge razors.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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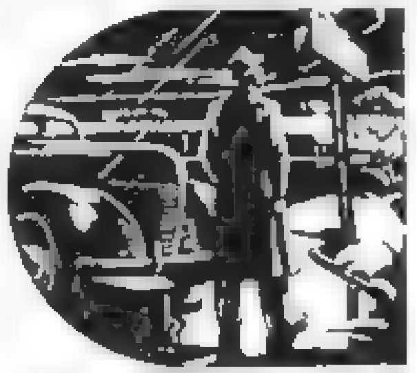

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In cold weather especially, wrong turns often lead to treacherous driving over almost impassable roads. You can stay on the right road the year 'round with a Hull Streamline Auto Compass on your windshield. Streamlined Bakelite case, genuine sapphire bearing, built-in compensator. Only $2.95 at your dealer.

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Make dull moments delightful, creative, educational. Turn your spare hours into cash. Master the fascinating new art of *plastic carving*, now made easy for all with *Moto-Tool NICK NACK Carving Kit.* Make useful, colorful giftware, toys, statuary, costume jewelry from marble-like new plastic substance. Work out original designs of your own in wood, glass, metals . . . like things sold in stores at 4 to 5 times manufacturing cost. Enjoy this new hobby just for fun . . . or start a profitable home-work business.

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Money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after inspection.

Big project book goes with both Kits. See Moto-Tool "Nick-Nack" Kits at your dealers, or order direct. Send remittance and we pay postage — or send $2.00 and pay postman balance plus postage. **Write for circular.**

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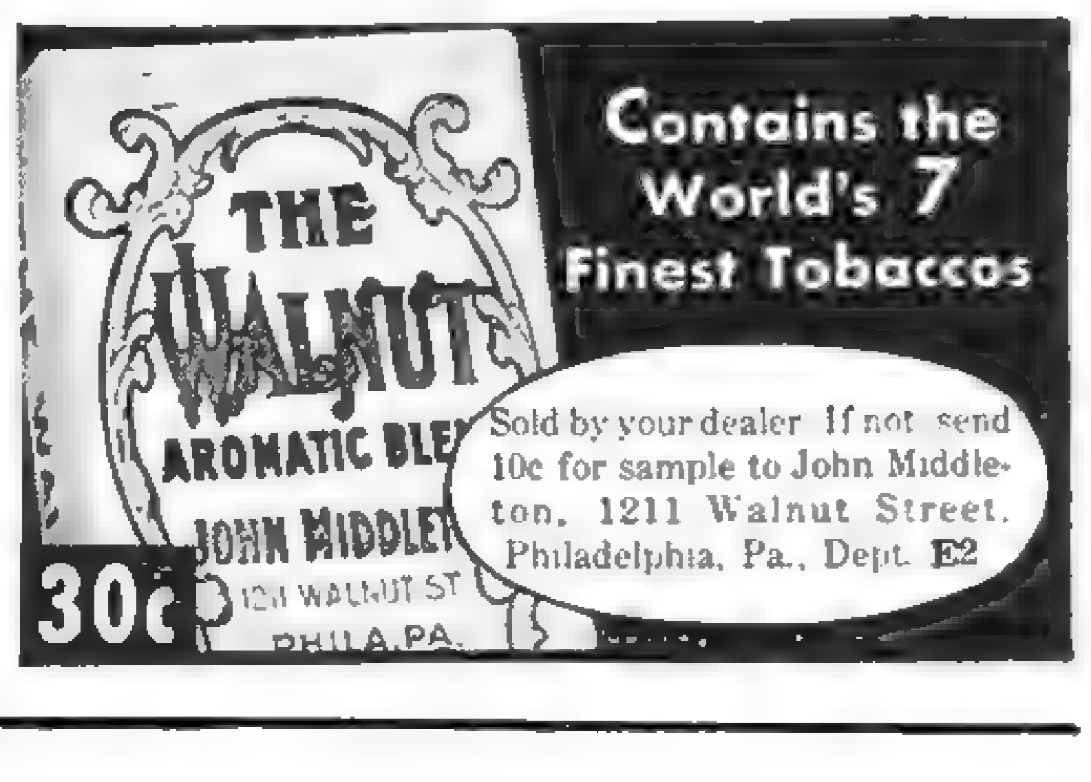

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Regents' exclusive "multiple-blend" combines many fine, rich tobaccos in entirely new proportions, imparting a finer, milder taste...and Regents' extra length gives you a longer, cooler smoke.
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CIGARETTES ACTUAL SIZE

Regent "King Size"...the cigarette that has set a new smoking style all over America

Regent is the Modern Cigarette: different in size, different in shape, and differently packed—a cigarette with so many advantages that, in a few short months, it has won the loyalty of thousands upon thousands of smokers everywhere.

If you have not already tried this superlative cigarette, there's a new high in smoking pleasure awaiting you, too. For Regents' exclusive "multiple blend" combines many fine, rich tobaccos in entirely new proportions, imparting a finer, milder taste...and Regents' extra length gives you a longer, cooler smoke.

Ask for Regents next time you buy cigarettes. Look for the smart maroon and gray crush-proof box that keeps every cigarette firm and fresh to the last. Light up a Regent...and you'll agree with smart smokers everywhere that Regent 'King Size' is "the finest cigarette you've ever smoked."

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THE ALBUM CONTAINS—

Baby's Awake Now; A Ship Without A Sail; You Took Advantage Of Me; Glad To Be Unhappy; A Little Birdie Told Me So; Here In My Arms; I've Got Five Dollars and (*a never before published tune*) "As Though You Were There".

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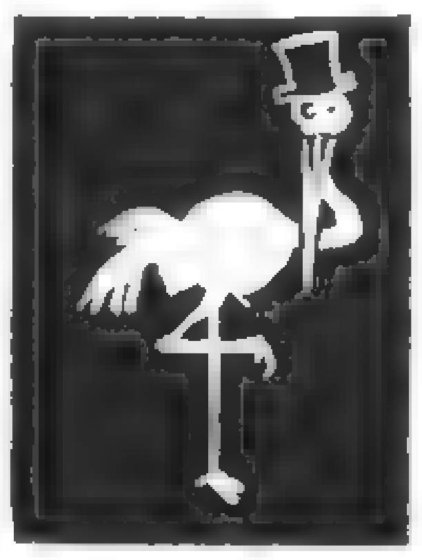

Musing in his southern corner at the Stork Club as though on the waiting list for a highstool, but with slim prospects of getting one, Sherman Billingsley must wonder at times where the human maelstrom, that whirls and eddies past him, is coming from and what it's heading for so madly, so continuously, from noon cocktail till morning's milk. As a national celebrity he would be entitled to one of the ringside tables along with the movie stars, headline debs and newspaper columnar syndikatydids. If he were a sardine he might edge into the dance mêlée. But he has gathered himself so much glamor, it virtually drives him to the wall.

An uptown spot of outstanding pleasantness is Le Montparnasse, functioning these quite some years at 50 East 79th. If you could do with a bit of food, friend Henri will suggest such items as Boneless Squab en Cocotte à l'Amèricaine, Roast Pheasant Casseroled with Pineapple, and Broiled Trout of the Brook. But eating and sipping are purely incidental to a pleasant atmosphere adorned with motifs of ducks on the wing. What especially brings smart Upper Eastsiders to this neighborhood institution, and prompts outsiders to horn in, is the dancing, now supplied with the music of Michell and his Albanian violin and his Beauxart Boys.

Down at 86 University Place, within skoaling distance of Washington Square, the estimable Barney Gallant, a legend in himself, is not left lorn by the crowd that still keeps Village traditions alive, nor by the younger bunch curious to know what New York's Bohemia used to be like. Frankly there are taller men than Barney and bigger places, but none more individual. And for entertainment there is the gifted sepia piano team of Frank Carter and Arthur Bowie, and a string of three lookish songstresses to help you linger.

"Must be a sharp knife you are using," we remarked to the waiter at Keen's (72 West 36th) who was deftly hewing our grandiose English mutton chop, transforming it into juicy slabs of pinkness. "No, Sir, not extra sharp," he replied. And when we tasted it we realized what lese-majesty we had been guilty of to such meat. You could have cut it with a butter knife, almost. And the flavor!—with a bottle of Pontet-Canet working in cahoots with it. The fact is, food at this venerable old Chop House seems not only as good as you remembered it was, but better.

Eddie Davis, doing a thrushing business at Leon & Eddie's, wherein he tells off the Typical New Yorker, etc., is assisted by the comeliest troupe of charmers ever assembled on his self-raising dance rostrum, and also by six mighty clever wagsters (three of each sex) styling themselves the Nite-Wits, whose sketches have a rich raspberry flavor . . . A hit all over town is this new blonde beer from Mexico than which Germany in its normal days never made any better . . . Frank Case's Wayward hospice, the Algonquin, suddenly decided to stay with us for supper. Result: intimate night clubbery in the Oak Room, with Greta Keller recreating old Vienna and Norbert Faconi violining and a couple of pianos pleasantly heard from . . . For a drink or snack on the way to a theatre curtain or between them, the Piccadilly Circus Bar (45th West of Broadway) is not to be snooted . . . Personable Harry Scrobogna, host of the Portorose (10 East 52nd) studied to be a physician and insists that epicureanism be based on harmonies within. And has his menu the makings!—with his wine list as able assistant. As an example of Scrobogna originality there's a Manhattan made with Bourbon, plus a special something he inserted . . . Fiddler Mischa Novy at the Russian Kretchma so transports you out of yourself, you need three highballs to get back.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

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but we promise you as succulent an oyster as you ever tasted. Luscious tongue-teasing oysters, fresh with ocean spray, are rushed DAILY from cool salty depths straight to your plate.

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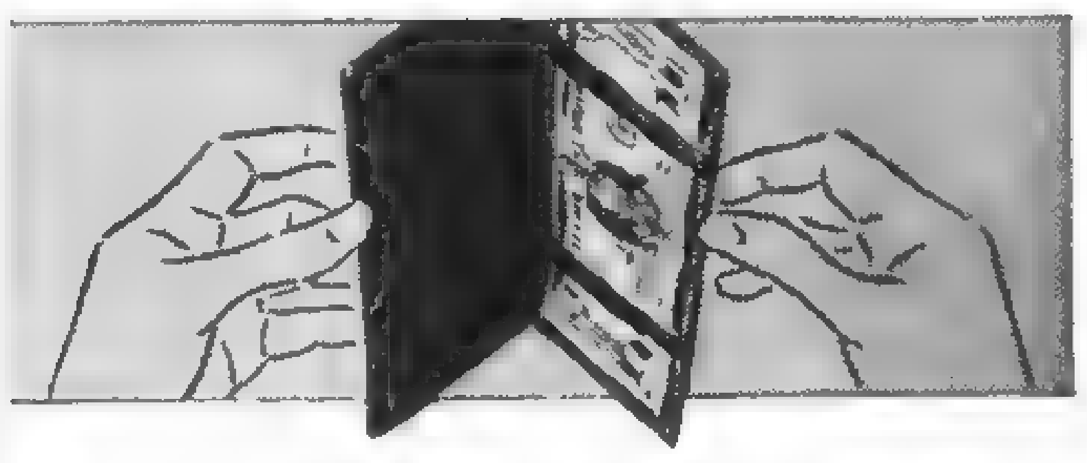

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A distinguished custom-made billfold...particularly desirable for evening wear. Opens ingeniously either side, always holding bills flatly and securely. Fine genuine leather, lined with luxurious moire. Specify black pinseal, black Morocco, natural pigskin, or Florentine in either green or brown. Price includes your full name or initials stamped in gold. Unusually distinctive, smart. $5.

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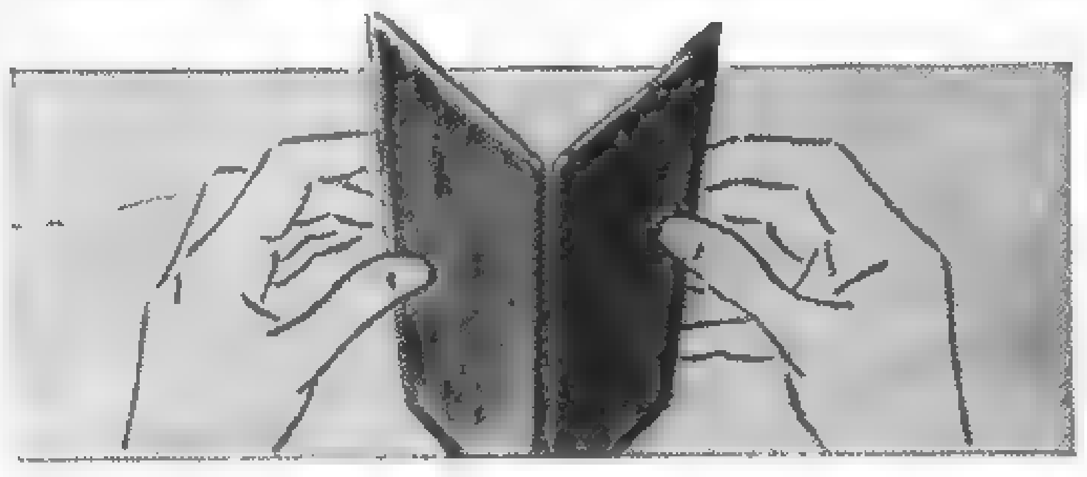

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You are cordially invited to send a dollar bill or more—and join the President in the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Amount sent will be credited to your city, county and state. Address

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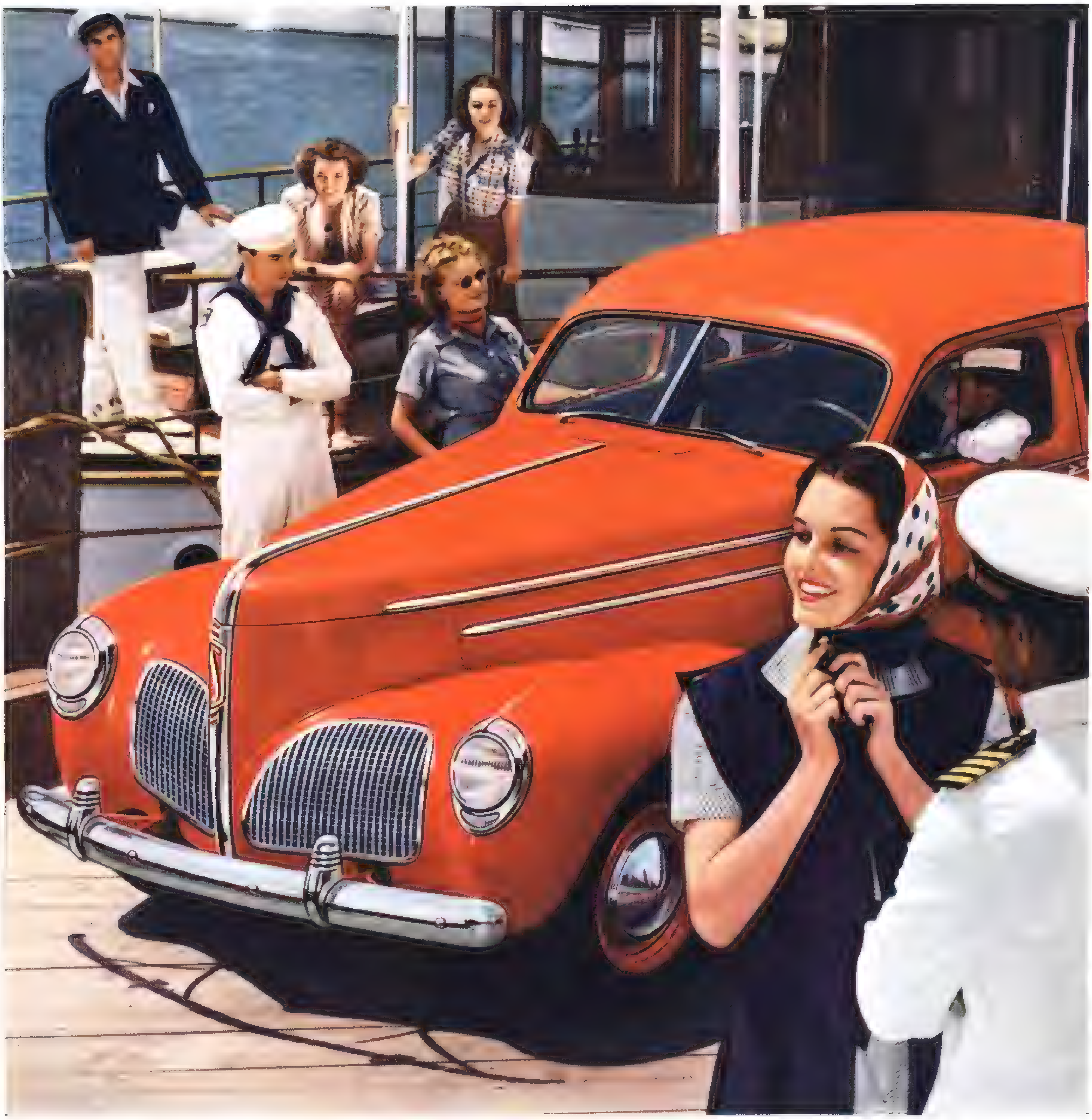

Illustrated: Commander Cruising Sedan, $965 delivered at factory

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YOU drive up in style and you drive on in economy, when you're the proud owner of this new 1940 Studebaker Commander.

It has the same brilliant Studebaker engineering as the Commander that took first honors in gas saving in the 1939 Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes, defeating the pick of the nation's cars.

It's smart and spacious inside and it rides restfully and surefootedly on Studebaker's exclusive planar independent wheel suspension. No extra charge for steering wheel gear shift, front-compartment hood lock, non-slam rotary door latches, automatic hill holder and other Studebaker advanced features.

You pay only a little more for this Commander than for a Studebaker Champion—on which prices begin at $660 delivered at the factory, South Bend, Indiana. See your local Studebaker dealer now and drive this new 1940 Commander. Easy C.I.T. terms.

NEW 1940

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Smoke a *Giant* Cherry Scoop. Big Swiss he-man's pipe of sweet-smelling Marabel Cherry wood brings you cool, fragrant smoke. Natural bark gives rugged appearance. *The most popular pipe I have ever sold.* My last Cherry Scoop offer exhausted stocks. Act now. *Special Offer: Giant size* Cherry Scoop Pipe (regularly $1) *and* 25¢ pkg. Royal Scot, tasty, fragrant natural tobacco mixture, $1 ppd. Send for *free* catalog and colored chart of unusual pipes.
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Sophisticated spicy recordings by "Spivy" belle of 52nd Street's night club haunts. Racy songs that get your party off to a flying start—excite encores galore! Album of Exclusive Recordings include these seven smash hits: I Brought Culture to Buffalo in the 90's, Why Don't You?, Alley Cat, Tarantella, The Last Of The Fleur de Levy, I Love Town, A Tropical Fish. Only $3.50, plus 45¢ for packing and postage in U.S.A. RABSONS MUSIC SHOP, 111 W. 52 St., (nr. Radio City) New York, Tel. CI. 7-0070

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LIVERIGHT, 386-E 4th Av., New York City
C.O.D. if desired $1.18. (Also at booksellers)

IMPRESSIVE. Bachelors who live alone and *don't* like it because no kind soul sees that their wardrobes are properly taken care of might take a good close look at that new, deluxe presser-iron. It's simple to operate, presses pants on or off, puts new life into crumpled ties. Compact and small—10 ounces—it can be used either as a presser or as a flat iron when the handle's folded back. An electric socket is all you need.

SHE SHALL HAVE STOCKINGS. We heartily wish we'd known about this one sooner, but Christmas was unfortunately long in limbo when we arrived on the scene. It's a swell gift idea – a Hosiery-of-the-Month-Club – and what with Valentine's Day, the usual list of birthdays etc. coming up, we pass it along for future reference. It's based on the obvious proposition that stockings are year-round headliners in the feminine gift department. You join the Club, send in the lucky lassie's name and smack off the bat she receives a handsome gift box containing three pair of elegant silk stockings. The postman then appears with three pair per for the next five months, these all being the newest colors and types that are all distinctly *comme il faut* at the moment. A card goes with the first gift on which she specifies her particular hose habits and fancies so it will all add up to just what her little heart desires.

NO GLARE FOR SKIERS. As one good thing usually begets another, polaroid "eye-togs" are now appearing in the wake of those much publicized polaroid day glasses. Like the glasses they darken only slightly the things you want to see, but greatly reduce the blinding glare from snow and ice. The shield of the "togs" is a tough, flexible plastic that won't break in use and there's no chance of fogging as plenty of room is left for air circulation. They come in an attractive pig-grain case with a sensible belt loop on the back for easy carrying.

INTRODUCING GLASS "GALLUSES." That unsung trio of masculine mufti, suspenders, belts and garters, have recently filed their claim to fame by appearing in that much discussed fabric—elastic glass. The glass, on which years of research were spent, does everything but jump through a hoop; stretches, bends, is water and burn proof. In its natural color, it's clearly transparent—these braces and belts thus go with any outfit, no matter the color. They're also made in transparent colors – white, black, garnet, brown and others. The glass yields to body pressure then relaxes into its exact original shape. For gift purposes, the three can be had together in a handsome, transparent gift box.

SHINE 'EM UP DARK. With so much pother lately about men's shoes having "that antique walnut look," we busied about and tracked down a polish that really turns the trick. It's a boot maker's preparation and contains sufficient light oils to penetrate the leather's pores and lengthen the shoes' life. It ought to shade them as mellow-brown as a museum Stradivarius and take that "newness curse" off your latest pair of wing-tips. It's decidedly different from the usual hard, caky concoction known as shoe polish.

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For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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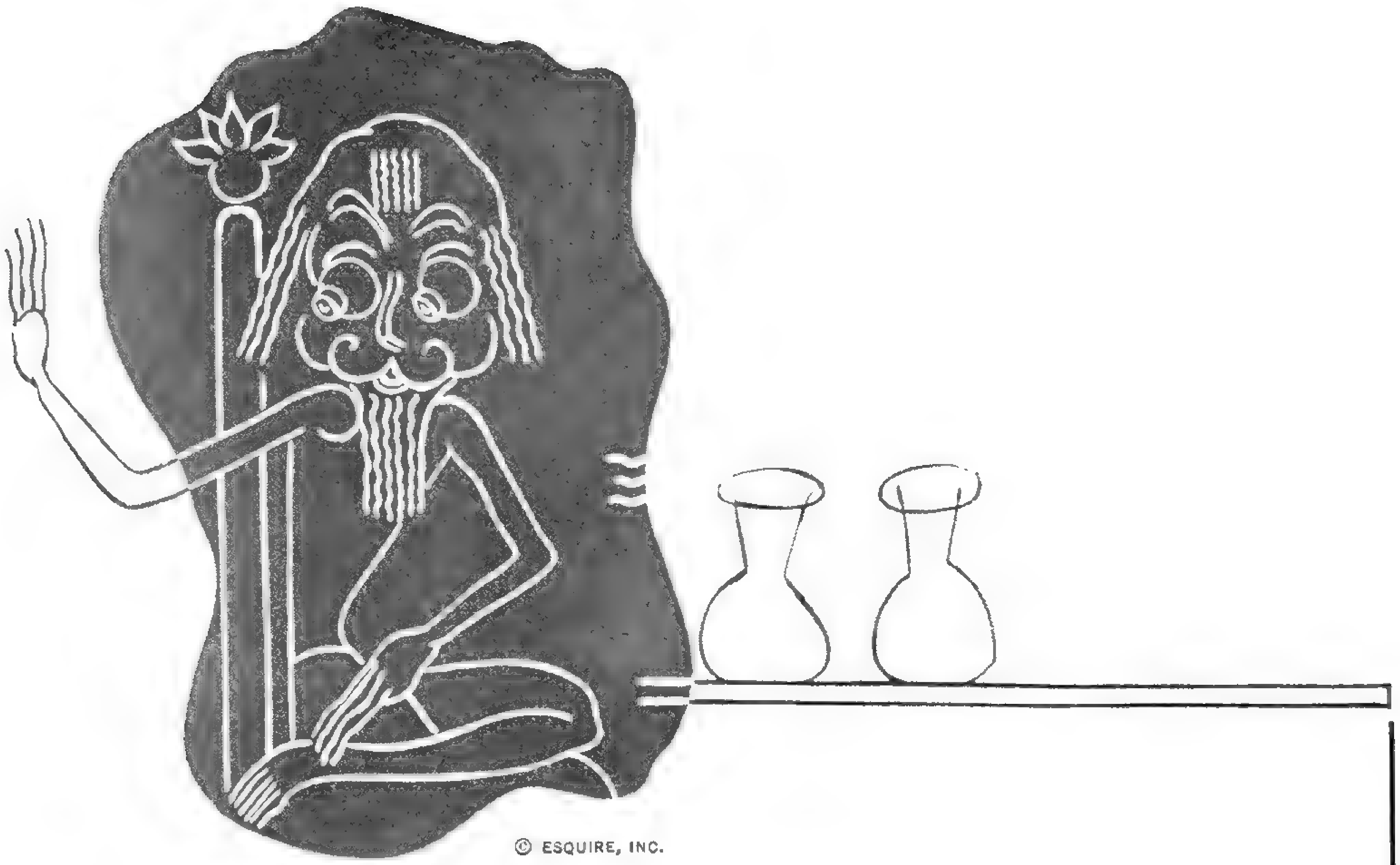

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A Parable of Success

In ancient Egypt lived a king who was full wise. He fed his people bounteously on wine and cake when times were plentiful . . . and even when crops were lean the joyous people sang his name in praise.

Two neighboring pharaohs wondered at this king's success. They came to him. "What shall we give our subjects when the wine is scarce and cake costs more than we can well afford?" they asked.

"We usually give them less of it," one added parenthetically, "as little as just one drop or crumb . . . they know not the difference, nor dare to make complaint. Yet they do not shout our names with gladness!"

"At other times," the second one confessed, "we mix some water with the wine and gravel with the cake. Thus, though they choke on it, it seemeth just as much. Yet still we are not popular!"

"My royal brethren do err," the wise king gently counseled them, "to think the people care not a hang. Reducing rations will but make them starve . . . and cheapening the product ruineth the taste!"

"The secret of my popularity is this: good times or bad I always give them more!" . . . the visitors most gratefully took his counsel . . . and ever afterward their happy subjects gave them thanks!

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Others are New - the Pontiac "Torpedo" is Newer!

The Pontiac "Torpedo" Sedan owned by
NICHOLAS BIDDLE *of PHILADELPHIA*

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY AT THE BIDDLE HOME IN HUNTINGDON VALLEY

*Illustrating "Torpedo" Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $1072**

IN THE SHORT SIXTEEN weeks since their debut, the new Pontiac "Torpedoes" have become America's most looked at, most talked about, most enthusiastically purchased 1940 cars.

Others are new—Pontiac "Torpedo" styling is *newer*—a pattern of custom individuality that carries the unmistakable hall mark of fine-car quality.

And these new Pontiacs establish a new high mark in motor car performance, as well—thrilling roadability and ride—smooth-pulsing, powerful eight-cylinder action and flexibility—combined with Pontiac's almost unbelievable economy and long life!

From the way the "Torpedoes" are moving into the hands of eager purchasers and *who* those purchasers are, it's quite apparent that these cars fill a long-felt want among families who require a superior type of motoring.

Drop into a Pontiac showroom and see and drive the car that's taken America by storm!

$1016 *and up for "Torpedo" models *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.*

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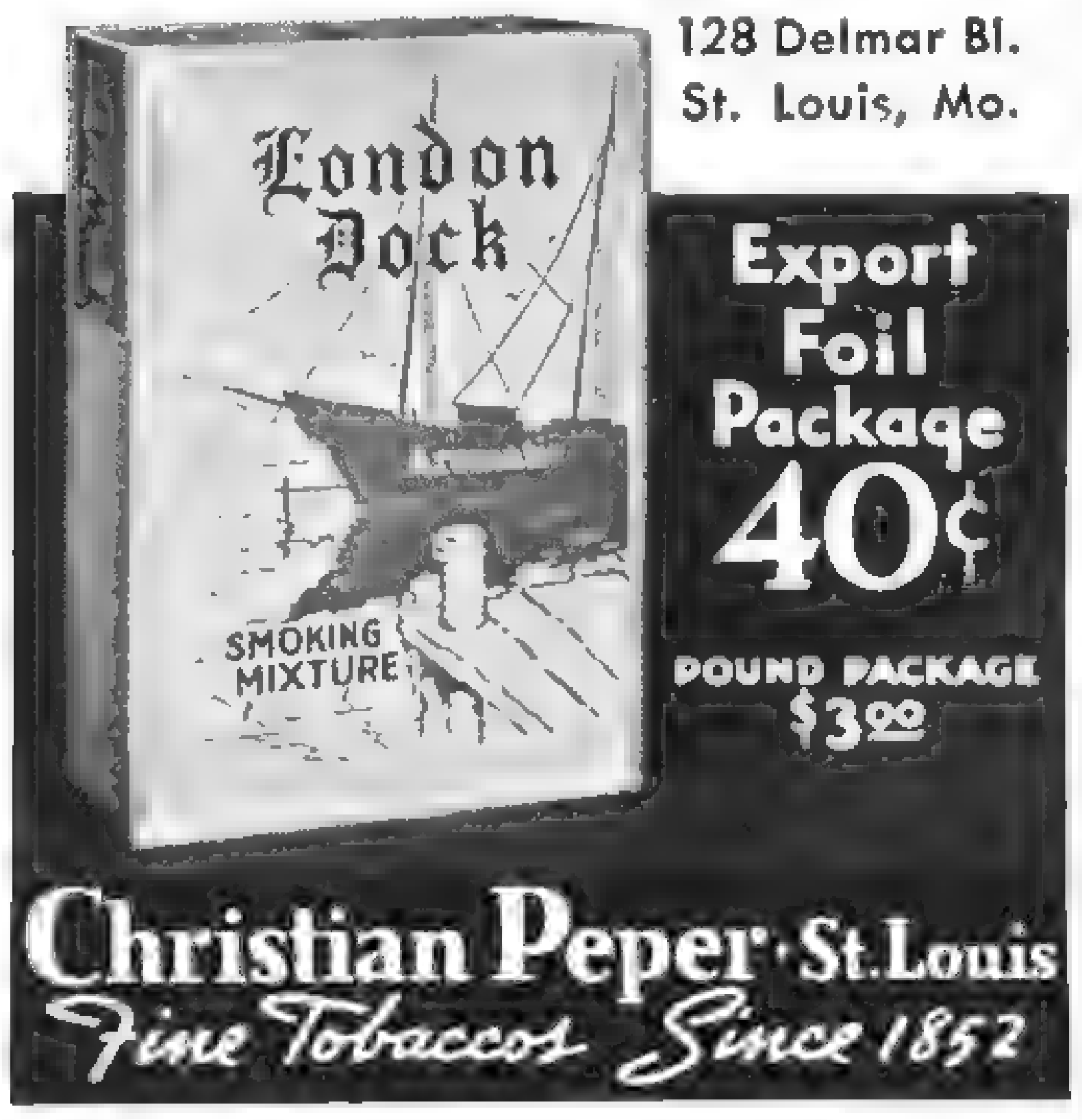

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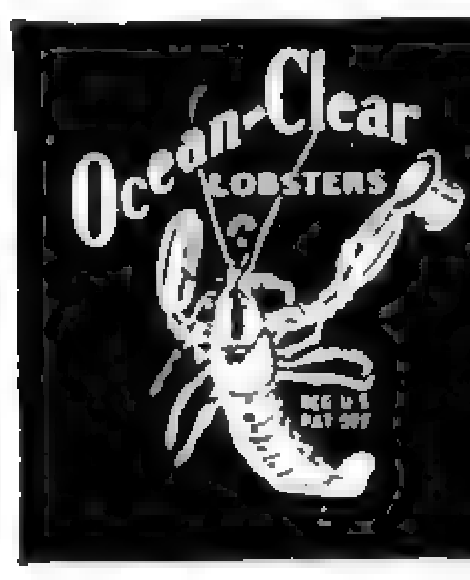

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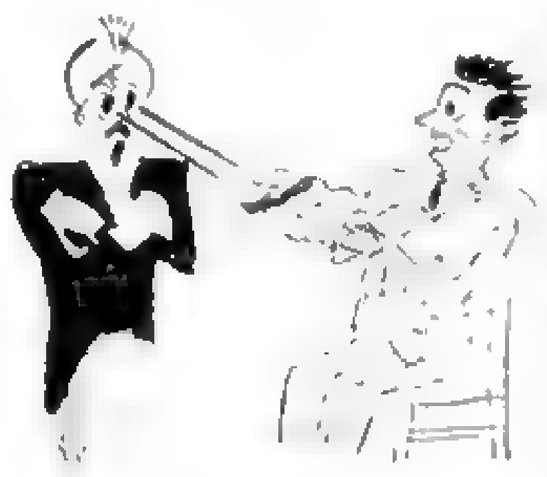
Appalling, the cog-slipping propensity of our so-called mind as we bob hither and yon on our chequered course. Recently, for example, we had occasion to mention in these priceless pages the joys of Chicken Cutlet à la Milanaise as provided—in fact, originated—by host Zucca of West 49th Street. And what did our treacherous tongue call it? "Chicken Cutlet à la Piemontaise"!—thereby defrauding the stately city of Milan of the honor which Zucca had dished upon it. Really, we would blush with shame if we possessed any.

And the other day we thrust a dirk into the urbanity of Roger of Le Café Chambord (803 Third Avenue) by voicing the obtuse assumption that the liver-paste hors d'oeuvre specialty of ze house was of Strasbourg or in the Strasbourg manner. Such wrongness! True, Strasbourg has the geese whose fat livers, in the form of *foie gras*, are permitted the distinction of being numbered among the delicacies of this restaurant. But only Perigord, Roger's home town, can supply truffles—black grace-notes of Chambord culinary artistry. For instance, Perigordine casseroled chicken with truffles that somehow call for a bottle of good Burgundy to interpret them. Luckily the staff of interpreters ranges from Grand Chambertin 1911 (magnum) to Clos Vougeot 1899.



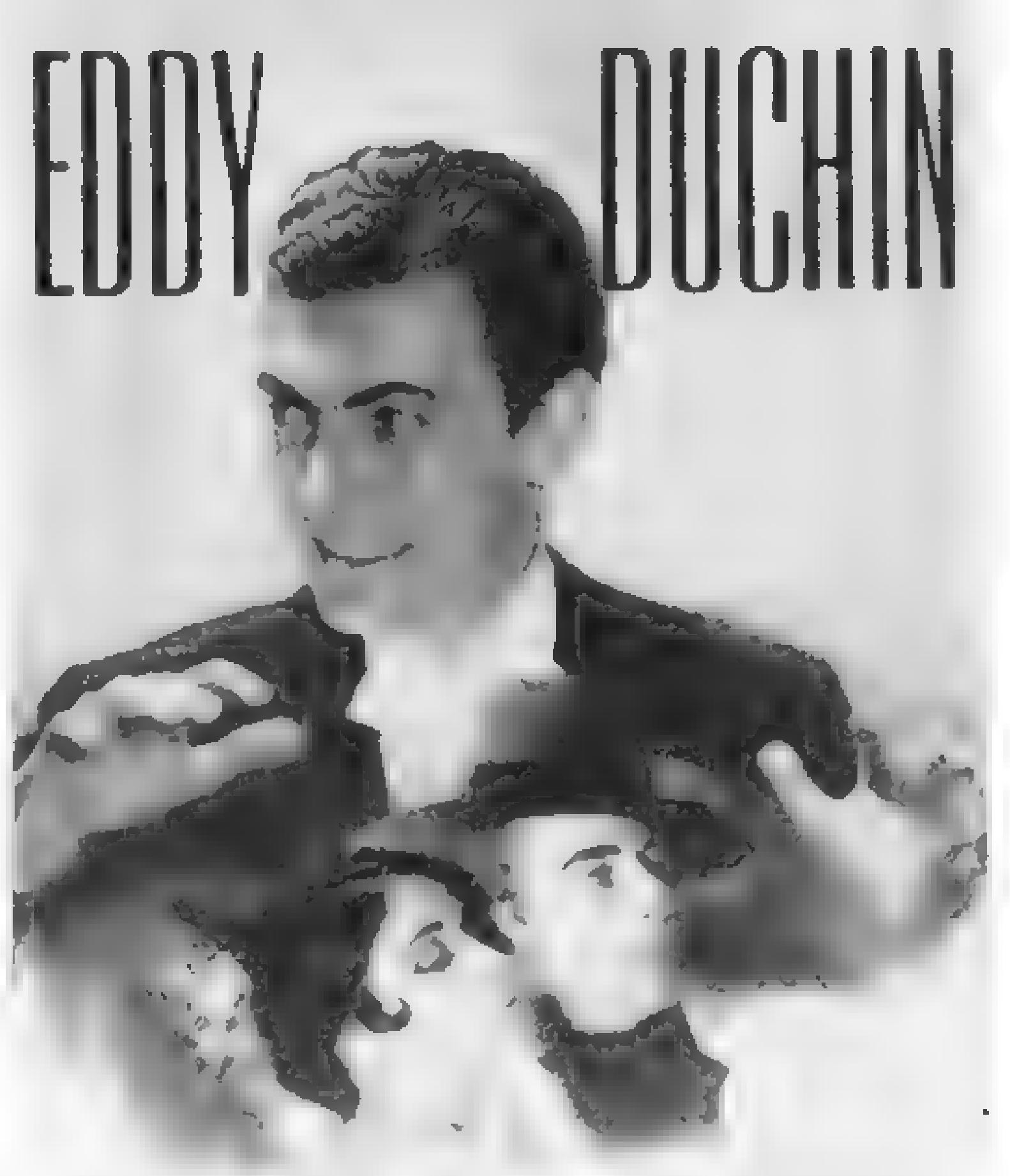
Cleverest take-off in town has been occurring at the Hotel St. Moritz's Café de la Paix ever since Glen Pope arrived there with his pope-pourri of magic. Your wrist-watch, which you think is anchored and tamper-proof, suddenly elopes at his touch. (J. Edgar Hoover was thus operated on successfully.) And one thing and another behaves unaccountably: he just isn't being frank with you, for all his glib words and agreeable manner. He's duping you the way he did the Duke of Windsor and a string of crowned heads. If you were Stalin, he'd "vanish" your moustache.

The festive-minded waifs and strays from Park Avenue and theatredom are to be seen bloodhounding to the door of Tony's La Marquise, a non-enormous ensconcery at 28 West 56th Street, where skilleteer Silvio knows how to run up a neat ragoût. For distraction, Tommy Dooley, who smites the mandolin and has seen the world under U. S. Navy auspices, sings ditties out of his ditty-box. As his right and left bowers, Scotty MacFarlane plays horizontal and vertical keyboards on piano and accordion, and Bill Palermo drags horses' tails soulfully over catgut. On the feminine side there's "Pat" Ryan, warbling comedienne, and Frances Connolly who will sing any song you name.

"What does that mean?" we ask our Celestial waiter at Ruby Foo's red-lacquered East Side (161 East 54th) thumbing toward a wall lampshade inscribed with Chinese symbols. "It say: 'Eating is most important thing.'" A striking thought. In support of it, this filling station of Chinese philosophy offers Subgum Butterfly Shrimp (you can pretty nearly fan yourself with them), Fried Lobster with Beef Sauce, Black Mushroom Chow Yok (dark meat of chicken), and finely-sliced Chinese Steak draped with oysters. To retain contact with America, you can have Martinis, Old-Fashioneds, and the like. The coat-check girl is such a vision, when she hands men their hats, it's apt to be a block later before they remember to put them on.

Russia of yore is visitable at the Yar ("Gypsy Camping Place") basemented 38 West 52nd. Blonde hostesses Mary and Lena make you thoroughly at home. Ladies of the nobility fetch you Eggs à la Russe harboring red caviar. Daggers flash. Personable Tina Poly sings in divers tongues. And m.c. Markoff and accordionist Kalbouss carol a toast to you at your table with your glass parked on the former's guitar.

Persian Room at the Plaza



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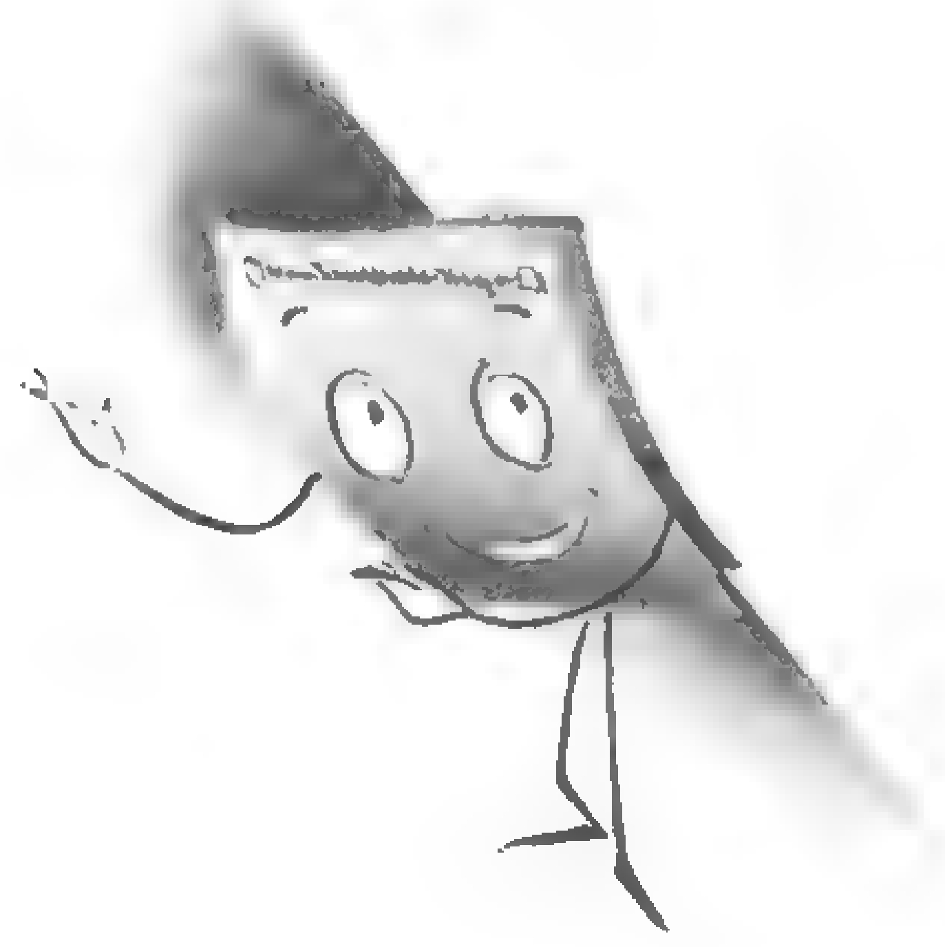
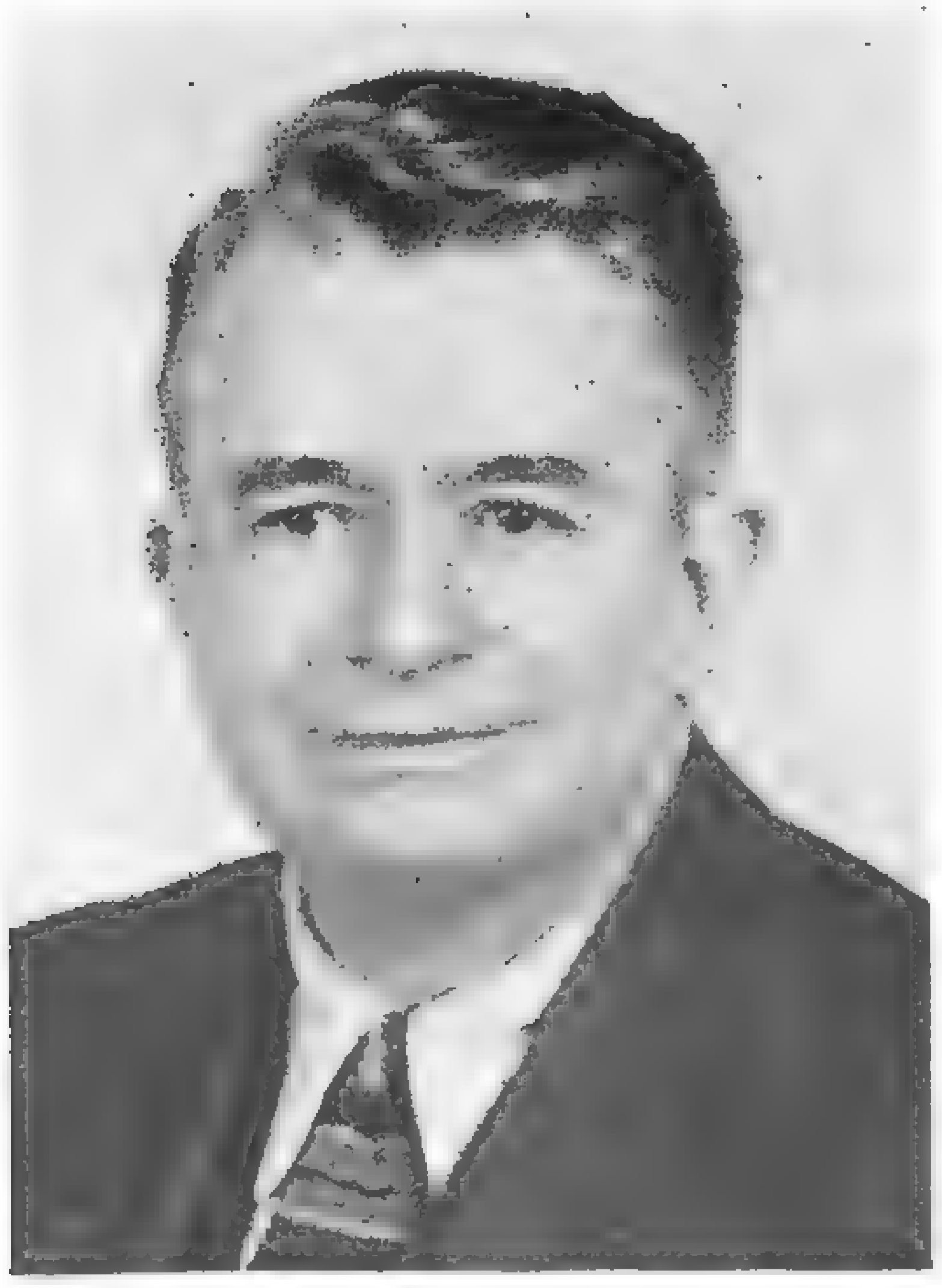


BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Shannon Fife

Shannon Fife, who contributed *The Kiddy Quip Curse*, and currently, *There's Lot's in a Name*, to these pages, is a native of Dallas, Texas, where he ran the gamut from cub reporter to city editor for the *Dallas Dispatch*. He worked his way through the University of Pennsylvania writing photoplays and his Hollywood career embraces more than one hundred screen stories. Drawn by his love for the Adirondacks and the living theatre, he moved to Warrensburg, New York, where in addition to humorous articles, he's writing plays.

•

Howard Earl Maier (*You Can't Have Everything*, page 54) started his career as an etcher and illustrator, after five very pleasant years spent at the Art Student's League and the National Academy. Then he began to spend his summers in the artist colony at Woodstock, New York. There, a couple of years ago, he became involved somehow in a discussion as to the relative merits of writing versus painting. He wagered Woodstock's leading writer that he could write and sell his first short story to a magazine with national distribution. He won the bet, and while he never collected, he became enamored of the new medium, writing ten straight for the same magazine. His hobbies in order of their importance are resting, thoroughbred race horses and Irish setters.

Howard Earl Maier

•

Craig Wood is "Pro" at the Wing Foot Club in Mamaroneck, New York. Aside from being runner-up (see page 53), he won the Kentucky Open in '25, the Pasadena Open in '28 and '32, the New Jersey P. G. A. in '28, both the Oklahoma and Hawaiian Open in '29, the Los Angeles Open in '33, the Augusta Open in '39. He is a graduate of the Dean Academy in Franklyn, Massachusetts, attended Clarkson Tech and Ryder College, receiving his degree from the latter. He gives thirteen hundred lessons a year (more or less) and has done a lot to develop young players. He was formerly a director of the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Company.

•

Dana Doten, the author of *The Religion of Little Men*, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, thirty years ago, went to Harvard, class of '29, and, very briefly, the Sorbonne in France. After that he taught English at the University of Vermont for three years, and spent six and a half years with the United States government, as statistician, planner, writer, executive and (always) bureaucrat, sometime Director of the Vermont State Planning Board and Director of the Federal Writer's Project, author of *The Art of Bundling*, and at the moment, in charge of editorial work, and U. S. Housing Authority.

Dana Doten

•

Capt. William Outerson (*Ships That Meet*, page 36) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1875. At fourteen he went to sea in the fourmasted barque, *Kelburn*. After knocking about on land and sea for seven years, he entered Marietta Academy, and during the war with Spain, he joined the United States Navy. Then he returned to the Academy, graduated, and became a reporter and editor on local newspapers. During the next few years he went to Alaska, reported for a Seattle newspaper, sailed for Manila and entered the Philippine Civil Service, resigned to go treasure hunting in Goldfield, Nevada, then to Edinburgh, where he studied a year at the University, married, wrote a novel and in 1915, received a commission in the Black Watch. He was sent to India, resigned with the rank of captain in 1920, returned to Edinburgh and thence to California. He has done a turn with the Metro and RKO studios as reader and writer, and contributes to the magazines.

•

James Stern, born in County Meath, in Ireland, in 1904, did not begin to write until he was twenty-five. He had worked on farms, in England and in South Africa and as a clerk in banks—in London, Frankfort-on-Main and Berlin. While in Germany he also took a job as a bartender in a nightclub. Finally, he joined the staff of a literary magazine in London, and began to write short stories. His first book, *The Heartless Land*, deals entirely with Africa; his second, *Something Wrong*, includes a dozen stories devoted to children. Traveling in this country ten years ago, he vowed one day to return and this year he realized that ambition, arriving again in New York, where he now lives.

James Stern

•

Forrest Davis, who wrote *Our Dwindling Press*, knows something of newspapers, having been sporting, telegraph and managing editor and reporter as well as dramatic critic, for some fifteen papers, ranging from the *Peoria Journal* to the *New York Herald Tribune*. He is author of a couple of books, *What Price Wall Street*, published in 1933, and *Huey Long*, 1935. He lives at Late Copy Farm, in Ivoryton, Connecticut and belongs to such strange fraternities as the Ivoryton Badminton, Chowder and Marching Club and the Edmonton, Alberta, Crock of the Month Club. He is married to the daughter of an English Major and their daughter is an art student.

Holger Lundbergh

Holger Lundbergh writes poetry and articles as well as fiction (*Solomon in Gothenburg*, page 66). He was born and educated in Stockholm, Sweden, where his father was a sculptor and President of the Royal Academy of Art, his mother a well-known writer. He spent four years in Italy, two in Japan, and for the last twenty has lived in the United States. Since 1927 he has been associate director of the American Swedish News Exchange in New York.

•

In Salzburg, when he was ten, Otto Lang began getting background for *Gliders Without Wings* on a pair of army skis twice too long. Before coming to America he was connected with the Hannes Schneider school of skiing at St. Anton on the Arlberg. In this country he has taught skiing in Mt. Rainier National Park, Mount Baker National Forest and the University of Washington. He has written many articles for magazines and newspapers in English, German and French. A few years ago, Henry Holt published his book, *Downhillskiing*. He has worked on the technical staff of several moving pictures, among them, *Thin Ice*, and acted in a short for Warner Brothers. He speaks five languages, one of which he seldom uses—Croatian.

Otto Lang

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RALPH HITZ President

New York had better hold tight to its nocturnal laurels or Chicago will snitch them. The City of Gusts is positively gorgy with glitter. As a vivid instance, there's the white-tie-infested Pump Room in the Ambassador East, chandelier-deep in Champagne at suppertime after the Opera, and far from drab even at dinner—its pink-coated huntsmen (waiters to you) tantivying about with flaming schashliks and bosoms of chicken spiked on swords. If your soup doesn't arrive on a scimiter they're skidding. Across the street (or through the tunnel) in the Ambassador West, the Buttery is cluttery with its own brand of refectionary éclat.

Revered host Fritzel (and Jacobson) of the North Side's sumptuous theatre-restaurant Chez Paree is welcoming his flock in large numbers. The spectacles he puts on aren't like grandma's—featuring as they do the ensemble of Adorables, exemplars of what faces, forms and agilities can do for and to the human eye. And these are just details compared to the name bands and top-drawer personalities with which this splurge spot is chronically a-pop.

Chicago's chichi Colony Club, re-spick-and-spanned in an ultra modern manner, is very much itself socially. Managers Sonny Goldstone and Nicholas Dean are keeping up their policy of headliners as entertainers, one after the other. And imported chef Henri is eminently to be trusted on artful rib-liners. "Cherce," would be the pronouncement of a visiting New Yorker in his native tongue.

The vasty-looming Drake plays Gulliver o' nights to an invasion of smart Lilliputians headed for the handsome-columned, crystal glinting Gold Coast Room. The menu is resourceful and the cellar stocked with nice bottles. And for floor action, there is music of the famous name sort, and a bang-up variety of entertainment. If your mink-coated rabbit likes karats, she'll love this place.

Gourmets for whom fine victuals and fine *vins* are occupation enough at lunch time or dinner, praise Allah for vouchsafing them the treasured establishment of friend Jacques which a few years ago moved to 900 North Michigan Avenue, where it now functions even better than before, with fresh-flown pompano especially delectable, and an impressive mountain of hors d'oeuvres and *chaud-froids* to cull from as starters on the way to felicity.

Eager-limbed Mr. Youngersetter, with gal in tow, is wont to blue streak to the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman, where Jimmy Dorsey tootles his blowtorch o'er the pantherdemonium. Incidental eating has the benefit of viands prepared by chef Fernand Pointreau (conveniently rhyming with Cointreau) and trundled in on illuminated wagons by waiters in white jodhpurs, leopard skin vests, and white turbans with Hibernian green plumes. Amid it all, clown Carl Marx makes himself industriously useless.

The lordly Blackstone's Balinese Room, with its background of East Indian dance-susies, continues to be the genteel cocktail spa of people who won't get home to Evanston or Winetka till later. If one *must* lounge a while, with a stem of something twixt thumb and forefinger and somebody worth murmuring to, this spot has appeal, and also a program of entertainers for the benefit of persons not too engrossed.

The Edgewater Beach Hotel (5300 Block, Sheridan Road, on the Lake) has Ted Weems' music as special inducement. It's formal Saturday, and you may tea dance when you finish reading the Sunday papers.

Palmer House glamor finds its fulfillment in the Empire Room, place of activity of the lightsome, lissome Abbott girls—much admired platoon of sweeties trained by Muriel Abbott. The room itself is plenty charming, with slick music and upper bracket patronage.

RUSSELL SWANN
"The Magic Man"
Direct from a most successful engagement at the Cocoanut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles
AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

BOB GRANT
and his Orchestra
Return from Trocadero and Clover Club in Hollywood

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday

YOUR HOME WHEN IN NEW YORK
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STS.

MYERS'S RUM
"Planters' Punch"
BRAND
100% Fine Old Jamaica
All 8 Years Old
—97 Proof
Free Recipe book from
U. S. A. Agents
R.U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
New York
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EDDIE DAVIS
HIGHLIGHTS THE
PERFECT DINNER
WITH "SLY" SONGS AT
The World-Famous
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52nd ST. NEW YORK

CURTAIN DINNER
7 to 8:30 nightly
Before the Theatre
Prix Fixe Dinner from $1.75
THE SUN VALLEY TRIO
entertains you at cocktail time
in the Netherland Bar.
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET
Where the Park begins

Report English Fleet Gone From Both Atlantic and North Sea
British Navy
Free and Open
German Lines Shelled in We
French Guns Open Up in Region
Moselle—Nazi Artillery Active

What's this?

It's a package—a newspaper package.

Whadyamean, "newspaper package?"

Sure, every newspaper is a package—a package of *readers*.

You mean all newspapers are *alike?*

No, no. Newspapers just *look* alike.

Alright, professor, illustrate.

Well, take The New York Sun. It doesn't look so very different from other New York papers—yet, it has an entirely different appeal—the kind that naturally attracts a readership of young, active, progressive families.

Now I catch on! It's not the size or shape, but what you get *in* the "package" that really counts.

Correct. And don't take just my word for it that The Sun reaches the worthwhile buying families throughout New York's good home areas in city and suburbs.

Well, whose word *should* I take, then?

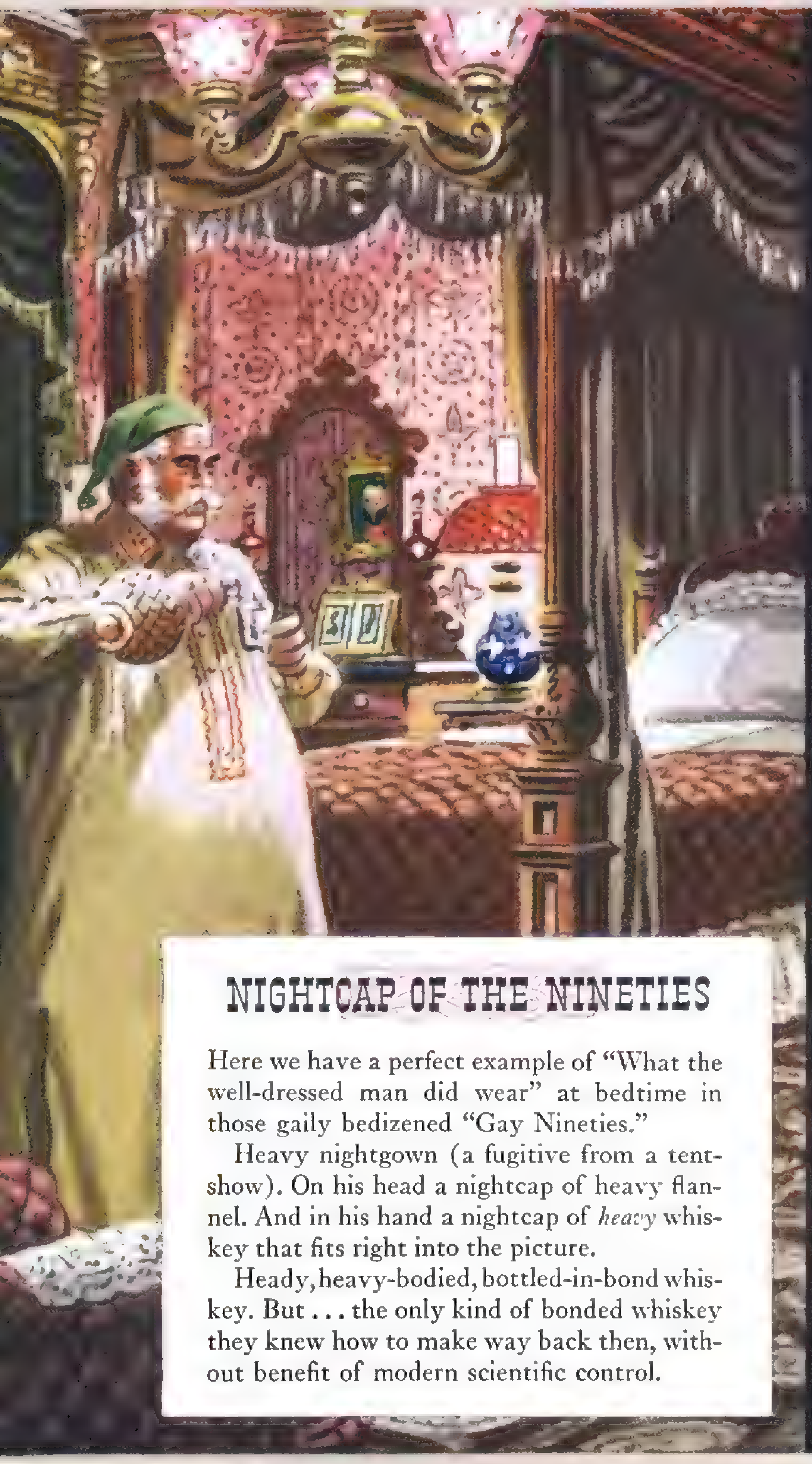
The big, successful Manhattan Department stores. For over 17 years they've put more of their advertising in The Sun than in any other New York newspaper!

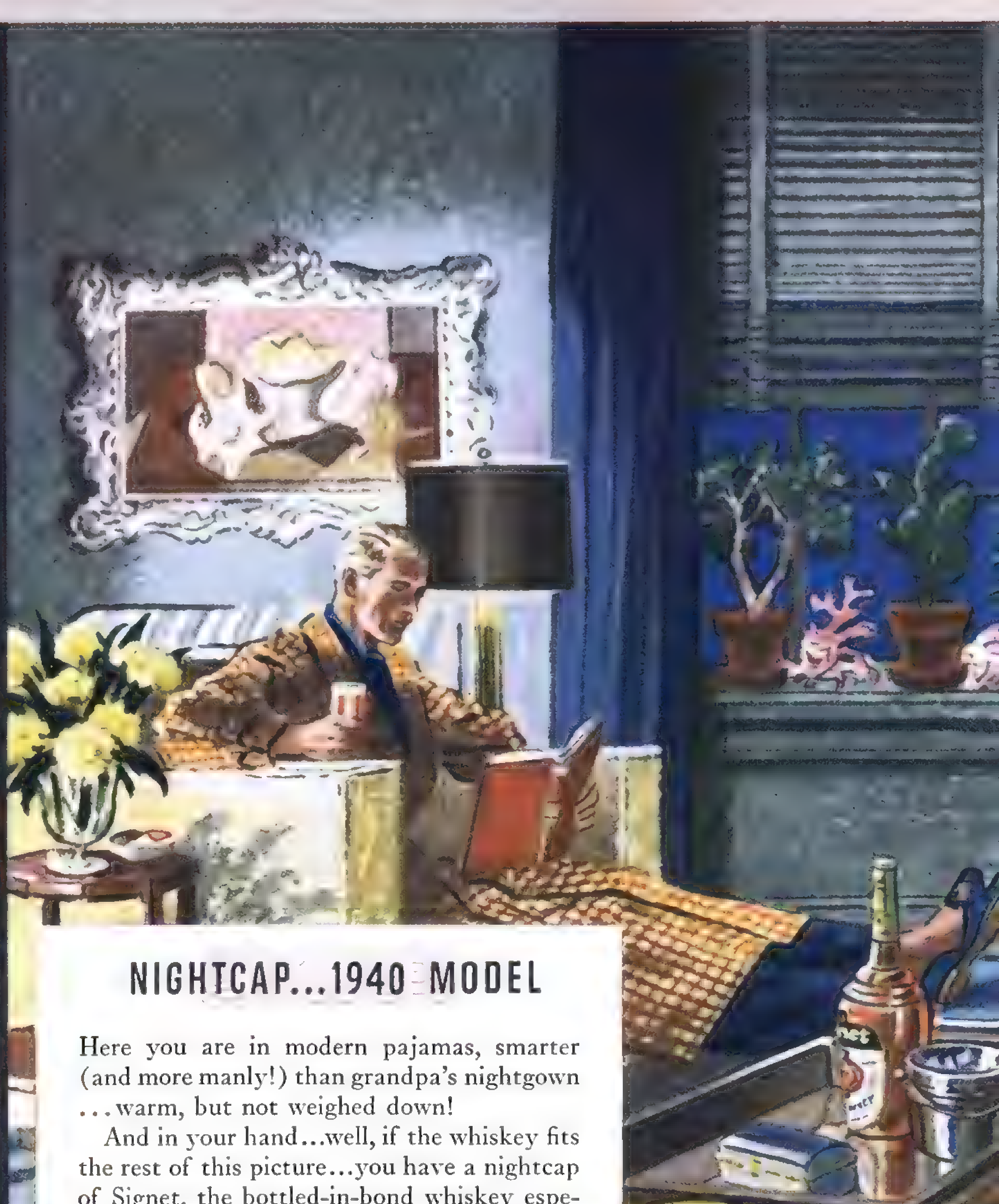
The Sun
New York

TO SELL THE FAMILY
TELL THE FAMILY!

SINCE THE NIGHTCAPS OF THE NINETIES,

Your TASTE, too, has changed!





NIGHTCAP OF THE NINETIES

Here we have a perfect example of "What the well-dressed man did wear" at bedtime in those gaily bedizened "Gay Nineties."

Heavy nightgown (a fugitive from a tent-show). On his head a nightcap of heavy flannel. And in his hand a nightcap of *heavy* whiskey that fits right into the picture.

Heady, heavy-bodied, bottled-in-bond whiskey. But . . . the only kind of bonded whiskey they knew how to make way back then, without benefit of modern scientific control.

NIGHTCAP...1940 MODEL

Here you are in modern pajamas, smarter (and more manly!) than grandpa's nightgown . . . warm, but not weighed down!

And in your hand...well, if the whiskey fits the rest of this picture...you have a nightcap of Signet, the bottled-in-bond whiskey especially created to meet your advanced tastes.

The very first bottled-in-bond whiskey of its kind! Light-bodied as Scotch. Rich, ripe, but *light!* Aged in *aged* wood. Next time you call for a nightcap—*Signal for Signet!*

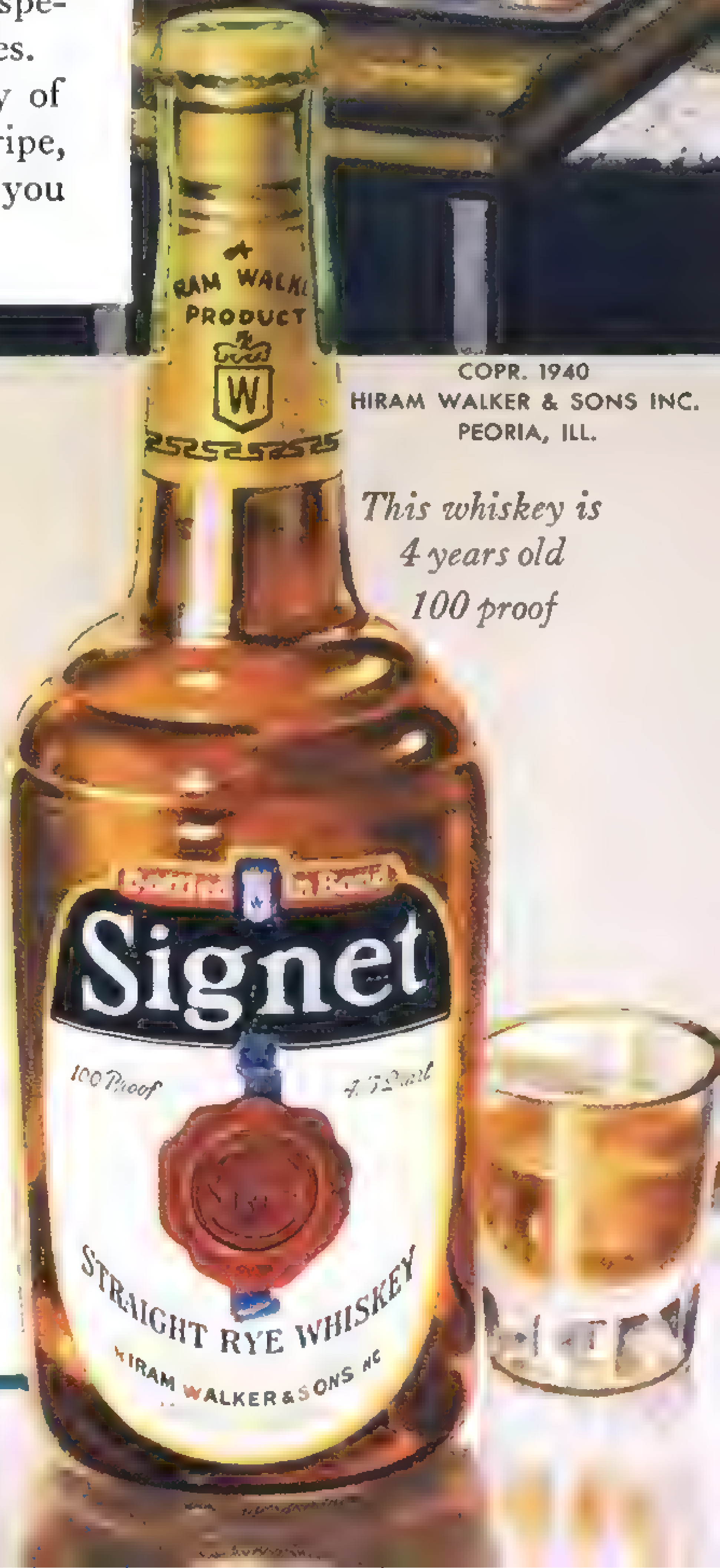
Light bodied...to delight your Modern Taste

First Bonded Whiskey of its Kind

Signet

WHAT AGED IN AGED WOOD MEANS

SIGNET is distilled for lightness. It is then aged in charred casks that have been pre-mellowed by repeated prior use. Scotch and Canadian whiskies and the rarest French brandies are also aged in casks that have been thus pre-mellowed.



COPR. 1940
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA, ILL.

This whiskey is
4 years old
100 proof

The Religion of Little Men

Fascism is the perfect sop for the little man, tired of being shoved around by his superiors

by DANA DOTEN

ARTICLE

THE United States is not considered in the following discussion, since, whether one regards American trends as merely adaptations of European movements or as essentially indigenous, they never represent such clear-cut operation of theory as do the affairs of the old world.

The common man in Europe has never become adjusted to or reconciled with the role for which he was cast by the Industrial Revolution. For the century and a half prior to 1914 he was able to continue the effort at compromise with conditions organically incompatible with happy human existence, such as proletarianism, urbanism, and the dominance of the machine; in this struggle religion supported him, for, despite the steady deterioration of dogma since the sixteenth century, there remained in European Christianity an effective core of compensating hope, or, if you will, acceptable illusion for the common man. The World War ended that. The War accomplished what centuries of higher criticism and brilliant skepticism had failed to do—it killed the faith of Europe in a just God and a sure reward after death. Not publicly—it is quite possible that church membership increased after the War—but in the souls of the common men and women, where alone religion can live. Yes, the churches might be filled. Habit is strong and the Church has always had a vested interest in habit. But Europe no longer believed.

The prop of religion knocked out, where could the little man turn, how could he continue to fight the hopeless battle against nonentity, against insecurity, against unloveliness, and the machine? He must organize with his fellows—many little men together might be able to create a livable drama out of the aimless brutality of the world. Now there are only two ways to organize, either for or against. To organize for something requires a minimum of rationalization; to organize against anything requires merely emotional response. Socialism offered organization for a new world, for a Utopia on earth in the future. Fascism offered organization against immediate ills, immediate grievances, immediate sense of inferiority. Any competent psychologist should have been able to predict the result, the greater attraction of the Fascist doctrine, the ever-quickening growth of Fascist power.

The machine had done two things to the little man. First, by concentrating wealth, by destroying the self-sufficiency as well as the personal integrity of the individual, and by vastly augmenting the clamor, the ugliness, and the nervous strain of living—by all these pressures the machine increased the burden on the little man, whose historic role has never been either heroic or happy. Secondly, the amazing improvement of every type of communication brought to the little man for the first time a complete and staggering awareness of his own hopeless position, his own anonymous, futile, and colorless part in the great schemes of the world.

The little man in post-War Europe has, therefore, found himself bereft of traditional consolation, surrounded by an increasingly hostile environment, and ever more keenly conscious of his plight.

The little man needed a form of politics which would undertake to solve all his problems at once, for they had become too complicated for him to analyze, too diversified for him to deal with separately. Everything had conspired to squeeze from his existence the vital qualities of faith, security, color, adventure, and hope. His job was monotonous and precarious—it stirred in him only boredom and worry. His personal life was restricted, inhibited, and irritating. His recreation was unsatisfactory, expensive, and, to a steadily increasing extent, vicarious. The little man might have little problems, little resentments, little dreams and ambitions. But they composed his entire experience, and they left him frustrated, dully envious, generally hostile to everything around him.

The moment had been reached when the solution for the little man could no longer be specific; it must be cosmic. It could no longer be simply religious, like the Reformation, or simply political, like the French and American Revolutions. It must be a cure-all, an answer to everything.

As has been said, two answers were forthcoming—Socialism and Fascism.

Socialism requires, nay presupposes, a rational attitude, a thoughtful approach. It is in essence the answer of pure logic to the ills of society. It says to the little man, "Organize through friendship with other little men to the end that eventually the world will be run in the interests of all little men. There are the following logical reasons for this; the following results may be clearly and rationally demonstrated." To certain types this program held a strong appeal. But as a lure to the mass of little men it contained serious weaknesses. It asked for thought, for sympathy, for patience, and for immediate sacrifice towards an ultimate Utopia. The typical little man did not think, was resentful rather than sympathetic, was fiercely impatient, and wanted quick, tangible results. Fascism fitted him like a glove.

It was by definition inevitable. Socialism had been the creation of philosophers; it was a coherently wrought dogma, inviting the little man to educate himself up to its level. Fascism was a world-projection of the personality of the little man himself. It asked only enthusiasm, only release from inhibitions, only instinctive response. One does not need to hold an unduly cynical opinion of

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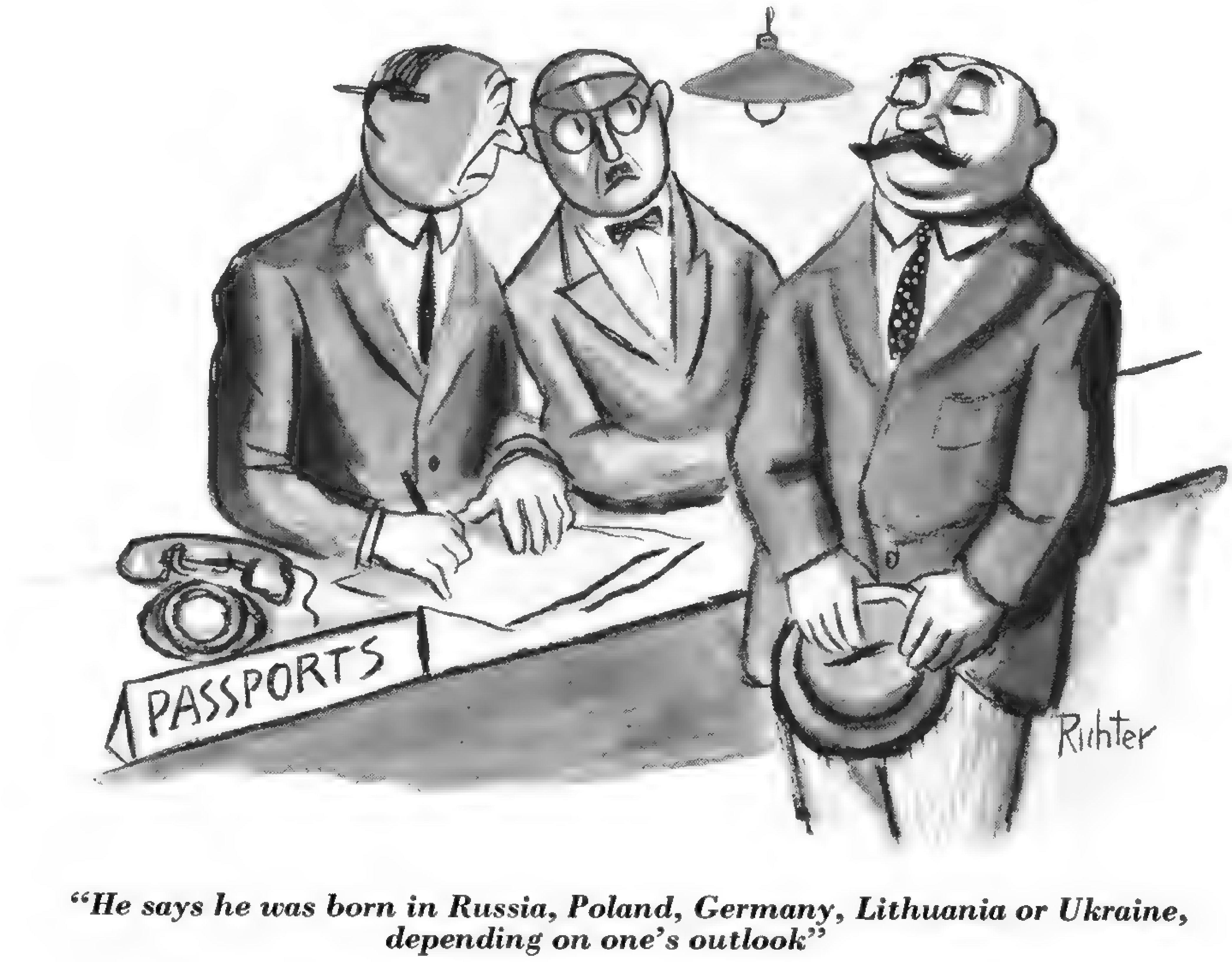


"He says he was born in Russia, Poland, Germany, Lithuania or Ukraine, depending on one's outlook"

Whatever Happened to Immorality?

Those were thrilling days when snoopers proclaimed that flaming youth was going straight to Hell in parked automobiles

by CREIGHTON PEET

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE coast-to-coast chorus of derisive and indulgent laughter which greeted Governor Dickenson's denunciation of New York as a hellish sink of sin, showed the American people something important about themselves. It showed them they had grown up.

The good Governor, you recall, told a breathless world that in degenerate Manhattan's high life circles, girls were actually seated at formal banquets next to men they had never met before. Here they were plied with strong liquor so that seduction under nearby potted palms was an easy and likely consequence.

After this their hosts, apparently members of a white slave syndicate, could, he observed, smuggle these "little bundles of unsullied purity" off to the underworld and a life of shame.

Not long after the Governor's blast against city slickers John L. Lewis inadvisedly denounced Vice-President Garner as a "whisky drinking, evil old man."

Now ten or fifteen years ago Michigan's Governor would have called forth a clamor of supporting bleats from reformers all over the land, and Mr. Garner would have hastened to reassure the electorate (a) that he had never touched liquor in his life and (b) that he attended Church every Sunday and therefore could not be "evil."

But in 1939 intelligent Michigan citizens talked of a movement to have their eighty-year-old Governor recalled on the ground that he had made their state look silly, while as for Mr. Garner, he left for a fishing trip with the remark that he intended to "get eviler every day."

In the 1920's "immorality" was something as specific as roaches, and "reforming" the wild young post-War generation almost attained the status of a profession.

Educators and the clergy, aided and abetted by a clamoring pack of sexually maladjusted busybodies in need of psychiatric treatment, let fly every few days. So important did it all seem at that time that no pronouncement was too silly or irrelevant to get space in the papers.

All girls of practically all ages were known as flappers, and their dress and behavior were soon as standardized as the Model T.

Flappers wore knee-length skirts. Flappers rolled their stockings. Flappers smoked cigarettes and drank cocktails. They danced till all hours to jazz music, known in more literate circles as the "barbaric yawp." When they danced they gave it all they had and, it was whispered, often "parked their corsets" in retiring rooms.

Flappers scorned chaperones and took long rides with boys who carried hip flasks of bootleg liquor. Flappers sassed their parents. They talked slang. They played cards on Sunday, and used lipstick, sure signs of lost virtue.

On the other hand all this and their lack of "maidenly reserve" provided the gossips with literally years of luscious, lip-smacking, eye-rolling chatter. Certainly the snoops and busybodies enjoyed themselves immensely. A bit of pink knee revealed by a wispy skirt and a rolled sock convinced many an old lady not very sure of her biology that a Little Stranger was about to appear in the community.

The more prophetic thinkers predicted an early collapse of civilization which would make the final days of Rome look like an ice cream festival. Taking the long view the serious literary journals ran standard pieces every month with such titles as *What About Motherhood?* and *Is My Daughter Safe?* Still smarting under their defeat by the woman suffrage movement, gentlemen of the old school asked, *Has Freedom Cost Woman Her Most Precious Treasure?*

Schools and colleges were forever issuing rules of dress for flappers. Many a girl of the period was hauled into the principal's office to have her skirt measured. Some schools allowed nine inches above the floor, others said six was the limit.

Bathing beaches were moral battlegrounds during all of the 1920's. Even Atlantic City forbade "bare-legged bathing" very late, while the one-piece suit, now a sort of sea-going overcoat, was a constant source of trouble. Scandalized citizens who complained of the one-piece suit for women, wanted them to wear flaring, knee-length bathing skirts, shoes and stockings.

Nobody, with the exception of F. Scott Fitzgerald and John Held Jr., found the wild young people more profitable sources of copy than the clergy. Let us turn back to some Monday morning reports on Sunday sermons and you will understand why the "wild younger generation" got such a good press.

"Our young girls," declaimed a clergyman in 1924, "are voluptuous. They have a thirst for strong drink and petting parties. Drinking and dancing and social impurity are rife. The daughters of our so-called best people come out attired scantily in clothing but abundantly in paint, with a bottle of liquor, not on the hip, but in the handbag; they dance as voluptuously as possible so as to appear popular. They call for frequent intermissions to give them opportunity to quench their thirst from the bottle, and then, with the men of their choice engage in violent petting parties in the luxurious retreats of big limousines."

Sometimes, I am afraid, the spiritual leaders of the day were a little confused in their thinking, as for instance in a sermon reported on the front page of a Boston newspaper in 1921, when "short skirts, gauzy stockings and low-necked and sleeveless gowns" were denounced. While the modern woman was hardly held blameless, it was really the modern man who was responsible, for he "forced woman out half-clad before the public gaze in clothing made with a view to saving material for base, mercenary ends." Who saved the material for what base ends? Was the speaker under the illusion that knee-length skirts cost half as much as ankle-length ones?

Early in the 1920's the late *Literary Digest* conducted a nationwide poll on the question *Is the Younger Generation in Peril?* the results of which furnished reams of material off and on for a couple of years. While some scatter-brained educators saw no danger in the "jazz-mad flapper" and her raccoon-coated male companion, the general consensus was that short skirts and jazz had started civilization on a fast slide down a greased pole straight into hellfire.

Certainly, most respectable citizens argued, no girl who used lipstick and danced those barbaric sex-crazed modern dances could ever become a mother. Consequently it was only a matter of years till the human race dis-

appeared and the jungle grew back to cover the blemish we had once been fatuous enough to call civilization. Believe it or not, responsible people did actually say things like that in the 1920's.

Even the *New York Times* ran an editorial captioned *Too Flaming Youth*, asking, ". . . how long can youth go on unduly flaming without burning itself out . . . flaming at eighteen . . . cinders at twenty-four . . .?"

Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between actual honest moral indignation and plain old-fashioned, out-of-date manners, and ways of thought. Speaking on *The Modern Paganism* a bishop complained that too many people seemed to be living for nothing but a good time, and reminded his listeners that, after all, "life is a solemn march between eternities."

It is also necessary, in the interests of truthful reporting, to add that most of the people who wailed about the wild young people deplored as much as anything else the disappearance of "the niceties of maidenly reserve," "the finer sensibilities" and the "mystery of womanhood." Obviously such people had an extremely low boiling point to start with, having imported their standards straight out of the 1880's. In their eyes a man entering the presence of a lady with liquor on his breath was a cad and a bounder; as for the girl who drank cocktails or allowed herself to be kissed in a taxi, it was clear she was nothing but a loose woman.

Often such bewildered souls built fantastic stories out of the slightest evidence. For instance, there was the rumor of a Vice Club among St. Louis high school students, "in which membership was gained by an immoral act." When authorities sifted the facts it appeared that somebody had seen a couple of high school lads on the street with a little too much to drink.

At other times the publicity accorded the F. Scott Fitzgerald-John Held Jr. generation was just plain, downright silly. "Conditions," panted a lady club member reading a report, "are so bad in small towns as to be almost indescribable . . . a short time ago I found a group of high school girls every one of whom had a small flask tied about her neck and carried inside the bosom of her dress. They contained lemon extract and other awful stuff."

Everybody took a crack at the American girls of the period, even British lecturers over here to tell us what was what. Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, while touring the States gave off that "the American girl is a victim of defective environment and training. The dry, stimulating climate of America keys people up tremendously —makes them go into things with a rush. That is all right for adolescents . . . but for the young person it is very bad. Give the girl more privacy at home and let her have a room with a door where she can be by herself—there aren't half enough doors in America," she concluded irrelevantly.

But it was not only the grown folks who thought the world was going to hell; many young people, so parents and teachers insisted, were shocked by the wicked sashayings of their contemporaries.

Meeting in the Fifth Avenue mansion of the late Otto Kahn, representatives of parents' clubs from all over the country heard that "some girls are deliberate vamps, and the most serious thing mothers face today is that of saving their sons from these vamps."

"Boys," the speaker continued, "go home and say, 'Mother it is so hard for me to be decent and live up to the standards you have set for me, and always keep in mind the loveliness and purity of girls. How can I do it with this cheek dancing, and if I pull away they call me a prude. And when I take a girl home in the way you have told me is the proper fashion, she is not satisfied and thinks I am slow.'" This amiable lady added that she had tried to form her neighborhood boys into a league against petting, but without much success.

It has been years now since anyone has complained about our wild young people, and if there are others like Governor Dickenson who think that every frisky young person under twenty-five who feels the tingle of life in his or her veins is immoral, they better keep their fears to themselves.

Reforming is no longer popular, or newsworthy. Only rarely has it even been good for a laugh in recent years. We Americans have been through the mill in the past ten years and cannot be bothered with fussy old ladies who remember what customs and manners and inhibitions were like in the 1880's.

As for the professional cranks, snoopers and societies for the suppression of sex, they have taken a terrible beating.

First of all there was Prohibition, the noblest experiment of them all, which was not only the most spectacular failure of our generation, but which has been officially rejected as a national policy.

Equally important is a vastly increased understanding of the rudiments of psychological thinking. Even the simplest people now understand something about suppressed desires, inferiority complexes, substitute adjustments, compensating factors, etc. When they see that an unhappy, hatchet-faced man or woman is trying to bring back prohibition or keep girls from wearing shorts or scanty bathing trunks, they just feel sorry for them. Their sex-lives may have gone wrong or they may have stomach ulcers. Their tirades against a bathing beach or a beer parlor become nothing but embarrassing personal confessions. Maybe the lady has fat lumpy legs and can't wear shorts herself. Maybe the old gent is a reformed drunk afraid to see the stuff around town again?

But the worst break the reformers of the 1920's had was that civilization did not collapse because of rolled socks. It may collapse from anschluss trouble in the next few years, but as far as the boys who carried the hip flasks and the girls who wore the short skirts are concerned, it is doing fine.

Church attendance has grown, couples still get married, the automobile has turned out to have other uses than for seduction, and the birth rate has held up very well considering

Continued at top of page 152

They Paid for Their Drinks

The captain gave orders to stay in camp, but Otto told his friend the devil himself couldn't catch them

by JOHN MIRKO

• FICTION •

After heavy fighting on the Aragon Front, the Division was withdrawn from the front to the rear. The recuperation camp of the Division was halfway between Tortosa and Tarragona, south of the main highway.

The headquarters of the camp were set up in the three-story villa which had been abandoned by its aristocratic owner at the beginning of the war. From the villa, which stood proudly on the highland, a wide path led directly to the sea about half a mile away. Both sides of the path were bordered with a row of slender poplars reaching towards the sky. The surrounding slopes were terraced with orchards and vineyards, each terrace propped up from the south by a high wall, supporting the soil so the rains would not wash the earth into the sea below. Seen from the shores of the sea in the direction of the Aragon plains, it looked like a wide stairway covered with a multi-colored tapestry. The second and third floors of the villa were occupied by the camp staff and the group commanders. In addition, there were the guards of the groups, cooks, supply officers, newspaper men, and other inevitable associates of staffs.

The men in the camp were divided into groups, there not being a sufficient number for battalions. These men were the Internationals and Spaniards. There were four such groups, from 200 to 250 men to a group.

Captain Millan, commander of Group Number Two to which Otto and Yan belonged, arose before the other officers who slept in the same room, lying in a row on some straw. He looked out of the window, down the pathway, into the orchard. The men of his group were beginning to get up. He picked up his towel and shaving kit and went into the courtyard. The yard was surrounded by a high thick wall. A fountain in the middle spouted a stream of cold mountain water, falling into a deep iron trough. Millan placed a pocket mirror on a gnarled oak branch, soaped his face and shaved. He returned to the room tip-toeing so as not to waken the others; dressed himself; hung his revolver on his right hip; buckled on a wide yellow belt and again, on tip-toes, stepped out of the room.

Group Number Two was on its feet already. Some were shaking out blankets, two men holding the corners, some were going towards the sea to wash up before breakfast, and some were wiping the dew from the barrels of the rifles and machine guns.

"Good Morning! How are the men?" Millan greeted Commissar Jelenich.

"Good Morning! Everything's in order. The guard detail will be going to get breakfast."

"How did you sleep, comrades?" Millan turned to a group of soldiers who were near by. They answered cheerfully. Most of them were young workers and peasants from the Balkan countries. Forcing a few short introductory coughs, Otto came up to the group commander and began to talk.

"Certainly, the air is fresher here than it is there in the house. We breathe clean air, brother, so there you are." Otto tapped Millan on the shoulder familiarly. The soldiers laughed. Millan removed Otto's hand amiably, looked at him and said, "I have nothing against your parents, but they didn't bring me into the world so, naturally, we are not brothers, comrade Shtok!"

This time the soldiers laughed louder.

The Commissar had known Otto Shtok for several months, and he also knew his past—a declassé proletarian, a hoodlum. The first words spoken by Otto when he arrived at the front and which the Commissar remembered well, were: "I've come as a volunteer, to fight against fascism as a volunteer, and I do not need anybody's command." In battle he held his own fairly well. Of course, he didn't bring down the stars from the heavens with his bravery and heroism, but he was no coward. Though he gives more trouble than all the other men put together, and what's more he isn't improving . . . he's begun the old song and dance again, Jelenich thought.

The sun had climbed several meters above the surface of the sea when the detail section brought coffee and bread for the entire Group Number Two. The companies immediately formed into line, three abreast. The sun made the aluminum coffee cups gleam. Two soldiers with rolled-up sleeves were dipping coffee out of caldrons with large ladles. Another soldier handed each man half a loaf of bread.

Group Commissar Jelenich and Captain Millan received their breakfast last.

Drinking their coffee noisily and chewing on their bread, the soldiers sat in groups carrying on conversations on various topics, mostly about the latest battles, machine guns, and girls.

"You think she will wait till I get back?" a blond-haired boy turned to his neighbor who sat cross-legged on the ground.

"Naturally . . . until she finds some one else."

"She isn't that kind!" the boy said quietly.

"Oh, she isn't that kind! What kind? And did you wait for her the last time we were in Barcelona? Do you remember . . . ?"

The men near by laughed. The boy blushed, forced himself to swallow the last of the coffee and left to wash the cup.

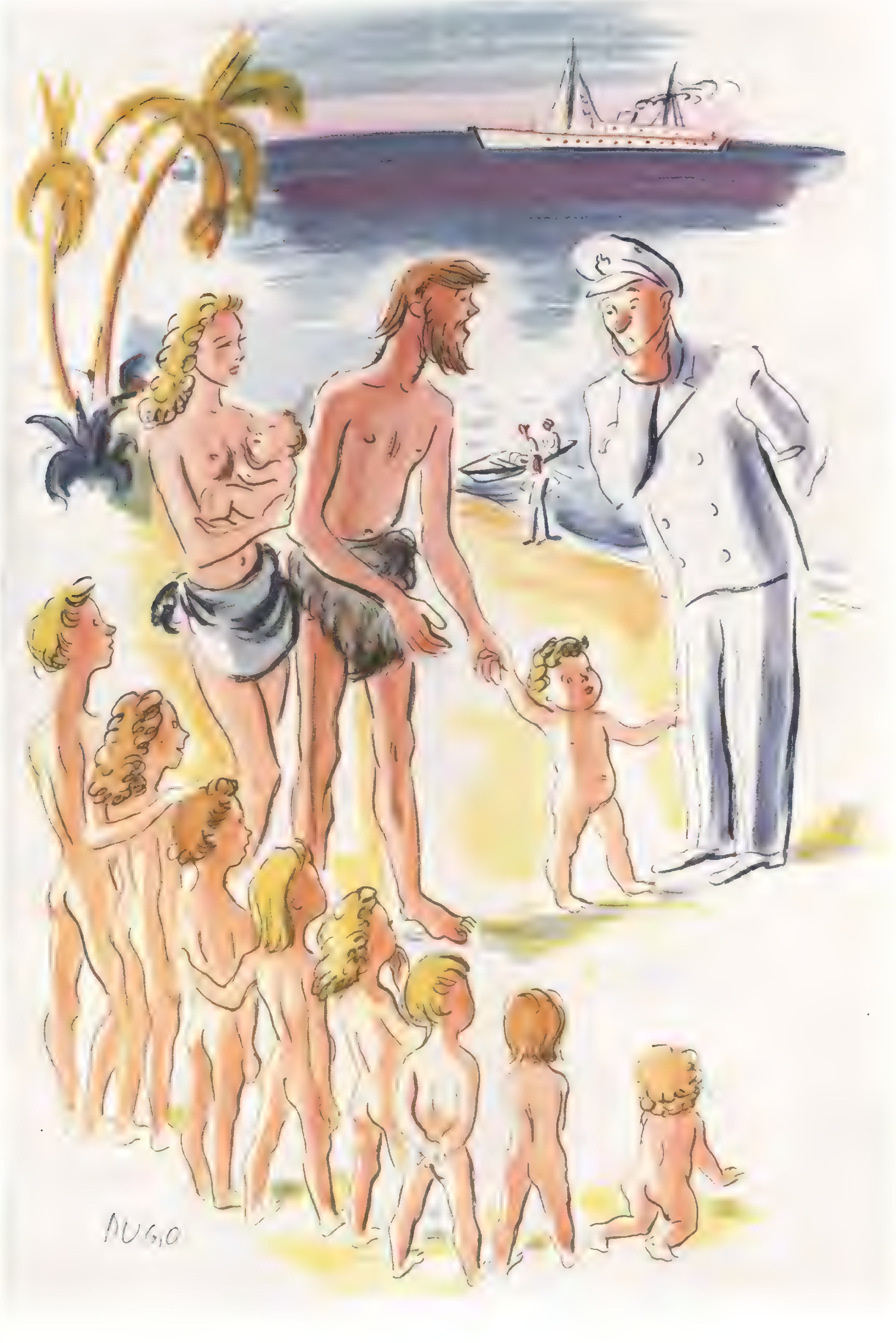
After breakfast the company commanders lined up their men. Captain Millan told them the day's orders.

"Today there will be no work. It's a holiday of the Spanish Republic. At ten o'clock there will be a general parade of the camp,

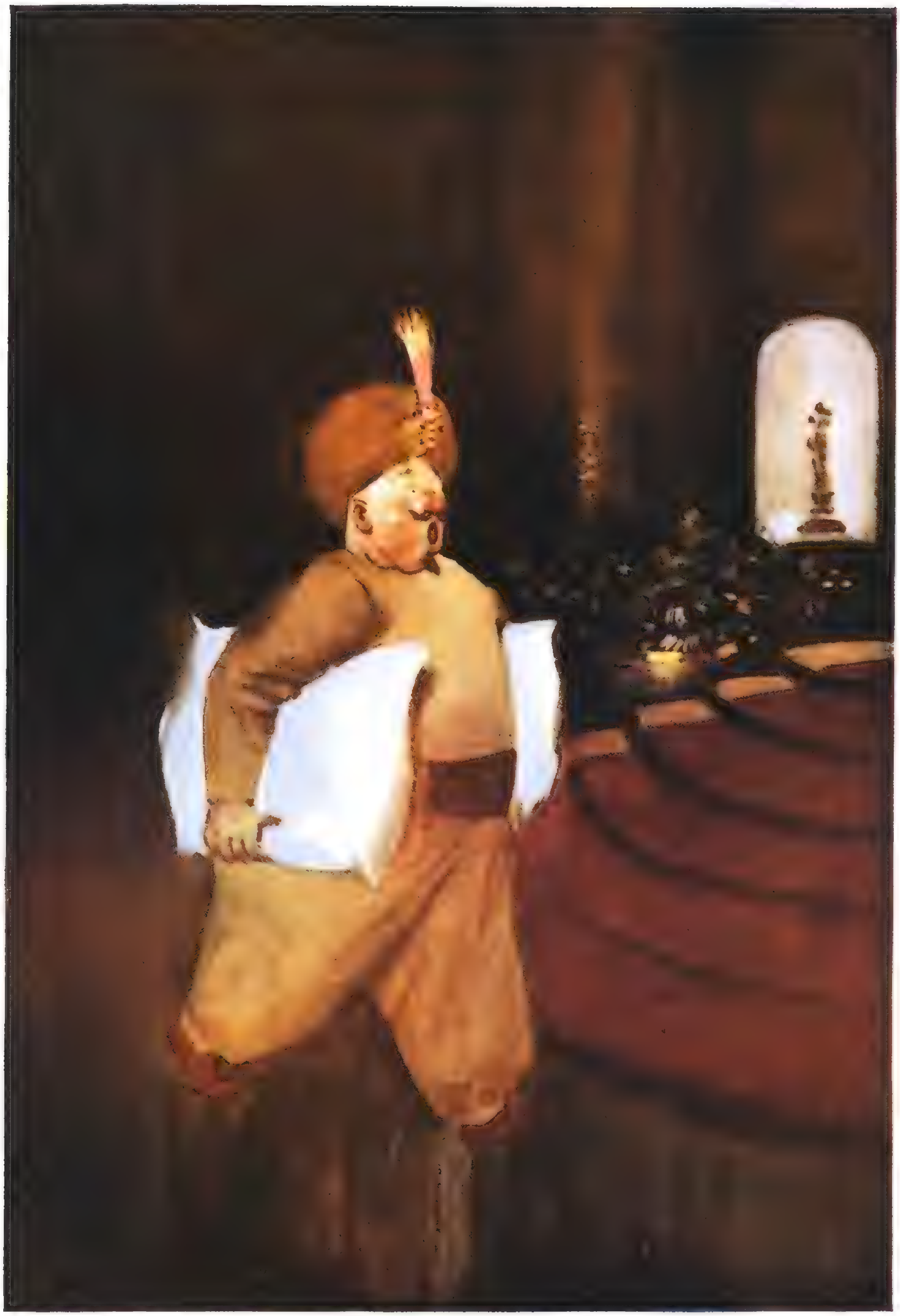
Continued on page 134

STATE PRISON
P.D.
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Your first time here?"



"I don't know how long we've been here, Captain—we've had no way of keeping track of the years"



"Oh Helen—Marie—Josephine—Dolores—Vivian—Patricia!"

The Time of Ruby Robert

Fitzsimmons was a light heavyweight but he took them as they came, proving: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall"

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

SPORTS

I saw Bob Fitzsimmons a good many times, both in action, and when he was ambling on the streets of Chicago, sometimes leading his pet lion. His hair was reddish, but he wasn't so very ruby after all, and as for freckles, though he was cartooned with a great back covered with freckles the size of a quarter, he wasn't very freckled either. Sports writers must have something sensational. When it isn't at hand they make it up, and often out of scant material. Fitz's clothes always seemed too tight for him, too tight in the shoulders. He dressed rather flashily, not in taste like "Gentleman" Jim Corbett. He talked like a Cockney, pronouncing "half," "arf," and the like. As he walked along you could see that his legs were not of the same giant proportions as his shoulders. The latter were simply huge.

You will find in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad* old Homer's description of the fight between the boxer Epeius and the boxer Euryalus, in which Epeius smote Euryalus, so that his legs sank beneath him. They fought in those days with thongs of ox-hide fitted about their hands. There may have been critics of the game, but they did not indulge for years in comparative analyses, and in fanciful reasons for the defeat of one or the other. The Homeric fight reminds one of the contests of Fitz, for when he smote an antagonist the latter's "glorious limbs" sank beneath him.

I have been interested in pugilism all my life. I have seen many of the greatest of the pugilists. The reports of fights have a strange fascination for me, and I have always studied them, as later I have followed the explanations and criticisms and guesses of the men who follow the sport for the newspapers. If you will consider that many of them were not born when Corbett defeated Sullivan in 1892, or even when Fitzsimmons defeated Corbett in 1897, you will see that when these judges of the sport indulge in comparisons, and say that Louis is a greater puncher than Jeffries was, or that Peter Maher was a harder hitter than Louis, they are manifestly venturing an opinion without the facts having been gathered by the eyes. One thing that stands out is the constant cry that Louis was knocked down by Schmeling, and later by Galento, and that shows that he is not all that he is cracked up to be. They don't take into account that many of the greatest boxers were knocked down somewhere along the path of their career. The great Sullivan was knocked down by Charley Mitchell, who was a middleweight. Jack Johnson was knocked down by Stanley Ketchell, a middleweight. Fitzsimmons was knocked down many times. Corbett was knocked down and knocked out. Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Firpo. Tunney was knocked down for a long count by Dempsey. The list could be amplified. This is enough to prove that the most skilled boxer can get it and that it does not speak much one way or the other as to his standing. Certainly and plainly Sullivan was a better man than Mitchell; Jack Johnson was a better man than Ketchell, and Fitzsimmons was a better man than the men who floored him. Dempsey demonstrated his superiority over Firpo on the spot. And Tunney, though knocked down, got the decision, and I have never heard any great howl that he did so. The case against Louis passes out when the facts are considered which should enter into a judgment of him as a champion. No one who knows anything would say that Galento is a better man than Louis. A big awkward fighter can get in a blow sometimes, and for that matter an ordinary man could knock Louis down, or Sullivan in his best days, if he got the right sock on the right spot. I have a memory of Sullivan being knocked down in barroom scraps. I am surprised to see experts give so much attention to the knock down that Louis received at the hands of Schmeling. Schmeling is a big man and when he got in the right blow on Louis, Louis had to go down, as great fighters did before him. There is nothing to this.

I could put up a good argument to the effect that Fitzsimmons, all things considered, was the greatest fighter who ever lived, but it would be a long argument and intricate with comparisons back and forth. Along the way I'd have to get Dempsey out of the way, who at Toledo in his fight with Willard was a whirlwind of power and skill. I have felt that Fitz could have defeated Sullivan. But I'll not indulge in such speculations. I'll only say that Fitz never had a superior, and rest the case upon some salient facts. In this connection I might mention first the matter of his age when he won battles, this as bearing upon his strength and vitality. He was never anything more than a light heavyweight, a class created in 1903 when George Gardner defeated Jack Root. Fitz defeated Gardner in the fall of 1903. So that when he defeated Corbett in 1897 he was only the middleweight champion.

Sullivan called Fitz a fighting machine on stilts, in reference to his spindling legs and his enormous shoulders and arms. But be it observed I don't recall an instance where Fitz's legs gave out on him. They seemed to have the endurance of steel. As to age he was thirty-five when he won the championship of the world over Corbett; he was forty-one when he gave the giant Jeffries with his 220 pounds of bone and muscle a terrible beating, and conceivably might have won the fight if his hands had not been turned to pulp by hammering the bronze head and jaws of Jeffries. On the other hand Corbett was

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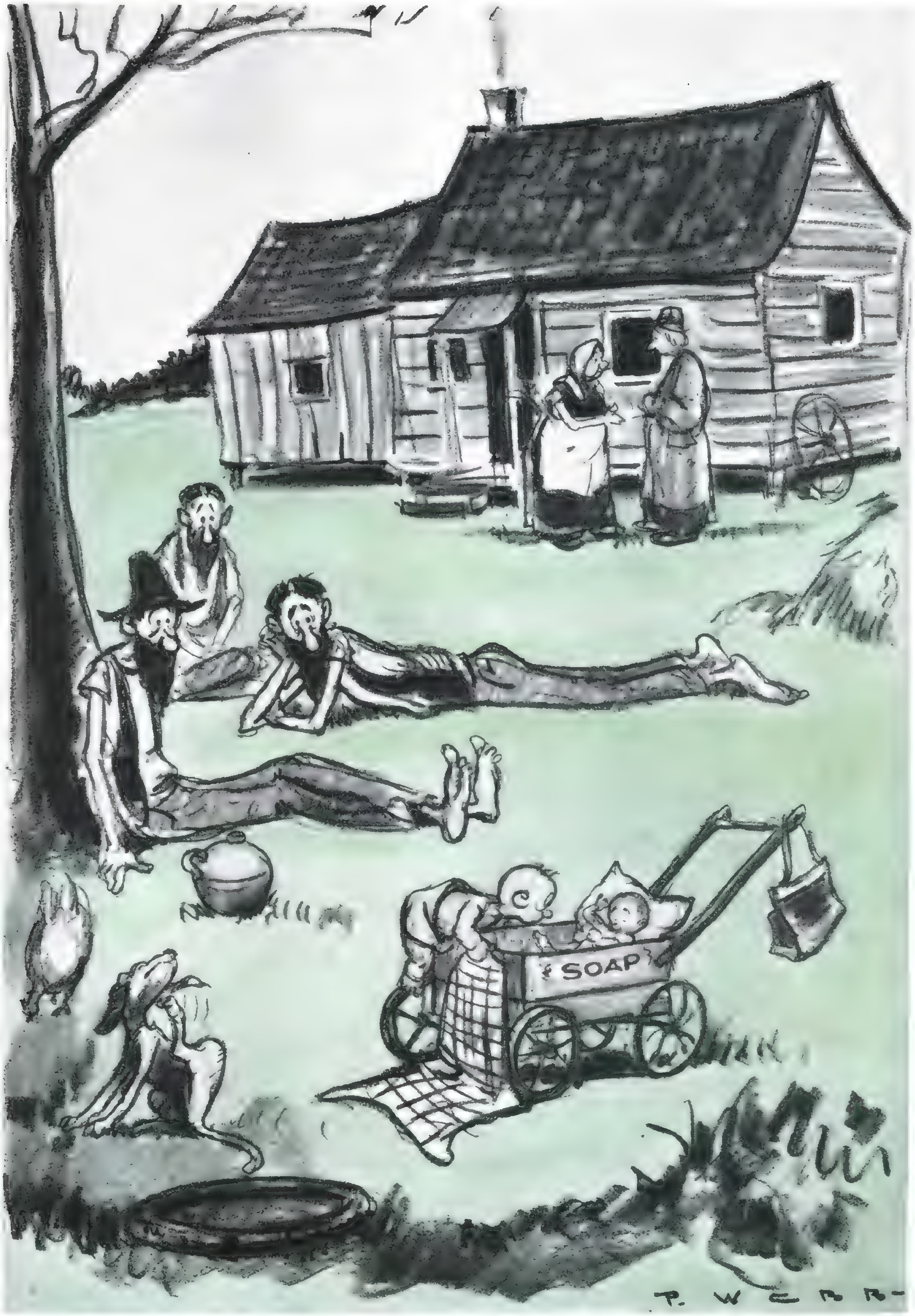
"Well, your honor—in the first place I don't think she loves me"



"Somethin' must o' gone wrong somewhere—Lem Hawkins told me he wasn't goin' to raise a dang thing 'ceptin' hawgs this year"

Our Dwindling Press

How does it happen that now, when the public is hungry for facts, newspapers are folding?

by FORREST DAVIS

• ARTICLE •

℞

Mr. Hearst's salvage crew buried the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* a while back. The staff, I presume, held a wake. There is a pattern, known only to the craft, for ink-stained carousals when a newspaper breathes its last. A choked sentimentalist opens a fifth of Scotch, claps it on a city room desk; work halts as the news tickers die, the lads give tongue to satirical dirges and the rugged rites are on, to end only when a likkered legman inadvertently insults a vestal from the women's page and the last copyreader staggers homeward to break the news. The bereaved journalists, mourning the demise of their meal ticket, are likewise lamenting the decline of daily journalism in these States. At about the time of the Chicago ceremonial, similar wakes took place for the *Buffalo Times* and the *Minneapolis Journal*, these morbid circumstances being also typical and symptomatic. Within the last two years, seventy-two daily newspapers have expired—one every ten days, on the average.

Since the late Frank A. Munsey evolved a ghoulish pastime out of the eradication of newspapers, the mortality rate has steadily advanced. The ranks of the dailies have been grimly decimated. It is, of course, too early to foresee whether the daily paper in its present form faces the eventual fate of the bison. A protracted war might intervene but wars are costly to newspapers as well as nations. We do perceive that newspapering is a contracting industry, like railroading and digging coal.

The *Herald and Examiner's* shade entered a tomb already littered with the mastheads of seventeen ancestors; seventeen newspapers which had been absorbed, or otherwise extinguished. Only one morning paper, the thunderous *Tribune*, was left in the country's second city.

Fifteen years ago New York had five standard-sized morning gazettes—now there are two plus two tabloids. During the World War, first phase, Chicago had four morning newspapers. The reader could express a choice ranging from Mr. Hearst's chromatic *Examiner* to the hardshell *Inter-Ocean*. A State Street merchant who fell out with the *Tribune* might take space in the *Record-Herald*. Even the humble reader had a tiny franchise, putting in his two cents' worth for or against an editorial policy. In Chicago, you now read the *Tribune* in the morning—or rely on the radio for news. I do not plead that patriotism, civic virtue or the common good were served better by the old multiplicity than by the monopolistic *Tribune;* I merely call attention to the change.

Nor is Chicago the only seat of monopoly conditions. In many good-sized cities *all* the papers are under one ownership. For example, Des Moines, Memphis and Toledo; the former monopolized, journalistically, by the energetic Cowles clan, the second by Scripps-Howard and Toledo by Mr. Paul Block. The whole concept of the free press may have to be re-examined in the light of this development but, at the moment, we are concerned with causes, not effects. Why do newspapers, many of them trusted and venerable, increasingly wither on the vine? I have yet to hear a satisfactory explanation.

Newspaper publishers themselves blame radio competition and rising costs, in paper, payroll and taxes. Parenthetically, the effusively headlong coverage by the radio chains of the Polish invasion caused alarm in newspaper business offices, which radio's quickly demonstrated, if perhaps temporary, journalistic ineptitude allayed. War still sells newspapers, although not always at a profit, and the radio's qualifications as a news medium seem confined pretty much to reporting crises, ball games, fights and elections. Not so good for the long news haul, radio does, however, take a larger cut of the advertiser's dollar year by year, being more bothersome there than on the news side.

Costs have mounted. Canadian spruce *is* less accessible and the Newspaper Guild, Heywood Broun's left-wing union, *is* expensive. By way of illustration, the *New York World-Telegram*, a fairly generous employer, found that the Guild wage scale carved an extra $1,500 weekly out of the budget. Nor have revenues kept pace. I'm not so sure the publishers are not responsible here. More prodigal than their British cousins, they have encouraged 32, 48 and 60-page newspapers when a great deal less would have sufficed. The London newspaper proprietors, sprinkling their product over the British Isles with the density of the dew, have kept their papers within moderate bounds through high advertising rates. Our publishers have lacked either the common sense or the ruthlessness to make the advertiser pay a lot for a little. Hence, a corner of this Continent has been ravished of its wood pulp, to no discernibly good purpose.

The cost accountants explain, in part, why the press dwindles. But I wonder if equally cogent reasons do not elude their statistics? I refer to the matter of the readability, hence the vendibility of the current press. I submit that until Hitler's rashness engulfed them the country's newspapers—with exceptions that can be ticked off the fingers of both hands—were tending to be dull. They lacked pulse, immediacy and guts. Parts of the periodical press, even the movies, and I almost said the radio, communicated a livelier sense of what was going on.

This stodginess I attribute to the rise of the essayist, *i.e.*, the columnist. A large section of the press, emphasizing views rather than

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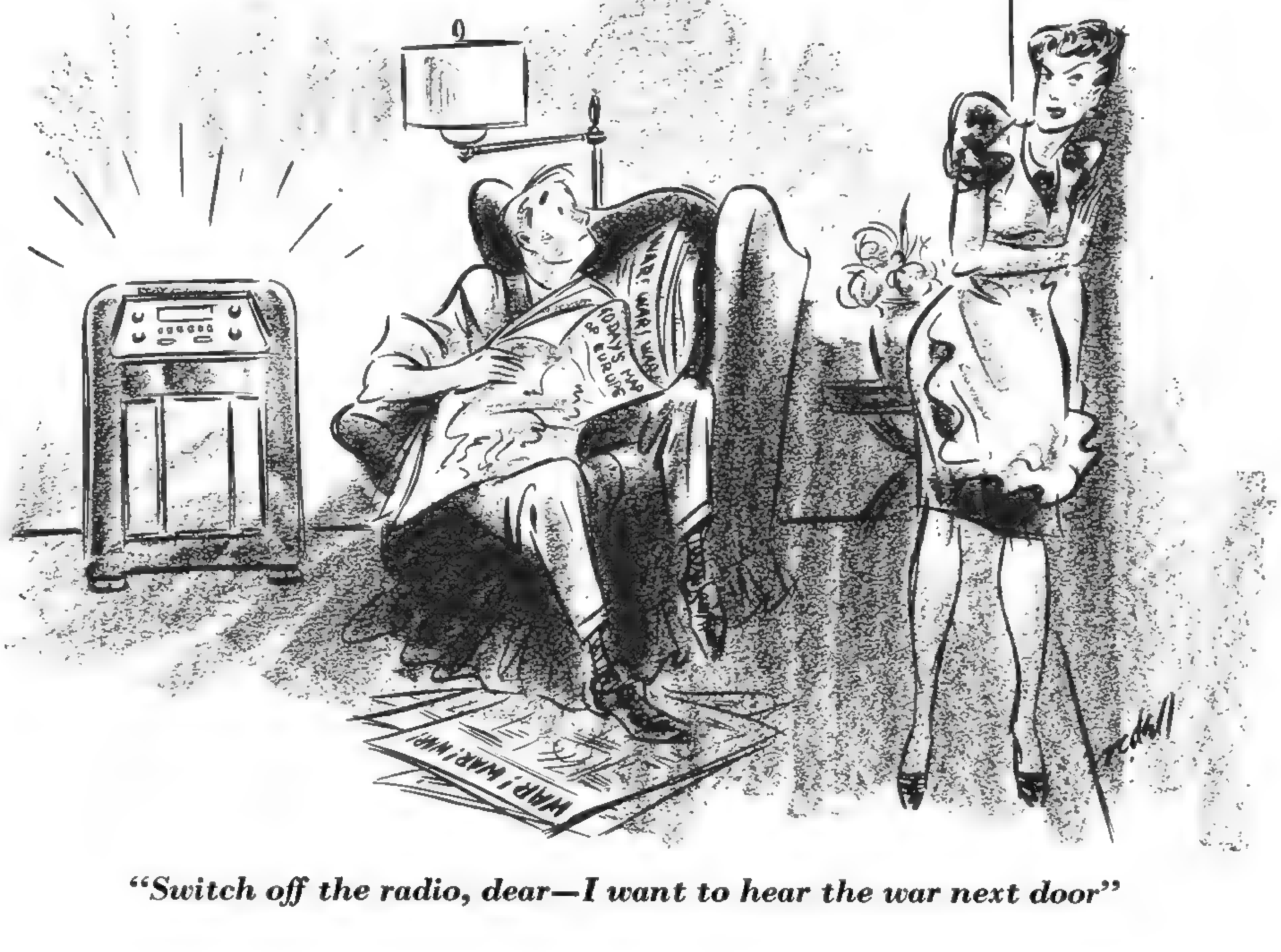

WAR! WAR! WAR!
TODAY'S WAR & EUROPE
WAR! WAR! WAR!

"Switch off the radio, dear—I want to hear the war next door"

Ships That Meet

Davy welcomed this adventure for no one knew what might lie below the silent decks of that drifting ship

by CAPT. WILLIAM OUTERSON

FICTION

THE screaming gales of the Cape Horn sea had been left far behind, and the four-masted barque *Welburn* sailed north across the vast reaches of the Pacific. A soft wind from the south filled her sails, pushing her gently through a sapphire sea that parted before her with a murmur of foam. Except for her forward movement the decks were almost still, heaving with a motion so slight that her men could scarcely feel it. Not so long ago this quiet and sunny deck had been a scene of sea-swept danger, roaring threats of violent death.

Captain Barkley and Mr. Jones the mate stood at the forward taffrail on the poop, talking about the wind. The skipper thought they might run into the southeast trades at any time now, and the mate said he believed they would, since the wind that had brought them up from Cape Horn seemed to be dying down. They might have a spell of calm weather between winds, or pick up the trades without losing any time at all. The voices of these two men were low and peaceful, as if they had not a care in the world, and this was their habit. So long as danger was nowhere in sight they remained serene and hopeful in a safe and ordered universe.

The wind had fallen light when Goram and Davy, the two apprentices in the second mate's watch, the starboard, went on deck at four in the morning. It was dark, since the moon had set and the starlight only faintly touched the shadowy sea. But it was bright enough for the third mate's roving eye to find some work to do, a buntline on the crojick lying tight against the sail and chafing it, and he sent Davy aloft to overhaul it. Climbing the rigging to the level of the yard the boy pulled down the buntline till it hung in a small loop below the foot of the sail, made it fast with a single turn of twine round the jackstay and leaned against the yard to take a look around. Adjusted now to the dim light of the stars his gaze moved slowly round the horizon, seeking anything that might be found, and came shortly to a halt, arrested by something that loomed between sea and sky, two points on the port bow. He reckoned it to be six or seven miles off and not visible from the poop.

Staring at this with a pleasant sense of possible adventure he was able to discern its outlines more clearly as the *Welburn* sailed slowly toward it. There was no doubt of its being a ship, but whether sail or steam he could not yet determine. After a few moments of close attention he thought it must be a steamer since it had none of the top-hamper of a sailing vessel, but before he reported to this effect several facts became evident and made him pause. She carried no lights; there was no sign of life about her decks so far as he could see; no smoke erupted from the upright column amidships that appeared to be her funnel, and she lay motionless, adrift on the sea. But now a faint line of light penciled the skyline in the east, the herald of dawn, and by this he could recognize her clearly as a sailing ship dismasted and derelict. The supposed funnel revealed itself as the stump of her mainmast, broken off about thirty feet above the deck; the boats were gone and the davit tackles hung empty, their lower blocks appearing to touch the water. Satisfied that he could now make a correct report he hailed the second mate on the poop.

"On deck, sir!"

"Hello?" the second mate replied, looking up at him.

"Dismasted ship on the port bow, sir," he called down.

"What's that?" the officer queried sharply, and Davy repeated what he had said.

Mr. Rowney turned to Mr. Stoddart, the third mate, and gave him an order that came clearly to the sharp ears of the boy on the yard.

"Go up and find out if that boy knows what he's talking about."

The third went smartly up the rigging to the crojick yard and Davy pointed to the derelict. A brief glance enabled the more experienced seaman to see that the boy had been right, and he called down to the second mate confirming the report. He and Davy remained on the yard watching the deserted hulk, which the *Welburn* approached with ever decreasing speed on account of the dying breeze, now fallen to a murmur of wind that barely filled the sails. But before it ceased altogether, and a dead calm fell on the sea, they had drawn near enough to obtain a clear view of the stranger's decks, and their empty silence seemed to prove that she had been abandoned by her crew. Nevertheless, in the light of broadening day, the third mate appeared puzzled as he and Davy descended to the deck and mounted the ladder to the poop.

"What d'you make of her?" the second mate inquired, examining the derelict through the glass.

"She seems abandoned, sir," the third replied. "But I don't understand why they left her. She looks perfectly seaworthy."

"You never can tell," the second remarked, lowering the glass. "I'll call the skipper." He handed the glass to the third and went down the companion, returning a few minutes later in the wake of Captain Barkley.

"Have you hailed her?" the skipper asked.

"No, sir," the second answered. "She's just coming within hailing distance now."

The skipper took the glass and inspected the other ship thoroughly.

"Yes," he said, "She seems to be abandoned, but there may be somebody aboard of her. We'll have to find out. Give her a hail."

"Ship ahoy!" The second mate sent a stentorian hail across the quiet sea, but no reply came to that or succeeding hails.

"You'd better call the mate," the captain decided, and the third hurried below.

The mate emerged from the companion hatch a minute or two later and took a long look at the stranger through the glass.

"Lower one of the boats, Mr. Jones," the skipper ordered. "Go aboard of her and let me have a report of her condition. If she's abandoned and seaworthy she'll be a menace to other ships. We'll either have to sink her or send part of our crew aboard to give her a jury rig and sail her to the nearest port."

"Very good, sir," the mate answered. He went forward and told the bosun to clear away the port-forward boat and get her ready to lower.

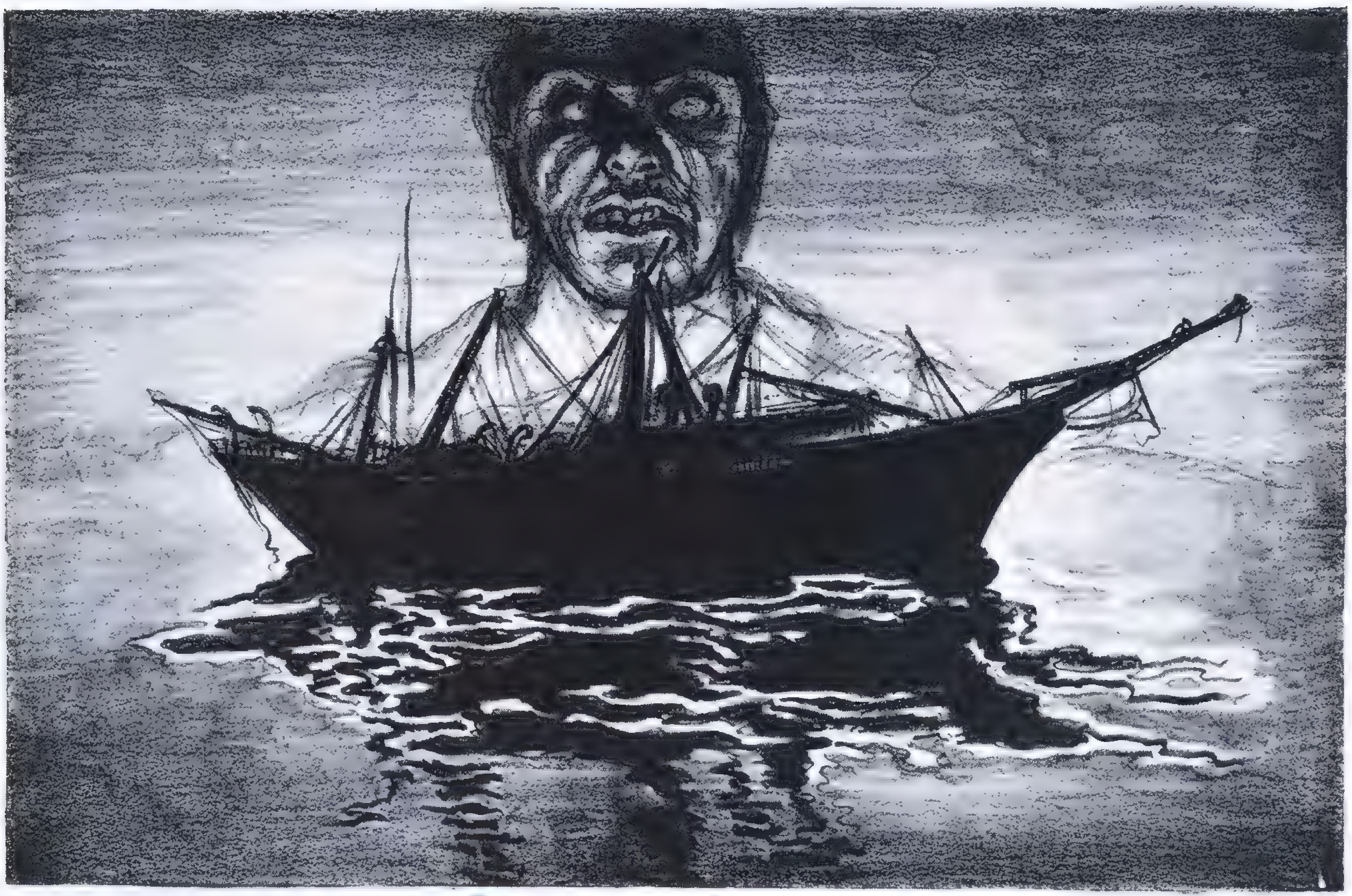
Willing hands removed the boat's canvas cover, hooked in the tackle blocks, knocked down the chocks and swung the davits out. Perry, Duff, Scotty and Graham were told off to man the oars, and the mate noticed such an eager look in Davy's blue gray eyes that he told him gruffly to get into the boat and be quick about it. The men remaining on deck lowered away the falls and the boat touched the calm sea, the tackle blocks were unhooked and swung clear, and under the strong thrust of the heavy oars the buoyant craft moved swiftly through the water. Seated in the sheets with the mate Davy gazed at the silent ship as they drew near her, smiling and feeling very grateful to the mate for allowing him to come along. This was an adventure that he enjoyed, for nobody knew what they might find below the silent decks of that drifting ship. He was the first to read the name on her stern.

"She's the *Alexander of Belfast*, sir," he said to the mate, who had been trying for some time but could not read the name because of the small size of the letters.

"Aye," he said as they came closer. "I can read it now." When they were less than ten fathom from the side of the ship he gave the order, "Way enough," and the four men stopped pulling, turning their heads to look at her. She lay as quietly as before, with no sound coming from her except for a faint creaking of the hull due to her slight movement on the almost imperceptible swell. The boat came to a stop a few feet from the *Alexander's* steel hull.

"Ship ahoy!" the mate bellowed, and waited for a reply that did not come. He hailed a second time with a similar result.

"All right, men," he said. "We'll run under the port quarter davit tackles and go aboard of her. Be shinnin' yourself up the tackle,



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

Davy, and we'll pass up the painter."

Davy gripped the tackle and shinned swiftly up to the head of the davit, swung from there to the rail and turned the davit inward so that the others could step aboard more easily. They passed up the end of the painter and he made it fast to one of the brace pins on the main rail, and when they had all reached the deck they stood in a group gazing curiously about the decks, noting the havoc caused by the falling of the masts. There was neither sight nor sound of men, but there lay over the silent ship an air of secrecy, as if she concealed something it would be well for them to know. It was this intangible presence that forced the mate to speak in a hushed voice when giving an order.

"Two of you go forrid on each side and take a look in the fo'c'sles and the deckhouse. You, Davy, see if there's anybody in the half-deck. All of you come aft and report what you see. I'll be in the cabin."

Davy stepped to the door of the half-deck and pulled it open. Inside there were two bunks with blankets and bedding, but no oilskins hung on the uprights or the bulkheads and there were no boots on the deck or elsewhere, therefore he knew that the boys who had lived here had been dressed for heavy weather, whatever fate they had met in the boats, and he hoped they had made a happy landfall. In spite of his extreme youth, his short fifteen years of life, he knew what it was to be adrift in a ship's boat on a stormy sea. Going round the house to the starboard side he opened the door and glanced within, saw the same conditions there and closed the door. Standing a moment he looked forward and saw Graham and Perry emerge from the starboard fo'c'sle and start to walk aft, and a minute later all four men arrived under the break of the poop, where Davy stood staring into the alleyway that led to the main saloon. No sound could be heard from inside and he wondered where the mate had gone.

"Mebbe he's down in the lazarette," Duff suggested.

The four men glanced at each other with puzzled eyes.

"If he found nobody in the cabin he might go down the lazarette," Scotty agreed, and the others nodded in silence. "Should we go in?"

Nobody answered, and they looked at each other uncertainly. It was queer, they thought, the mate disappearing like that, and they began to feel a suspicion of lurking danger. But these men were accustomed to facing danger, and they did not hang back on that account. They hesitated to enter the cabin because they had been trained to the sea and the discipline of ships, where foremast men could not enter the officers' quarters unless by order. Davy, however, was on a different footing. Being neither seaman nor officer, he had the run of the ship and went everywhere in the course of his minor duties, and was oftener in the cabin than anywhere else. So he went briskly inside, opened each door on his way but found nobody in any of the rooms and came to a halt before the trap of the lazarette, which he observed was open.

"Are you down there, sir?" he called through the square hole in the cabin floor. No answer came to his ears and he shouted again with the same result. Lying face down with his hands on the edge of the trap he peered into the dark space below but heard nothing and saw only a faint glow from the forward part of the storeroom. There was a light down there and the mate must be somewhere about, maybe hurt by a fall and lying senseless, and with this thought troubling him he swung his legs nimbly into the trap opening, found a rung of the ladder with his feet and went down. Hesitating briefly he surveyed the various cases and barrels of foodstuff stowed in orderly fashion on this lower deck, looked forward and saw that the iron door leading to the tweendecks was open and that the light came from there.

"Are you there, sir? he called again. "Are you hurt, sir?"

Still no answer came, so he went softly forward and passed through the door to the tweendecks, where he went the way of the mate.

Under the break of the poop the four men waited, hearing Davy's calls to the mate and wondering what had happened. A cloud of mystery enveloped them, but they were bound to follow the officer and their young shipmate, therefore they entered the cabin and went down to the lazarette one by one, and from there passed into the dimly lighted space between decks.

When the mate left the men and entered the cabin he looked in all the rooms, found

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The Collaboration

Ambrose believed he could write a book if some earthy fellow would rough out the vulgar stuff that goes into plots

by JOHN COLLIER

▪ SATIRE ▪

There was a certain Ambrose, who was proud of his superior profile and his superior taste. His wife was supposed to be a testimony to both. She was a honey blonde with a wide mouth and a bewitching eye, better than a bowl of strawberries and cream, but she was too simple to be fit for any but an adoring role, and this was what he assigned to her. He managed, however, to teach her to demand sherry, and sneer at cocktails, and sometimes she wondered if she was sighing for a Manhattan.

They had a little house on Long Island, and another in the south of France. On one occasion he was opening his letters: "All is well," said he. "We shall set off for Provence next month. We shall see our dear house, our terrace, our garden, all in perfect taste, all designed by me. I shall take you with our little Movie-ola, and you," said he, throwing back his wavy hair, "will take me."

"Yes, my dear," said she.

"If only," said he, "we had a couple of ideal children, the image of their father. They could be taken running to meet me. We could take them here on Long Island and shew them to our friends in Provence, and we could take them in Provence, and shew them to our friends on Long Island. I can't understand why you don't have a couple of ideal children. You know I wish it."

"I gave up cocktails because you wished it," said she. "And now I drink sherry."

He put his fine hand to his brow. "I talk of ideal children," he moaned, "and you reply with an idiotic irrelevancy about cocktails. Leave me. You jar. I will open my letters alone."

She obediently withdrew, but soon a bitter cry brought her scurrying back again. "Oh, my dear, what in the world is it?" cried she. "Whatever is the matter?"

"Read that," said he, handing her a letter. "Don't talk to me about cocktails. Read that."

"What is this?" she cried. "Your money gone!"

"I tried to double it," said he. "I thought it would be nice. This comes of being an artist, a dreamer. Spare me your reproaches."

"We have one another," said she, allowing a large, booby tear to trickle down her cheek, as women often do when they seek comfort in this particular reflection.

"Yes," said he. "And may take films of one another in the bread line, and show them to our friends. You may be taken so if you wish. I have my pride."

"But I have my jewels," said she. "We can live on them while you write that book you have always been talking of."

"Always been talking of?" said he. "I hardly know what you mean. Still a great many fools write books, and sell a hundred thousand copies. What would be the royalty on five hundred thousand? Put a heap of high-grade paper in my study. Tell everyone I am not to be disturbed. If only we had a couple of ideal children, you could keep them quiet while I was at work. You could tell them what their daddy was doing."

Pretty soon he was in his study, and visitors were impressed. Sometimes he would wander out among them with a fine, vague air. The only trouble was, he was equally vague when he returned to his desk, and not a line appeared on even the first sheet of his high-grade paper: nothing but drawings of profiles. "I am too much of an artist, I suppose," said he to himself. "I have no appetite for the coarse and crude material of which plots are made. I am all style. There will be no book, we shall become beggars, and Daphne will cease to adore me. I must go out and see life. Perhaps I will find a plot."

He went out and hung about the Bohemian cafés in Greenwich Village, where he saw writers in plenty, but not enough life to go 'round, and not a plot among the whole crowd of them.

In the end he fetched up in the cheapest and shabbiest of dives, such as might be frequented by one who could not finish his book, who had no money, whose wife had ceased to adore him, and who consequently had less chance than ever of a couple of ideal children.

It was extremely crowded. Possibly there are many writers in this disagreeable situation. Ambrose had to share a table with a young man who had the appearance of a tomcat whose ears have been bitten short in a hundred rigorous experiences. He had a bullet head, a broad nose, magnificent teeth and a ravenous expression. His shirt was ragged, and his chest bore a plentiful growth of absolutely genuine hair.

His hands were somewhat battered. "That thumb," said he to Ambrose, "a dame shot off. Holding up a candle. One-horse circus show. Never missed ordinary-wise. Jealous. That finger a croc got. Marlinspike that one. Third mate. Mutiny. This thumb got frostbit. Hitch-hiking across Labrador in a blizzard. Some of them bites is horse bites, some's wolves', some's dames'."

"Certainly," said Ambrose, "you have seen life."

"Life, birth, death and passion in the raw," returned the other. "I'd rather see a hamburger."

"Look. There is one on the counter," said Ambrose. "Are you by any chance a writer?"

"A second Jack London," said the other. "But I got the publishing racket against me. I give 'em blood, sweat, lust, murder, everything. And they talk about style." He pronounced this last word with an air of contempt.

"Style," said Ambrose reprovingly, "is

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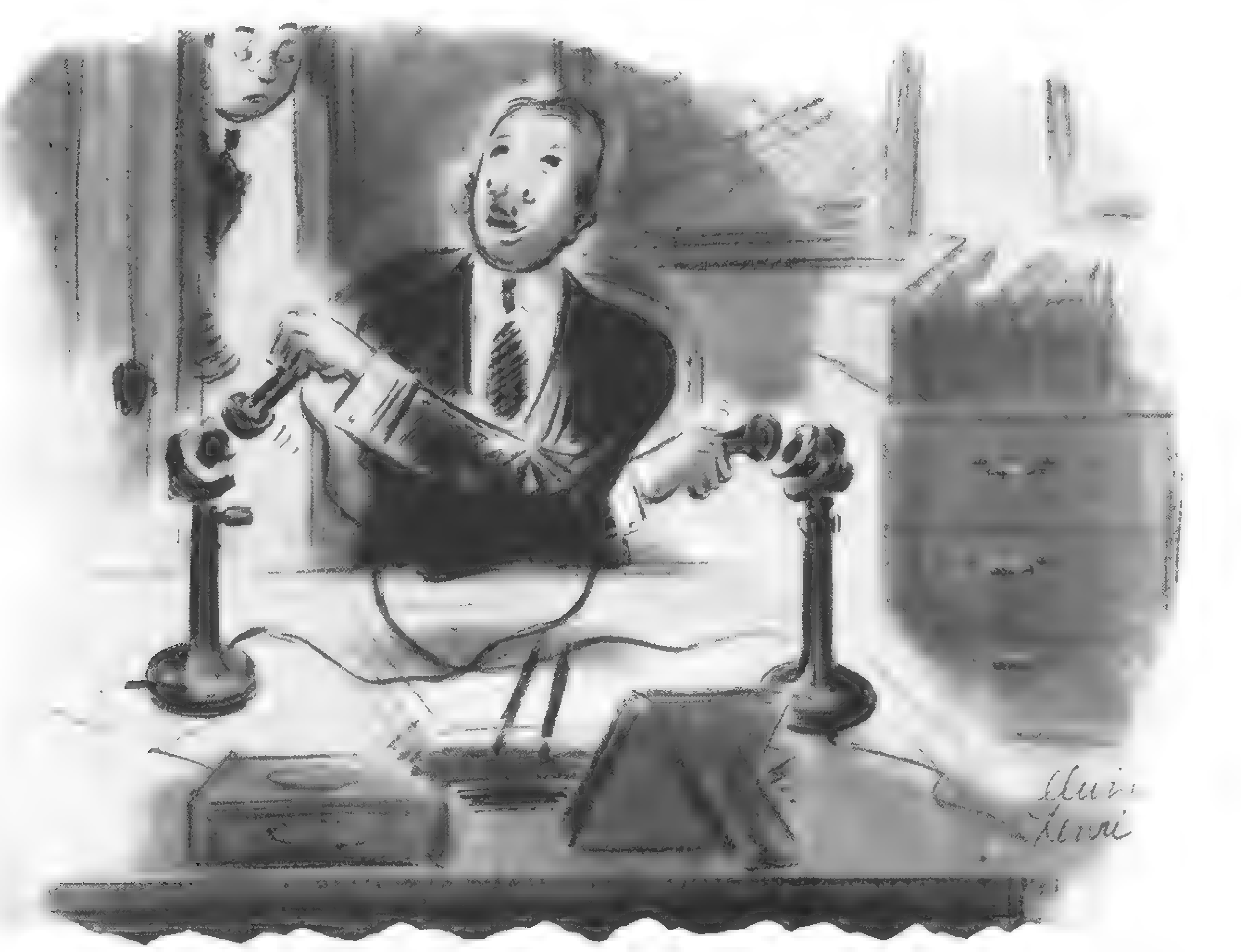
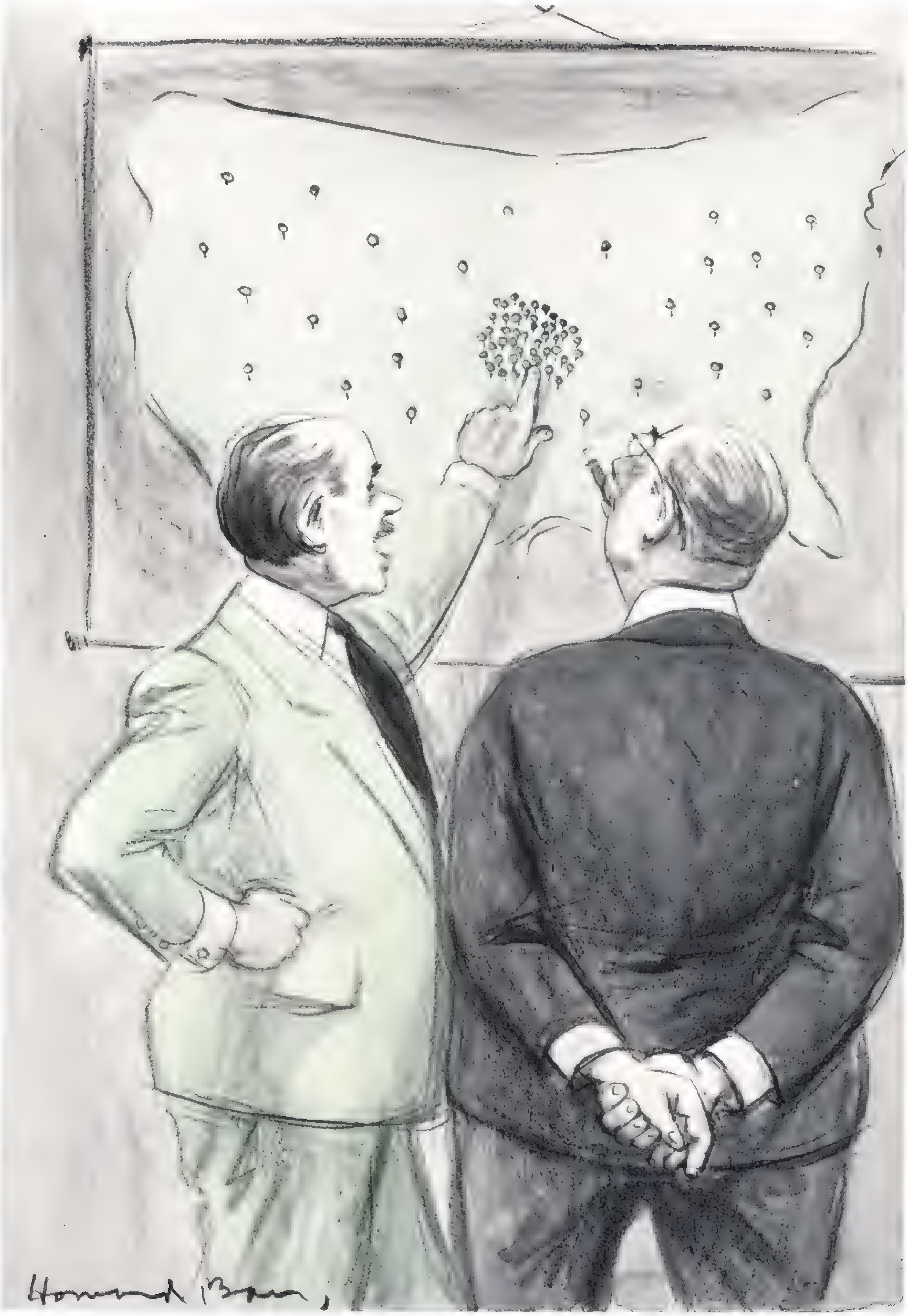


"It's my wife and mother-in-law giving me a bawling out"



"Now each pin indicates the position of a salesman visiting a client, except these over here—that's a blonde in Kansas City"

A Man in the Way

After years as a writer in Hollywood, Pat knew how to get to the producers if he just had something to sell them

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

Pat Hobby could always get on the lot. He had worked there fifteen years on and off—chiefly off during the past five—and most of the studio police knew him. If tough customers on watch asked to see his studio card he could get in by phoning Lou, the bookie. For Lou also, the studio had been home for many years.

Pat was forty-nine. He was a writer but he had never written much, nor even read all the "originals" he worked from, because it made his head bang to read much. But the good old silent days you got somebody's plot and a smart secretary and gulped benzedrine "structure" at her six or eight hours every week. The director took care of the gags. After talkies came he always teamed up with some man who wrote dialogue. Some young man who liked to work.

"I've got a list of credits second to none," he told Jack Berners. "All I need is an idea and to work with somebody who isn't all wet."

He had buttonholed Jack outside the production office as Jack was going to lunch and they walked together in the direction of the commissary.

"You bring *me* an idea," said Jack Berners. "Things are tight. We can't put a man on salary unless he's got an idea."

"How can you get ideas off salary?" Pat demanded—then he added hastily: "Anyhow I got the germ of an idea that I could be telling you all about at lunch."

Something might come to him at lunch. There was Baer's notion about the boy scout. But Jack said cheerfully.

"I've got a date for lunch, Pat. Write it out and send it around, eh?"

He felt cruel because he knew Pat couldn't write anything out but he was having story trouble himself. The war had just broken out and every producer on the lot wanted to end their current stories with the hero going to war. And Jack Berners felt he had thought of that first for his production.

"So write it out, eh?"

When Pat didn't answer Jack looked at him—he saw a sort of whipped misery in Pat's eye that reminded him of his own father. Pat had been in the money before Jack was out of college—with three cars and a chicken over every garage. Now his clothes looked as if he'd been standing at Hollywood and Vine for three years.

"Scout around and talk to some of the writers on the lot," he said. "If you can get one of them interested in your idea, bring him up to see me."

"I hate to give an idea without money on the line," Pat brooded pessimistically. "These young squirts 'll lift the shirt off your back."

They had reached the commissary door.

"Good luck, Pat. Anyhow we're not in Poland."

—Good *you're* not, said Pat under his breath. They'd slit your gizzard.

Now what to do? He went up and wandered along the cell block of writers. Almost everyone had gone to lunch and those who were in he didn't know. Always there were more and more unfamiliar faces. And he had thirty credits; he had been in the business, publicity and script-writing, for twenty years.

The last door in the line belonged to a man he didn't like. But he wanted a place to sit a minute so with a knock he pushed it open. The man wasn't there—only a very pretty, frail-looking girl sat reading a book.

"I think he's left Hollywood," she said in answer to his question. "They gave me his office but they forgot to put up my name."

"You a writer?" Pat asked in surprise.

"I work at it."

"You ought to get 'em to give you a test."

"No—I like writing."

"What's that you're reading."

She showed him.

"Let me give you a tip," he said. "That's not the way to get the guts out of a book."

"Oh."

"I've been here for years—I'm Pat Hobby—and I *know*. Give the book to four of your friends to read it. Get them to tell you what stuck in their minds. Write it down and you've got a picture—see?"

The girl smiled.

"Well, that's very—very original advice, Mr. Hobby."

"Pat Hobby," he said. "Can I wait here a minute? Man I came to see is at lunch."

He sat down across from her and picked up a copy of a photo magazine.

"Oh, just let me mark that," she said quickly.

He looked at the page which she checked. It showed paintings being boxed and carted away to safety from an art gallery in Europe.

"How'll you use it?" he said.

"Well, I thought it would be dramatic if there was an old man around while they were packing the pictures. A poor old man, trying to get a job helping them? But they can't use him—he's in the way—not even good cannon fodder. They want strong young people in the world. And it turns out he's the man who painted the pictures many years ago."

Pat considered.

"It's good but I don't get it," he said.

"Oh, it's nothing, a short short maybe."

"Got any good picture ideas? I'm in with all the markets here."

"I'm under contract."

"Use another name."

Her phone rang.

"Yes, this is Pricilla Smith," the girl said.

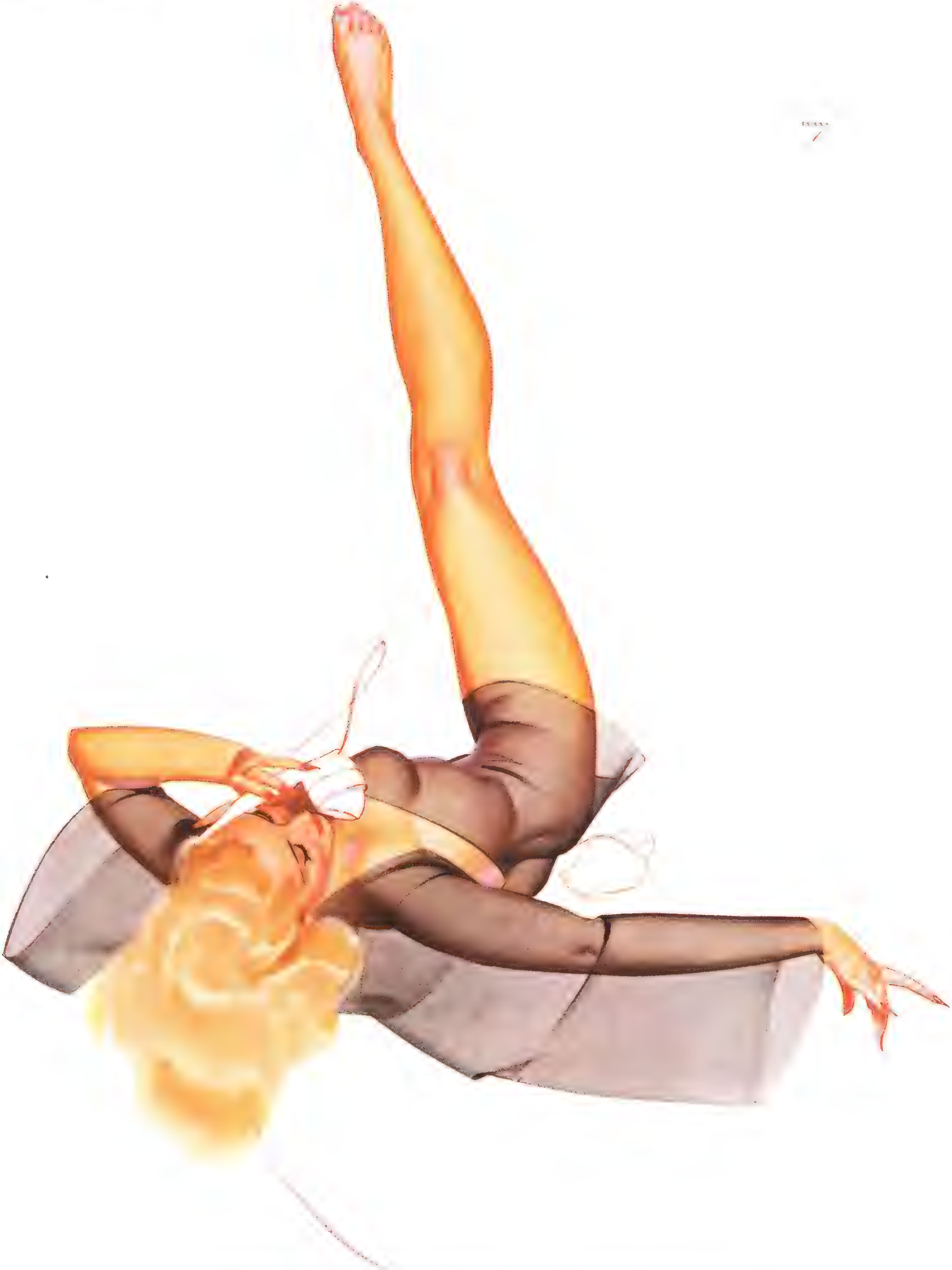
After a minute she turned to Pat.

"Will you excuse me? This is a private call."

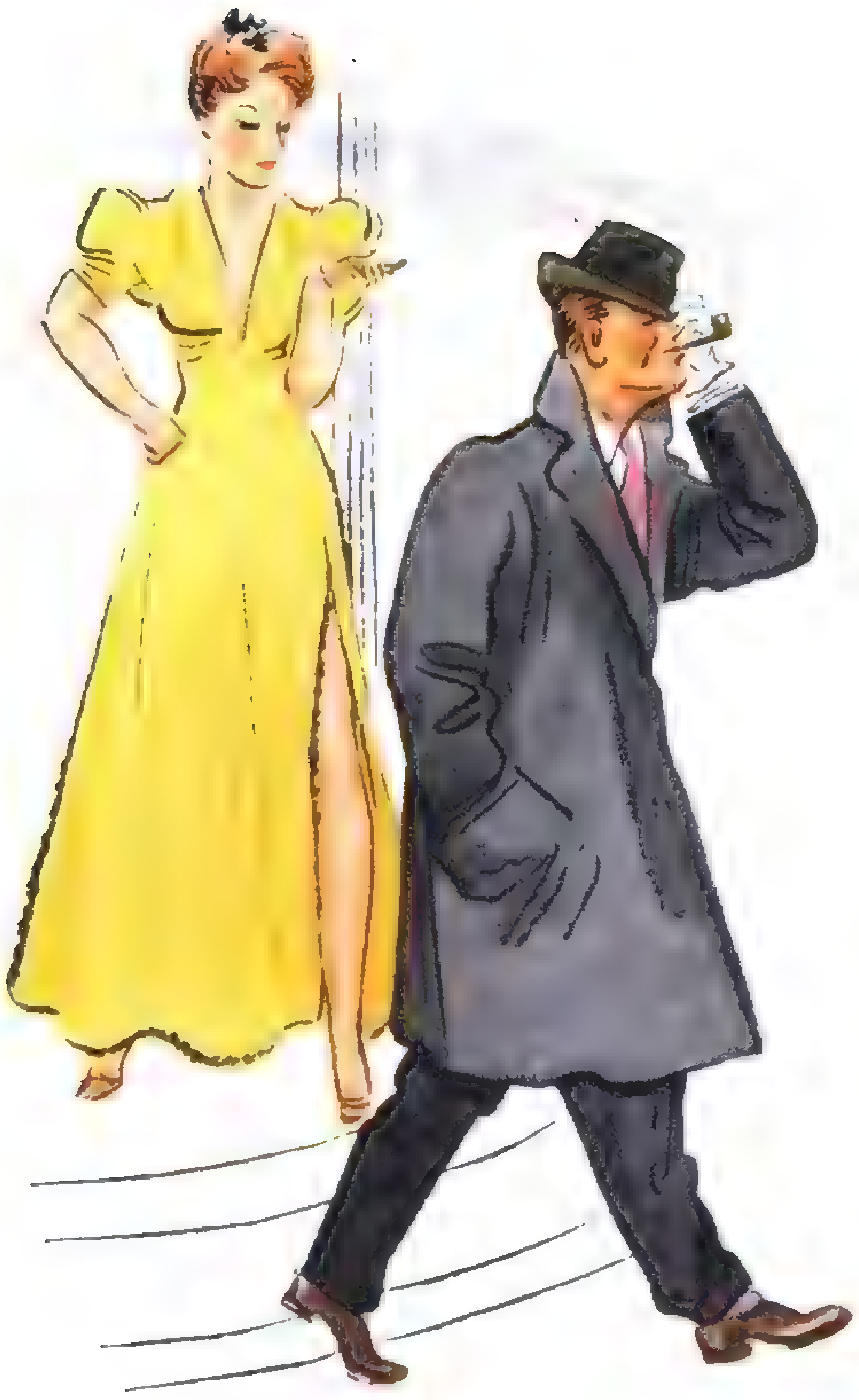
He got it and walked out, and along the corridor. Finding an office with no name on it

Continued in center of page 109

"It's all right, the Ballantine Suspender salesmen always enter this way—it eliminates a lot of silly formalities"



"Please, Harry, can't you understand? I'm married now—you'll have to forget about me for a few weeks"

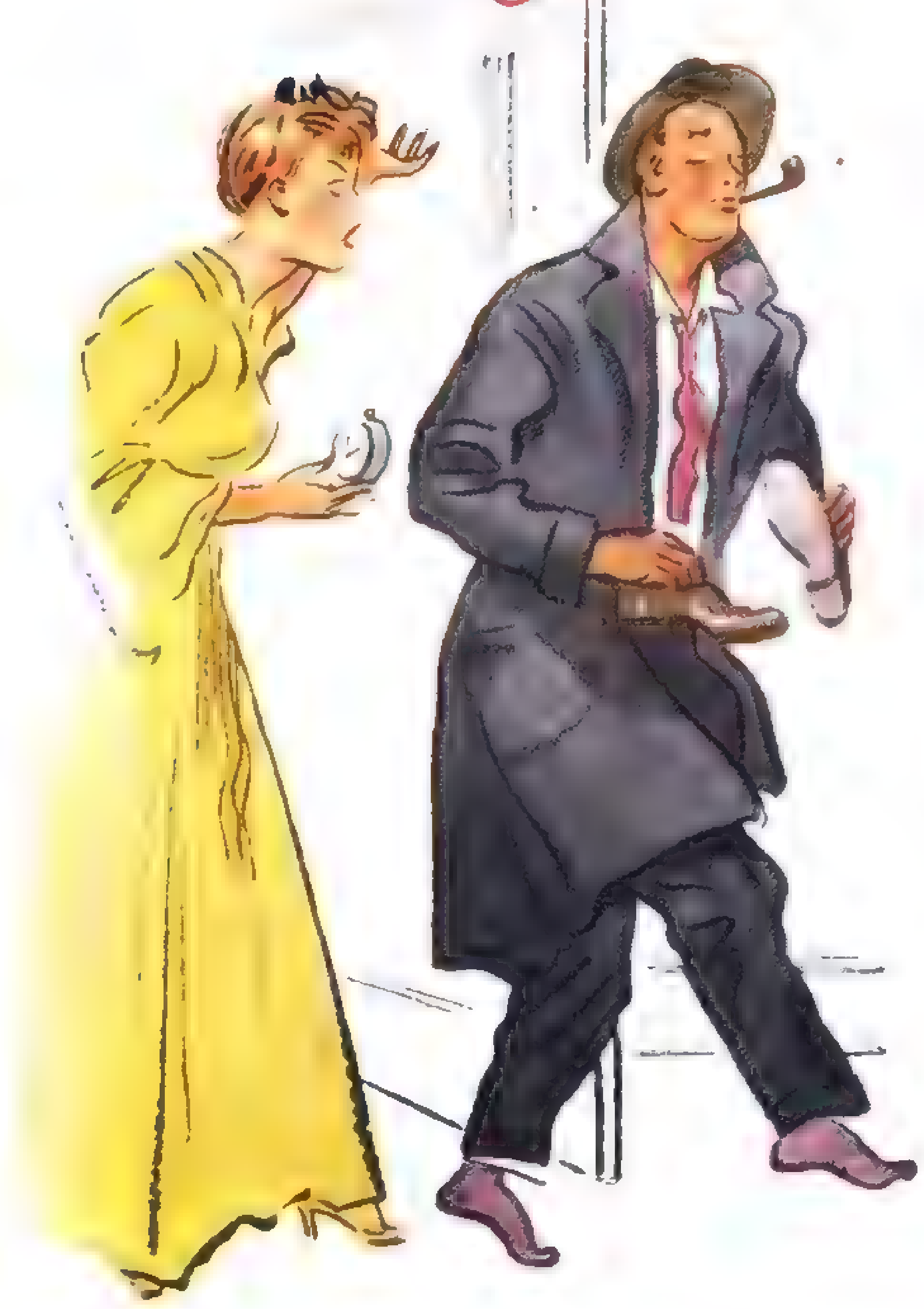


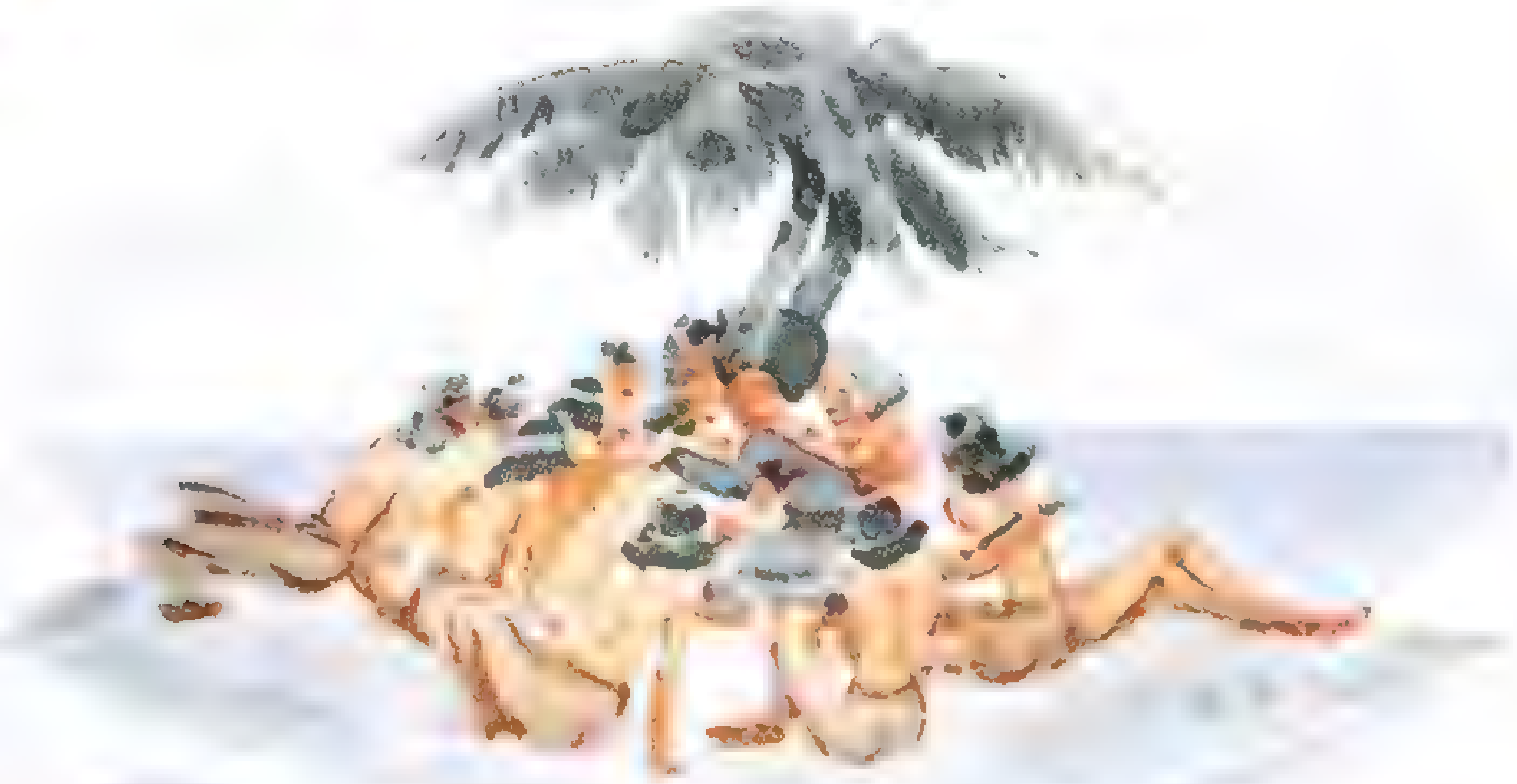
Arabian Fable

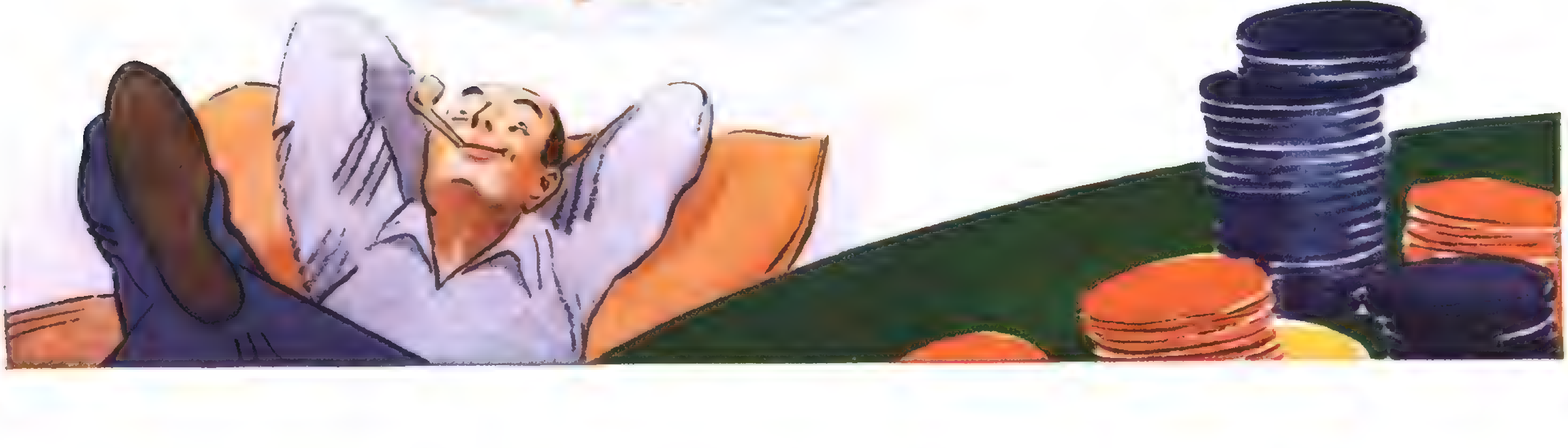
by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

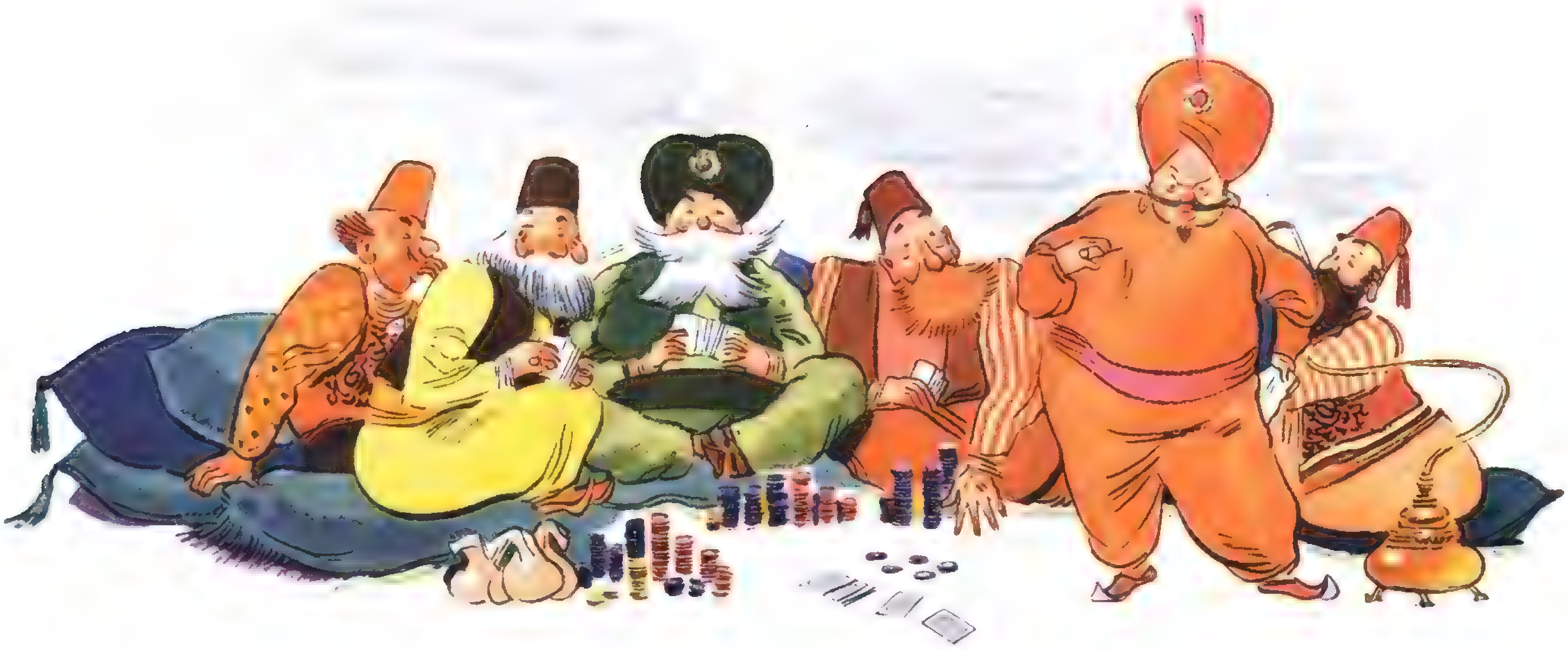
The festive spirit leaves most men
When wives insist on running them.
Too often when you leave the house
Disgruntled just because the spouse
Suspects that your sincere intentions

Are not in keeping with conventions
And play some bridge—and later poker
And come home wiser, and much broker
The wife is waiting up for you
To tell you what you should not do.
Then is the time you wish that you
Were far away—in Timbuctoo
A lolling 'neath some palm tree's shade
Upon a tropic isle of jade
With Arab maidens—music, wine,
A Sultan's life would suit you fine.

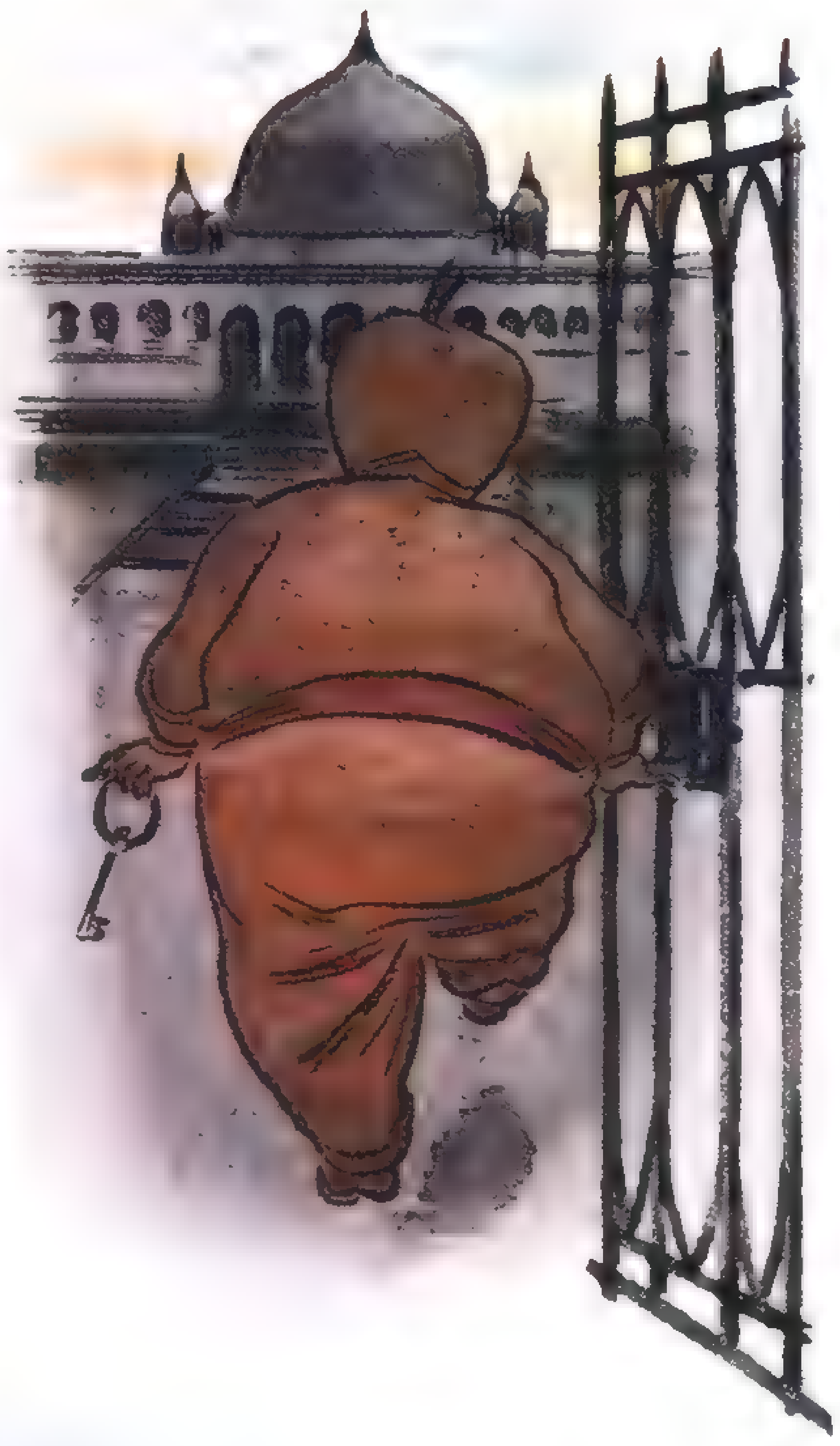


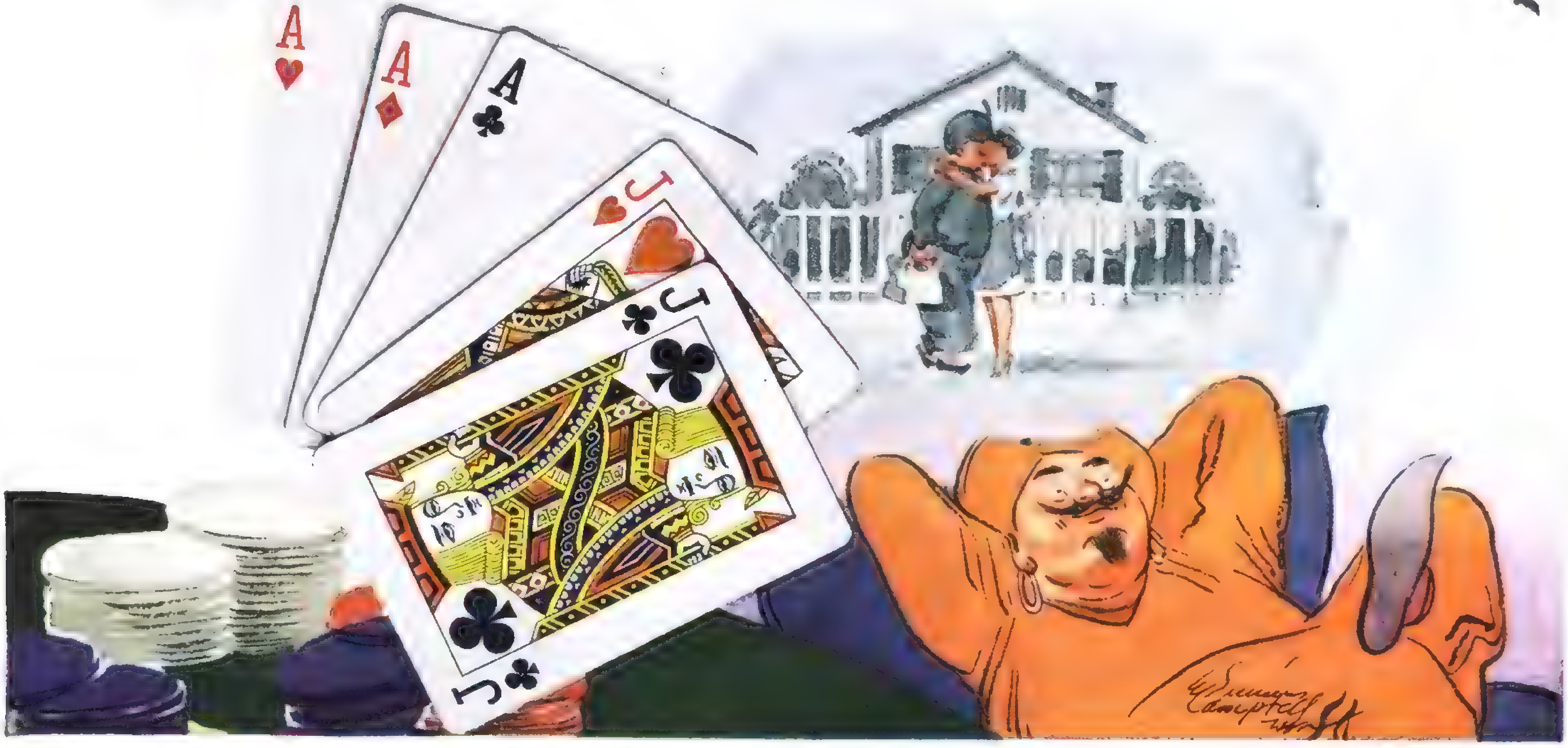


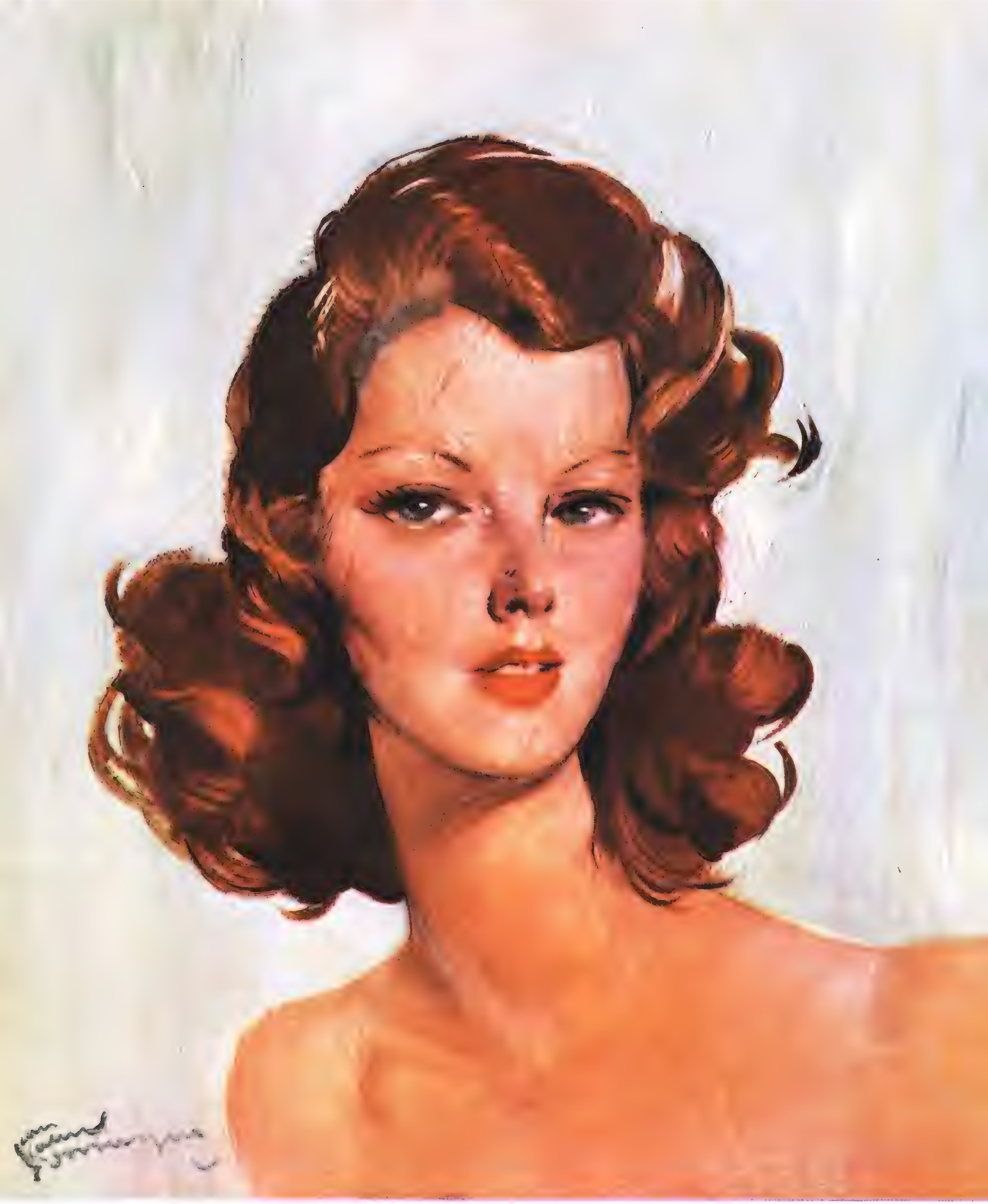




The Sultan sighs and leaves the game,
The boys have taken him again.
Although a mighty potentate,
He still draws to an inside straight.
All night his wives have waited for
His key to rattle in the door.
Then came the dawn—the Sultan too,
And well he knew what he'd go through:
One hundred different alibis,
One hundred wives he pacifies;
Two hundred ears to catch him in
A falsehood as to where he'd been,
And after this ordeal was done
Was when he wished his wives were one.
If only he could get away!
Perhaps, he thought—the U. S. A.







FEMININE FACE-CARDS — *MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR* — PAINTED BY JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the former Ellen Tuck French, is slim and slight and somewhere on the fence between Titian-haired and red-headed. She has two colossal frames for her frail face, a kiosk in Newport and a chateau in New York. Soon she'll have another. She and her husband are buying property in Rhinebeck-on-Hudson, so that they can build a new Astor estate and move next door to a lot of other Astors. "Tucky" French's antecedents were of the best, rating high in the 400. But when she added Astor to her name she acquired social responsibilities she hadn't really been prepared for. She may be over-awed by it all. At any rate, she does not go in for social doings on the traditional Astor scale. By eschewing the role of lavish entertainer she finds more time for her young son, William.

One on the House

It looked like monkey business when the red ink vanished and a shot went off in the garden

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

▪ FICTION ▪

All the sounds blended well. Nothing jangled, nothing screeched. Wavelets indolently slapped the sand, purring up, hissing back; the people at the tables were murmurous, the ball clickety-clicked, croupiers chanted the plays politely and without vehemence; a half-hearted wind fooled with brittle palms; the orchestra, all strings, played something in waltz time. And then, everybody was in evening dress. It might have been a movie.

Additionally, there was moonlight. The moon itself was a mere slice but it tossed an astounding light, some of which splashed eagerly into the garden end of the bar.

"Nice night," said McAnaney. "Let's have a little drink."

It was his first season with Braddock, and though dinner clothes were not new to his frame he was unaccustomed to repeated dosages of such splendor and still a bit uneasy. The inspectors at Braddock's were allowed a drink now and then, if they felt like it.

"It is a nice night," said the barman.

Dr. Swift went through to the garden, nodding.

"Nice night."

"Have a drink, Doctor?"

"No, thanks. I'm going to grab a little air."

The barman said, "Nice guy."

"He seems to be," said McAnaney.

"Used to be here every night. Used to lose plenty too. But he don't come much nowadays. I guess he don't have the dough any more."

"I guess a lot of them don't," said McAnaney. "Well . . ."

The barman put elbows on the bar, having nothing else to do, and nodded toward the game room.

"See that kind of fat guy with the little mustache, the one that's looking as if he had indigestion?"

"Arthur Fay. Are you trying to tell me my business? He's the man that was tried in that Apperson bond business, and got off. He was guilty as hell, too, if you ask me."

"Sure he was guilty. Well—"

"From what I heard, it took him all he had to get out of it too. The lawyers just stripped him clean."

"That's just what I been trying to tell you," the barman said quickly. "Somebody told me, it was only tonight, somebody—I can't remember who it was—they told me a story about this guy Fay. It happened last fall, over in Europe. This guy Fay, from what I hear, he lost everything he had at one of the tables there, and then he went outside. He was looking kind of funny, and an inspector followed him."

McAnaney nodded, professionally interested.

"Well, it seems the inspector heard a shot behind some bushes or something, and he ran around there and found this guy Fay stretched out on his back with a revolver in his hand and a bunch of stuff that was red like blood all over his hard-boiled shirt. So naturally the inspector thought he'd killed himself."

"Naturally."

"But the point is, they had a rule at this particular casino or whatever it was, that anybody that committed suicide after losing all the dough he had, ought to be found with some dough in his pocket just the same. If he was cleaned out and then committed suicide, it would look bad. Bad advertising for the house, see?"

"That stands to reason."

"So this inspector, it happens he was the only one that heard the shot, he beat it back to the casino and scooped up a lot of cash and went and stuffed it into this guy Fay's pocket. Then he went away, and he came back a few minutes later to pretend to find the body."

"Yeah, and the 'body' had got up and walked away? I've heard of that, but I always thought it was just one of those stories."

"No, I understand it really happened in this case. And what could they do? There's no law against walking off with money that another guy crams into your pocket, is there? They couldn't even pinch him for illegal possession of firearms, because if this inspector testified to that he'd be admitting he saw a man he thought was dead and didn't report it right away, and the whole business would come out, which would be a terrible black eye for the house. So they didn't do anything. Oh, I expect they told Fay quietly to get out of town, and he probably did, but what the hell would he care then?"

"Some guys are smart." McAnaney sipped his drink, then scowled at it. "He'd better not try anything like that around here." He looked at the barman. "What would they do if a guy was found like that here, do you suppose? You've been here longer than me."

"I don't know. I guess they'd stick money in his pocket too, just to be on the safe side. The cops would know about it, but they'd probably act all right provided there wasn't anybody to make a stink. Mr. Braddock always gets along all right with the cops."

"Yeah. Ever been anybody kill himself here?"

"Two winters ago there was a guy shot himself out in the garden. But he recovered. I was right here tending bar, and I didn't even know what happened, that's how quiet they kept it. I knew something was going on out there, but I didn't know what it was."

"Well—" McAnaney finished his drink and clacked the empty glass on the bar. "Be seeing you."

Twenty minutes later he came back.

"He's acting damn' funny."

"Who?" The barman had served several

Continued on page 106

"Hello dear, I acquired that diamond necklace you had your heart set on, but in the meanwhile—"

I Want to See the Manager

Some quirk of insanity lurking in every female comes to the surface when she enters department stores

I WANT THE MANAGER!

ANONYMOUS

ARTICLE

The up elevator stops at the Furniture floor late in the afternoon, and a lone woman, well dressed, obviously in the better income brackets, steps out. The clerks, busy tallying up after a very active sale, glance up, grimace, and go back to their books. The Number One man, out of courtesy, approaches the woman.

"I want to see those thirty-nine-dollar coffee tables you are selling for nine-ninety-five."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Butterworth, but they were all sold at ten o'clock this morning."

"All sold? I suppose you only had about two or three. That is the usual method in this store."

"We had thirty of them, Mrs. Butterworth, and they were all gone at ten o'clock."

"I don't believe you."

There is no answer to this. The Salesman bows politely and returns to his desk. Mrs. Butterworth roams around, looking at price tags, feeling of things. Gradually, she works around to the coffee tables. Suddenly, she calls another Salesman.

"That other man told me these were all sold. As usual no one here seems to know what he is talking about. Here is one with no sold ticket on it. I'll take it."

"I'm sorry, Madam, but that one IS sold. I sold it myself early this morning."

"It can't be. There is no sold ticket on it and I demand that you send it out to me at once. I buy a great deal of merchandise in this store and I do not intend to put up with such insolent treatment."

The Salesman is on a spot and he knows it. He also knows Mrs. Butterworth and many others like her. He glances around and soon sees what he is looking for—the big red SOLD ticket torn into small pieces and thrown under a chair. Although he knows as well as he knows his name that Mrs. Butterworth has torn it up, it means his job if he accuses her of it. So he sends her the table, losing the goodwill of the customer who actually bought it, and in a few days he gets a call to pick up the table from Mrs. Butterworth and credit her account. As he expects, the table comes back well marked by cocktail glasses and spilled drinks. He is called into the Buyer's office to be warned that any more instances of his insolence to "our best customers" will mean immediate dismissal.

This is not an isolated case. It happens in every large department store every day in the year.

What strange biological change comes over a woman the moment she steps inside a department store? After many years, in many stores, in many parts of the country, I can count on the thumbs of one hand the women customers who have acted anything like the same women you meet outside. And still have a thumb left over. And there is no visible reason for it. The entire store personnel is drilled hour after hour on the importance of alert, conscientious customer service. Politeness is a paramount necessity to hold any job from Delivery man to Managing Director. We expect a certain amount of trouble from faulty merchandise and from justified complaints of all sorts, and we bend over backward to right the wrong and make the customer happy. We have to or get out of business. Each woman is given, to the extent that time will allow, a reception like that accorded to visiting Royalty. The Buyer, the Floor Superintendent, the Merchandise Manager will cheerfully give up his important work to satisfy her every whim. Why, then, must she come in with the air of one mincing her way through the snake-infested Everglades where enemies lurk on every hand, with the idea that she must take on these queer attitudes that she never uses any place else, that she is fighting alone against the whole store setup? Mostly, it is the attitudes that keep us mumbling in our sleep. Some peculiar quirk of insanity that must lurk in every female soul comes to the surface as soon as she gets through the revolving doors.

I am not talking of the professional shoplifter when I say that many of them come in with larceny in their minds. The nicest appearing, those who can afford to spend just about what they please, will lie you blue in the face if they think they can save fifteen cents. On the other hand this particular type is a round-heeled sucker for pressure selling by the unscrupulous clerk. The flock, as a whole, usually splits up into two distinct classes—the blithering idiot who acts as if she were walking around in a marihuana daze, and the arrogant, unscrupulous bitch who drives the clerks, the department managers, the buyers, the president of the store, if he can be gotten to, to the brink of screaming idiocy. Yet these same women may be, in fact probably are, as nice outside as the people you and I know. Surely, they don't all vanish into space to appear in droves when we open the doors in the morning. They may be human just like other women, but you wouldn't know it.

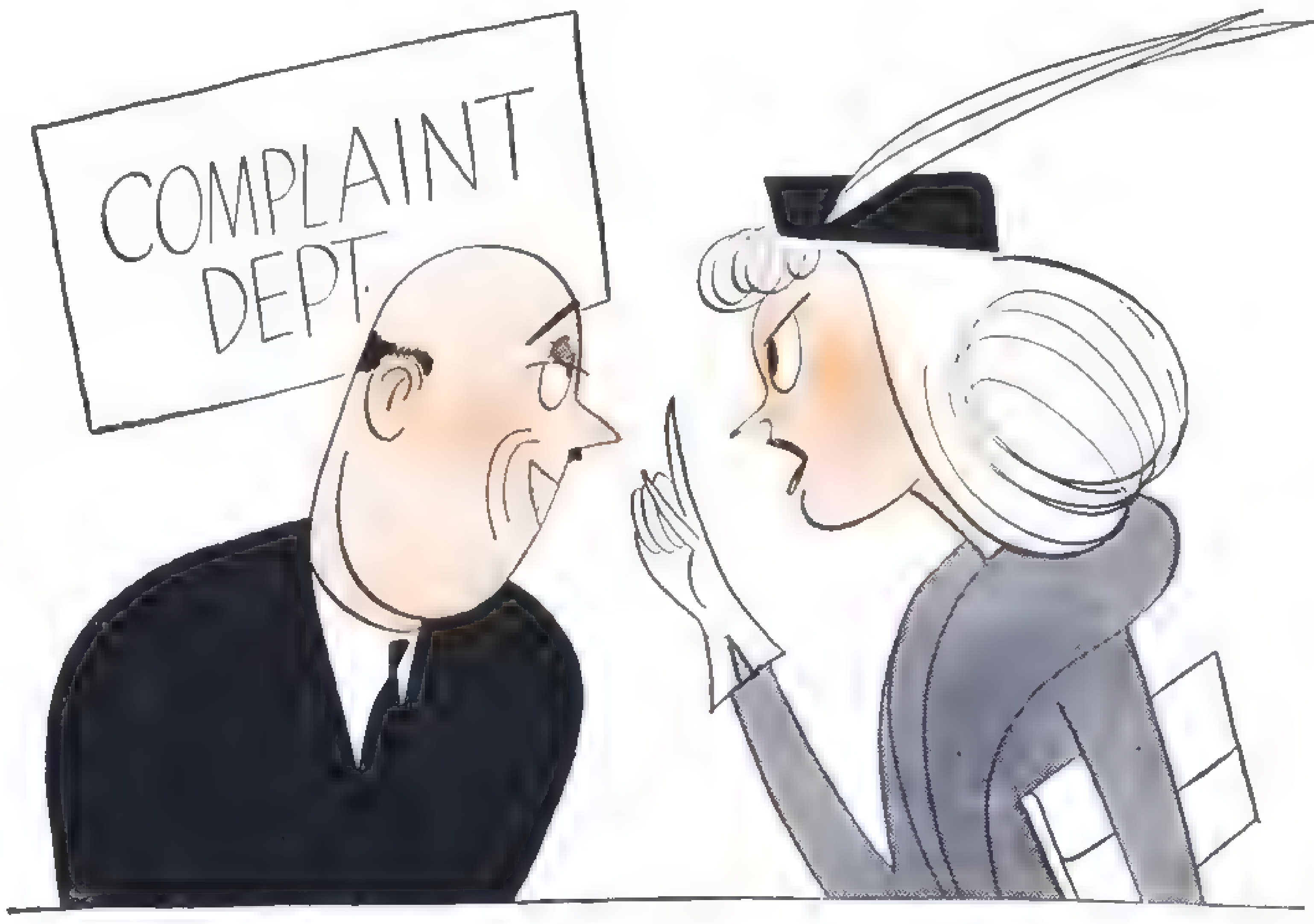
ELEVATOR CONDUCT

A most fertile ground for the creator of the famous "They'll Do It Every Time" is the department store elevator. As it leaves the first floor, do you know who is going to get out on TWO? Always, without fail, and you can make lunch money betting on this, it is the two women in the two back corners who were first in the car and raced for the back corners. And do you know who is going to the top floor? You guessed it, those three big bruisers who are blocking the entire door, determinedly braced in all directions so no one can get in or out.

At THREE, the Operator announces "Women's Ready To Wear, Sportswear, Lingerie, and Children's Center." No one wants out. On up through FOUR, FIVE. At SIX, a dear lady who has been staring blankly asks "where is the Lingerie?"

"On THREE, Madam."

"Why didn't you tell me?" (The elevator


COMPLAINT DEPT.

girl is supposed to be a mind reader for fifteen dollars a week.)

"I did announce it Madam."

"You certainly did not." And she stamps off.

How well I remember a store in which all the front bank of elevators were UP cars, the back all DOWN. Over the UP elevators on each floor were large Neon signs saying DOWN CARS IN THE REAR. On the floor, inset into the linoleum were words two feet high DOWN CARS IN THE REAR. On the sliding elevator doors were large printed signs DOWN CARS IN THE REAR. Yet it was an hourly occurrence to have a woman stand staring at one of these signs as car after car went up by them, and back down, empty, not stopping. They would stand there until the termites ate the store out from under them, if someone did not go up, bow from the waist, and say, "Madam, the Down cars are in the rear."

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SALE

TELEPHONES

Alexander Graham Bell did not do the store employee any favor when he invented his noisy little gadget. Not after our little fluffy friends learned to handle the intricacies of dialing. It is customary, when a particularly large sale is being offered the trade, to insert all through the ad—"No phone orders, Please." This is like waving a red flag in front of a flock of bulls feeding on loco weed. Every woman in town immediately sets out to buy something over the phone or die in the attempt. So she decides to be clever, to show those stupid men how she can get anything she wants through her tremendous strategy. And every single one thinks up the same story. That is the extent of their collective cleverness. She calls up, asks for the manager (and my heart goes out to Department managers) and tells him with tears in her voice that she just must have that little Whoozzit for fifty-nine cents —but—and this is the killer—she is a cripple! During a recent sale, no less than thirty-eight cripples talked to me during the morning alone. Were the Department of Health to listen in on a few Department store phones on a sale morning, his chart would plummet like a diving pursuit ship. And if I ever hear a new reason why the dear lady cannot come down to the store, I will gladly send her whatever she wants free of charge.

SNIFFERS

Every department has one or more of these. She is in every day of the week. She becomes so much a part of the furniture that the clerks become used to her and pay no attention to her. It makes no difference, she never has been known to buy anything. But she spends the entire day rumpling up the merchandise, examining the price tags, and messing up the counters. She must pull the bottom towel out of a pile though they are all the same. Pull it out, upsetting the whole pile, look it over, smell of it, then throw it back anyplace but where it belongs. Sometimes she makes a bluff by asking for something she knows is sold, and making a big fuss because she "Distinctly asked this girl to save it for me." She did not do anything of the kind. She knows what is sold and what isn't. Probably knows the entire stock better than the Buyer himself.

CONFUSION WITH A PURPOSE

Another ramification of what women like to think is their cleverness, is the trick of asking prices on several fairly similar articles, the same group over and over again. You begin to view with alarm when a woman who has all the outward appearances of being normal goes through a solemn ritual for over twenty minutes of asking the same question with all the monotony of the girl who tells the time over the phone. You begin to look around for the man with the big butterfly net who should be after her soon. Your answers are completely automatic, so your mind has time to wander. You think, "My God, where will it all end? This nitwit probably votes. As a citizen she has a voice in the destiny of our country. She may even have children, maybe lots of them. No wonder the lunacy charts are sky-rocketing." Then all of a sudden she jumps.

RODNEY deSARRO

"But you distinctly told me this was only ten cents a yard, not thirteen."

"You must be mistaken. You can see the price tag is marked thirteen."

"Then why did you tell me it was ten? I buy lots of merchandise in this store and blah blah blah . . ."

And we are off again on the Ring Around The Rosie that ends up with the majestic march to the manager's office to report more insolence, or out the door vowing never to return. Should you give in and give her the few pennies she is chiseling for you will probably find her account marked "NO CREDIT." All the high and mighty and the perpetually insulted type have the worst credit. Do they really think this is a clever way to buy merchandise, or do they have a memory that is good for only a split second and need to be told the same thing several times before it registers?

I WANT TO SEE THE MANAGER

There are lots and lots of these. It is beneath their dignity to deal with anyone but the top man. Feeling, of course, as all women do, that the entire store system was set up for their own particular transaction, that no other customer has any claim to service, they will cheerfully waste an hour of your time when they have no intention of buying a penny's worth of merchandise. The Manager has only about 8000 things to do before closing time. But why should they bother their pretty heads about that? They are a customer, and they are "Always Right." And the mug who thought up that phrase certainly fixed it just swell for us poor goops who are paying for it. And on complaints—Wow—.

"Your linoleum layers were just here. They threw all the scraps down in my basement. My maid spent over TWENTY minutes cleaning it up. You will have to pay my maid's wages for today." (Twenty minutes—a day's work.)

"The radio you sent me won't work. I am having a party tonight and you must send a man out at once." (She forgot to turn on the switch.)

"Your driver was here and left my package in the vestibule. You needn't think I am going to carry it way out to the kitchen." (It was a dishpan.)

"I ordered my bedroom suite and two rugs at eleven o'clock this morning. It is after one now and they're not here yet." (No comment.)

"I have a 9 x 12 rug I bought from you about two months ago. I paid $29 for it and it is wearing out already. I want my money back." (She paid $19.95 for it over four years before. When I called this to her attention, she wrote a letter to the Managing Director reporting me for insolence.)

"Your men laid my carpet and now the floor squeaks just awful. It never did before. You will have to send someone to fix it." (Oh Yeah?) And so on and on into infinity.

SEX APPEAL—FOR A DISCOUNT

Unless you are one of the youngsters just out of college, who sometimes go in for that sort of thing, the heaving around of sex is pretty disheartening. But you would be surprised at the number of ladies who try to use their charms, either real or imaginary, to their best advantage. And I imagine their husbands might be surprised at the way their little helpmates can go to town when they think they can do some good. We get samples of everything from subtle (they think) bumpings and rubbings to frank proposals that we come out to the house and "talk it over." Don't do it, Dear Ladies—Please. Even if you are a candidate for the

Continued in center of page 137

There's Lots in a Name

She'd heard Christian names often governed the lives of children, so she called the kid Algernon Percy

by SHANNON FIFE

• SATIRE •

On a November morning in the year 1918 Pat Karnegan, shocked by his wife's remark, lifted unbelieving eyes from the bassinet containing the diminutive counterpart of himself.

"You mean," he asked incredulously, "you want our only son christened 'Algernon Percy'?"

Emma Karnegan, a woman of ambition and avoirdupois, stiffened into ponderous dignity. "That *is* his name," she decreed. "I'd been saving it as a surprise for you, thinking you'd be supremely proud of it."

"And *why* should a father be proud of such a prissy monicker?"

Several of Emma's chins began to quiver. "For one reason, because a grateful world is proud of Algernon Swinburne and Percy Shelley."

"And just how do *those* two moogles come into our lives?"

Emma's gaze had drifted dreamily into the inter-stellar distances, as if she were hearkening to the music of the spheres.

"Surely you're aware of my lifelong love for poetry," she murmured tremulously—unfortunately finding it a bit difficult to achieve a spirituelle look without the aid of her foundation.

"Why, every fiber of my being is attuned to poetry. I'm flooded with it; overflowing with it."

The intimation was terrifyingly plain that at any moment her Parnassian floodgates might give way, releasing a roundelay, spilling a sonnet, or at least disgorging a dithyramb.

Pat had long since reconciled himself to the grim realization that his wife suffered from that form of poetical prickly heat producing its rash of rhymes each spring, but he was wholly unprepared for the shock that now followed.

"So what could be more fitting," Emma was saying firmly, "than to render my passion for poetry articulate through my son."

Pat missed apoplexy by inches.

"You mean you'd deliberately change what nature intended as a man into a phrase-petting Petunia; a lisping lah-de-dah who coos couplets and simpers sonnets! A Rhyming Rutabaga bleating broad 'a's,' addressing women's clubs, and wearing a marcelled mane instead of a he-man haircut!"

Emma's terraced chins paled into a miniature replica of a marble staircase.

"Why, I've nursed that idea all my life; devotedly, tenderly, faithfully I've nursed it," she cried, looking as much like Florence Nightingale as possible.

Her proudly maternal gaze returned to her sleeping offspring. "Indeed, heredity may have begun its noble work already. Even now there may be an epic stirring within him."

"The only thing stirring within that young gent right now," observed Pat dryly, "is his digestion."

"Merely examine his features," commanded Emma loftily. "They're decidedly classic."

Skeptically Pat scanned the tiny red face whose contours had not yet achieved the bas-relief stage.

"How could those features decide *anything*," he derided, "when so far there isn't even a quorum?"

Emma eyed her husband with the cold disapproval of a fish monger viewing a left-over cod. "This is no time," she reproved, "to be coarsely facetious."

"But," argued Pat heatedly, "why should he try to support himself by drooling doggerel when he could be doing something *honest* with his hands?"

"And can you tell me what could possibly be wrong with poetry as a livelihood?" bristled Emma.

"The same thing that's wrong with parsnips as a vegetable," countered Pat. "A man should simply try everything else first."

"Many writers end up by achieving immortality," defended Emma.

"And many writers," retorted Pat, "end up by selling pencils."

Emma resorted to wifely compassion.

"My lamb; my poor, poor lamb," she commiserated—unfortunately in the tone of one deprecating an underdone muttonchop. "There's nothing more noble than the blessed art of a word-sculptor. Our son will be creating divine beauty and wisdom."

"*I'm* creating beauty and wisdom in *my* business," triumphed Pat. "Karnegan's Klassic Bathroom Fixtures are everywhere a household word."

"Perhaps," shivered Emma delicately, "but what *part* of the household?"

Desperately Pat sought to salvage something from the wreckage.

"If we *must* harbor within our otherwise normal family a mooning word-masseur, can't we compromise on a halfway human name?" he pleaded.

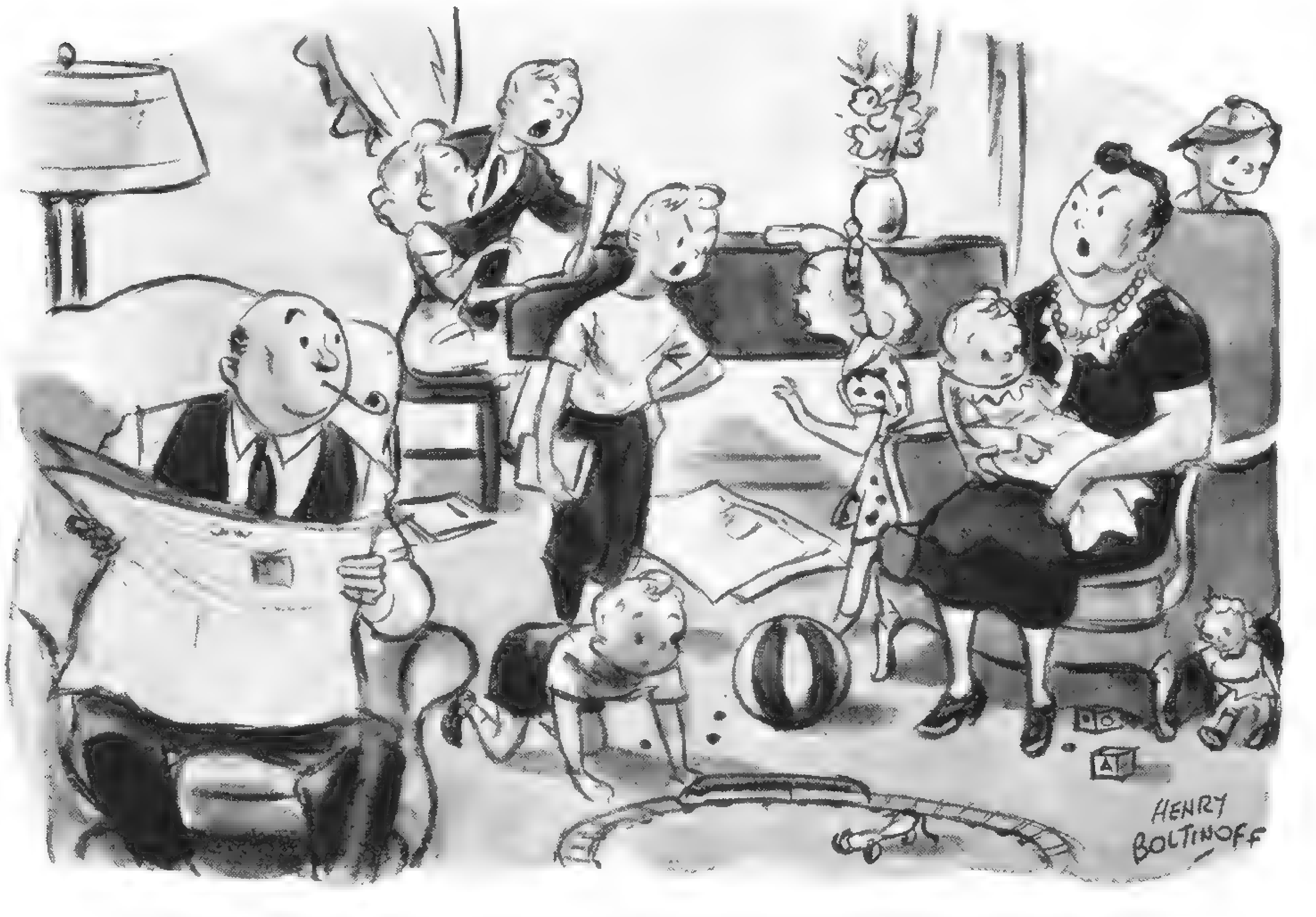
"For instance?" asked Emma ominously.

"Well, what's wrong with *my* name—'Patrick Shadrach Karnegan'?"

Emma recoiled as though a stench bomb had been thrown into the room. Crushingly she rebuked her husband by quoting from an eminent contemporary psychologist:

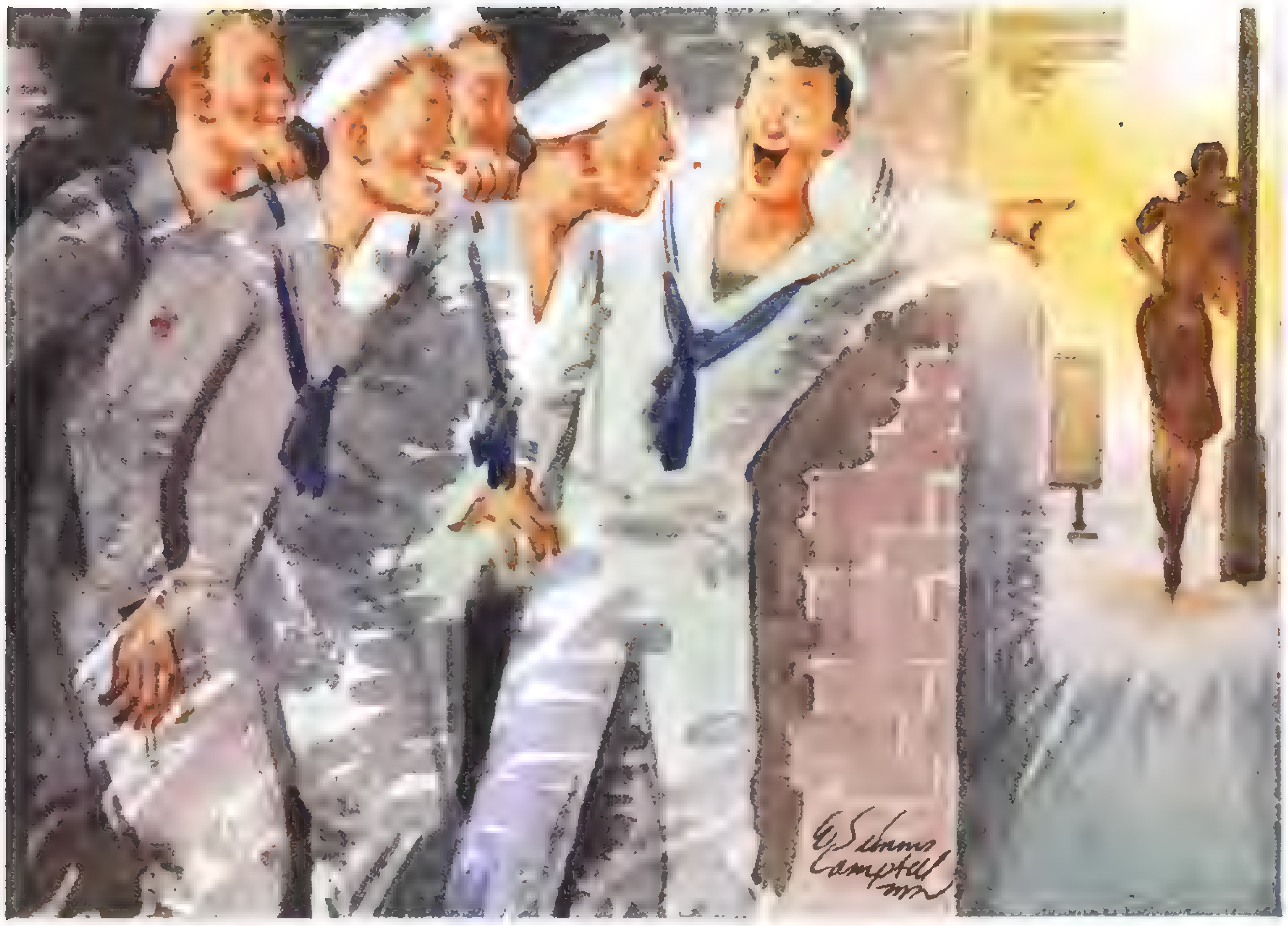
"*The name which a child is given at birth is often a definite factor in the development of its personality,*" she read. "*It could easily determine the child's success or failure in life, because a name has a pronounced psychic value in shaping a career.*"

Emma's ecstasy now soared to ethereal heights. "I've even completed the dear, dear plan of Algernon Percy's love-life," she caroled

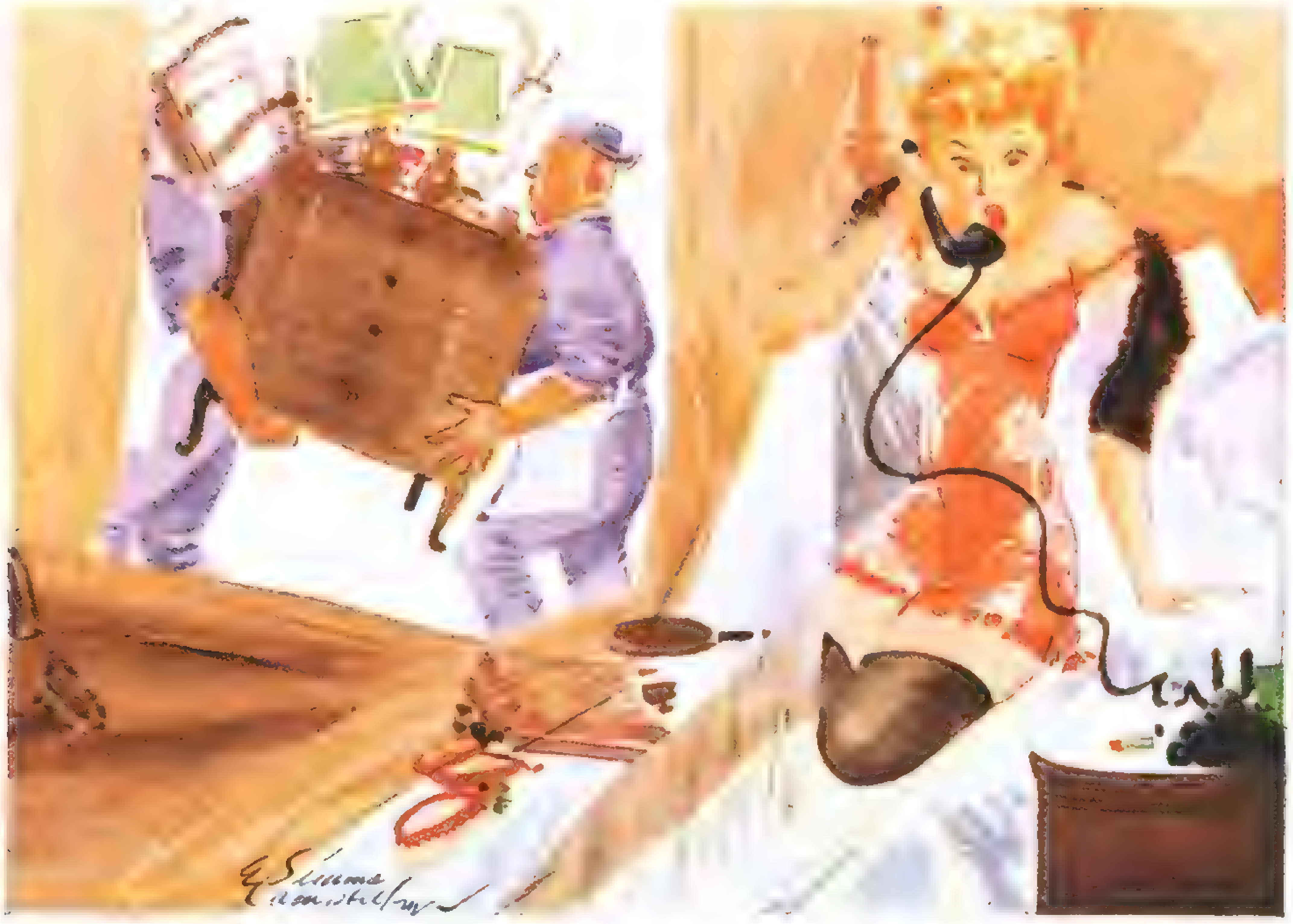


"Can't I have a fur coat this winter instead of a blessed event?"

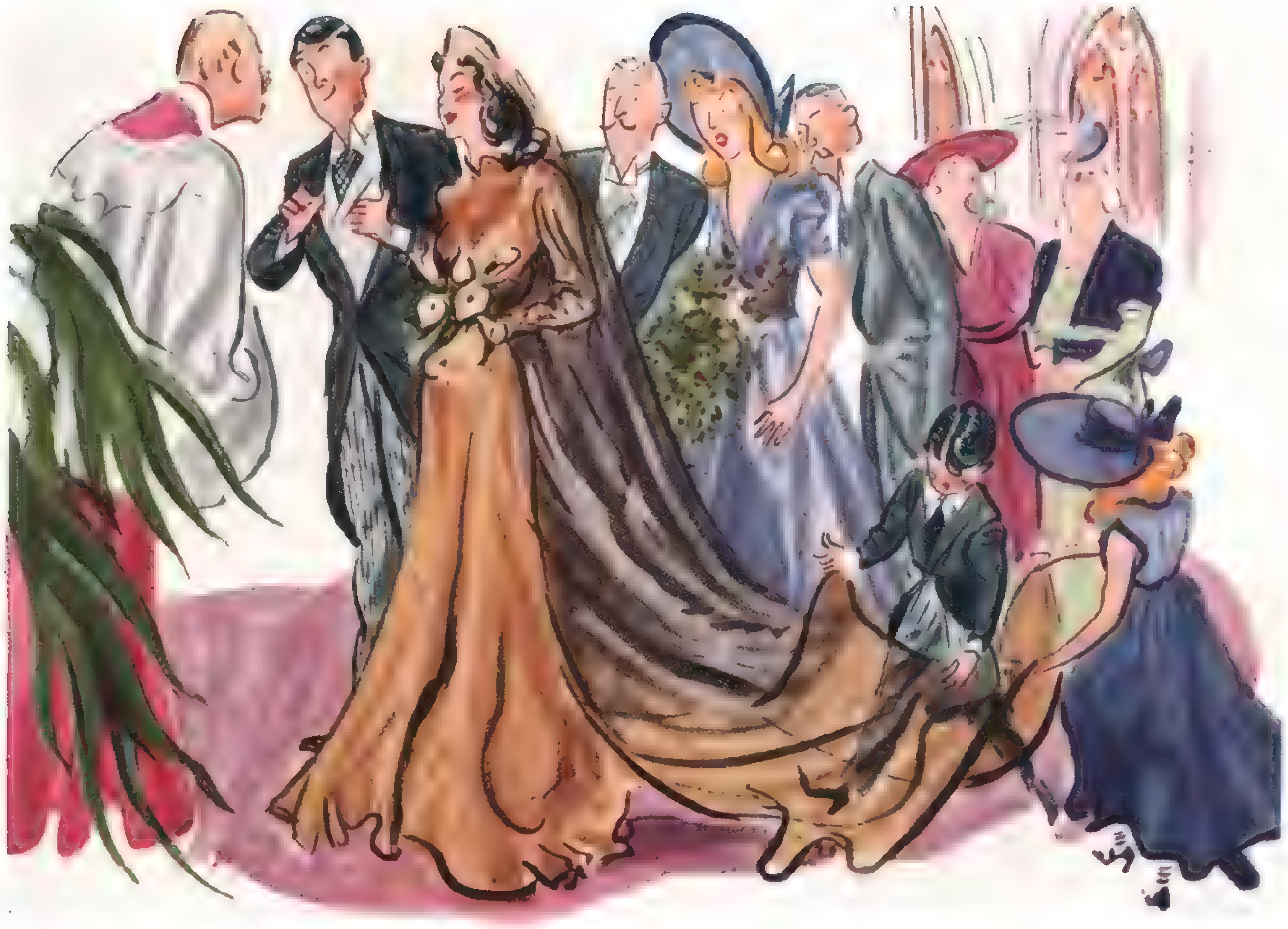
Continued at top of page 124


E. Simms Campbell

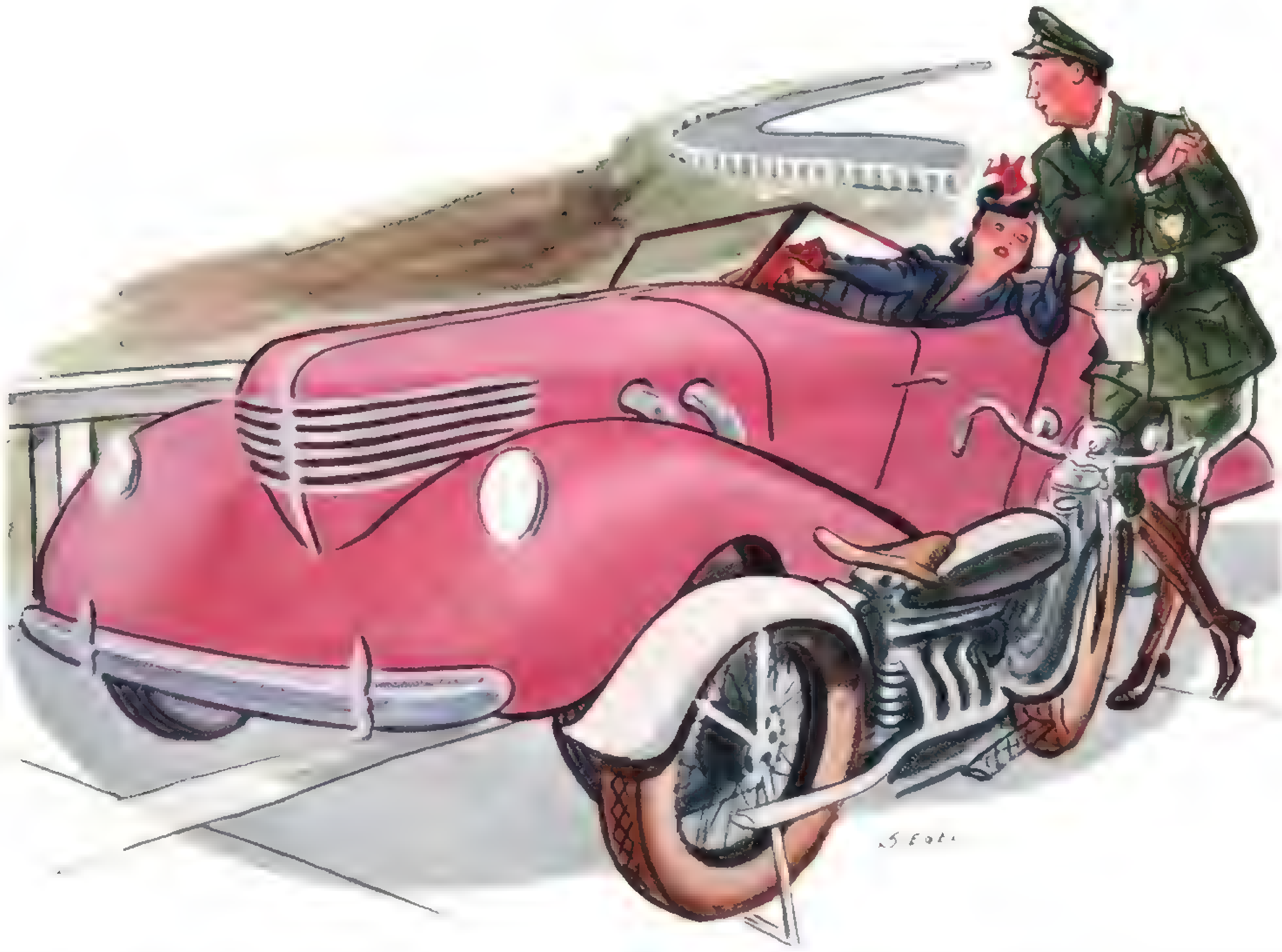
"Tally ho!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Conference or no conference—you tell him it's "Baby" and it's mighty damn important!"



"May I suggest that the approved answer is 'I do'—not 'And how!'"



"I'm sorry lady, but from now on you'll have to take the ticket—I got married"

Cops Are Lousy Marksmen!

A required course in shooting for policemen would be cheaper than pensioning their widows

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

•ARTICLE•

What do you think of a cop patrolling his nightly post with his service revolver in his coat pocket, wrapped in an old sock to keep it clean?

—of a cop in a large city who appeared at the range for his first target practice in eight years with the cartridges corroded so firmly in the cylinder that they had to be drilled out?

—of a cop in another city on patrol for four years with a revolver that had no firing pin on the hammer and, therefore, couldn't shoot?

—of a cop in a radio patrol car who hammered the rear sight off his service rifle so it would fit better in the rack?

—of another with eight cartridges wedged into the magazine of a rifle intended for six, the bullets forced back into their cases so far as to alter their interior ballistics to the point where the gun would have burst when fired?

If you happen to be a criminal, you'll think such things are comical as the devil. But perhaps they won't sound so funny if you're just a taxpayer in one of these cities putting up the money for a defense against quick-shooting, well-armed bandits.

Twenty similar incidents could be cited without pausing for breath, but they would add nothing to the dual indictment that:

1. Policemen in general are deplorably deficient in a knowledge of their guns, their care and their use;

2. Supervising police officials are even more negligent in inspecting the armament of their men, training them and compelling them to practice.

Briefly, our police are lousy marksmen. And I say that not as a carping critic of the police, but as a candid friend who deplores the disturbing increase in Honor Rolls of dead heroes buried with the compliments of an Inspector's funeral—and a mobster's gun.

My intimate acquaintance with peace officers began eighteen years ago as the editor of a police magazine. And while it is undeniable that official marksmanship has improved in that time, this is praising with faint damns when you consider that even today the average department will have trouble scaring up one good pistol shot out of twenty men picked at random. Speaking of the rank and file, remember, not of trained pistol teams.

Being a shooting fan myself, I know all about these outstanding teams that are collecting trophies for the Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, St. Louis, Kansas City and other departments. But I also know that in my city a patrolman is required to shoot ten rounds only three times a year—and is called qualified if he turns in a 50 score on the big Army L target with its five-inch ten ring. This is almost laughable to amateurs accustomed to firing at the 1⅛ inch ring on the Standard American target, yet it is a whale of a lot better than the more common practice of letting them go year after year with no practice at all.

What does this mean in practical terms? Well, when a madman with a shotgun started blazing away at a squad of our cops on parade, the assembled officers fired some 200 rounds of ammunition, according to an eye witness, before they brought down the maniac with a wound in the ankle. Which is nothing to write home about!

This laxity isn't the fault of the average cop—his superior officers are directly to blame. Obviously, our infantrymen would be lousy marksmen, too, if they weren't packed off to the range and *compelled* to become good shots. For mark it down as fundamental that crack shots aren't born—they are made.

The usual alibi is that policemen are reluctant to practice because, first, they have to buy their own ammunition and shoot on their own time (which is a real factor in most towns where they're underpaid) and, second, they usually have no facilities for target shooting. Yet the direct result is that the people most liable to get shot in a gun battle between the Law and its violators are you and I and our children who may chance to be on the street at the time. Think that over because it means that you have a stake in this issue, too.

Appreciating this stake, it might do some good if our taxpaying citizens fanned up a little interest in this question through their newspapers, their civic clubs, or whatnot. Not long ago a new city manager in an upstate New York community ordered every policeman to report for target practice. The first man up had to pull his trigger nine times before the gun went off. When another drew his weapon, a covey of moths came out of the holster with it!

"You might as well be carrying pea shooters," snorted the new executive. And so might a lot of others although surely the necessity for a policeman's being a good shot needs little argument. To be sure, there are more police ranges today than there ever were. But after you've been in some and have seen instructors arbitrarily passing the poor shots or even shooting qualifying targets for their less adept pupils "just to get rid of the dopes," you will understand that the very philosophy of police marksmanship is still far below par.

You don't find this sloppy viewpoint in the Government services. It has been my pleasure to shoot on the same ranges with Federal men from the Secret Service, the Coast Guard, the Border Patrol, the Narcotics Squad, the FBI, and other enforcement bureaus as well as with local police, and from my observations I would say that the Federals can shoot the whiskers off the rank and file of municipal cops any day in the

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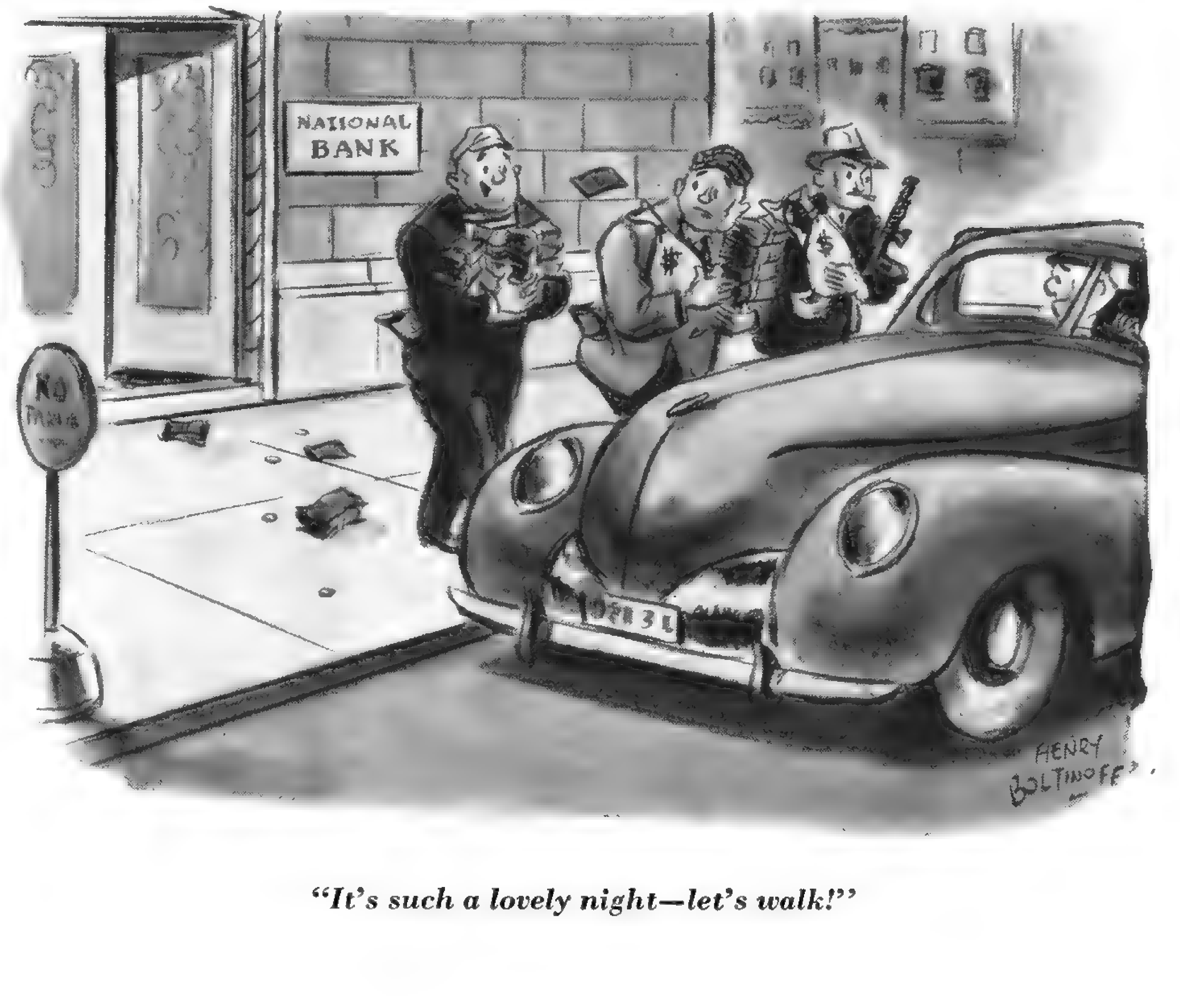
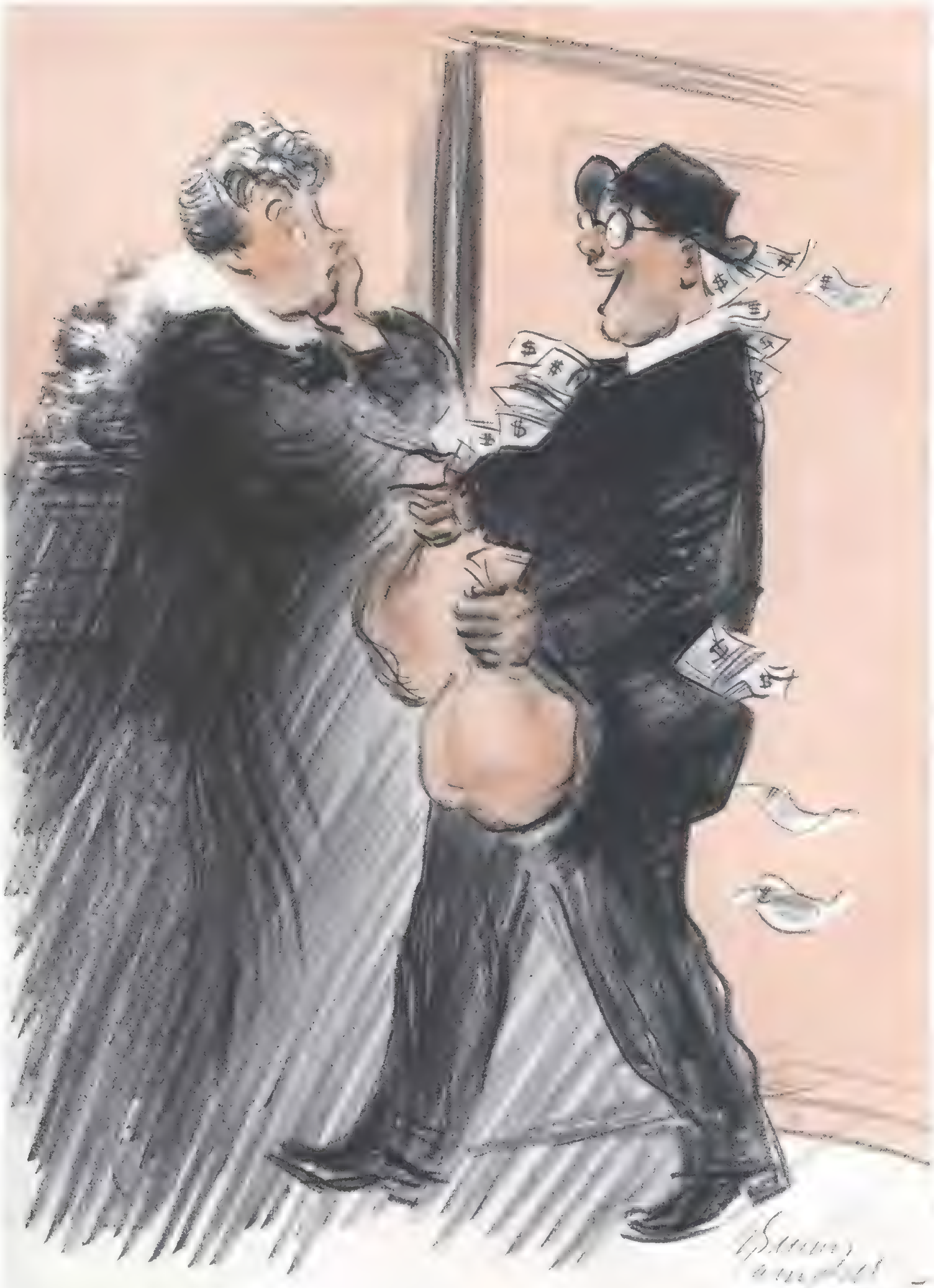


"It's such a lovely night—let's walk!"



"Well dear—I've quit my job at the bank"

Always Runner-Up

It's hell to keep missing golf titles by other guys' miracle plays, as told to Jack Kofoed

by CRAIG WOOD

▪ SPORTS ▪

If I were psychic I might have known, as far back as 1923, that fate had designed me as the most consistent runner-up in golf. The runner-up, you know, is a person who finishes second . . . and I have finished second in more great tournaments than anyone else. Not even MacDonald Smith, who was the perennial championship-chaser of other years, experienced the really extraordinary series of events that have kept me from winning.

Last June I emerged from the welter of the final round of the National Open Championship at the Philadelphia Country Club in a tie with Denny Shute and Byron Nelson. It had been a madhouse under a blistering sun, with Snead, Bulla, Heafner and Ward all blowing their chances when any one could have gained the victory with a little steadiness. So, next day Nelson and Shute and I went out in a warm half-gale for the round that would decide the winner.

I am not a temperamental person, but while I was hitting practice shots before our start, my mind could not help going back to 1923 and the Kentucky Open, which was the first tournament in which I ever played. It was a thirty-six-hole event, and at the end of the first round the championship had become a personal issue between Bob Peebles and me. The rest of the field was nowhere.

Bob and I played together. He was a steady veteran and I was a big, brash kid, who tried to make up for inexperience by sheer power. I outdrove him all the way around, but at the seventeenth tee Peebles led by two strokes.

It was a par five, that seventeenth . . . about 525 yards, as I remember. My drive was long and straight, and I hit a screaming brassie that stopped fifteen feet past the pin.

The pressure seemed to upset Bob. He half-topped his tee shot . . . missed his second . . . and third. I was bubbling with happiness, and you can understand how a boy feels when he sees himself winning an Open championship on his very first try.

Peebles took a spade mashie for his fourth shot, and hesitated a moment over it. Then he shanked. The ball shot off at right angles . . . out of bounds.

"I'm in!" I chortled to myself. "I'm in!"

But I didn't know anything then about that cross-eyed old beldame, Lady Luck. Peebles' ball hit a stone, ricocheted high in the air, and flopped onto the green about thirty feet from the cup!

Still, it looked all right to me. It was a cinch the two-stroke deficit would be wiped out, but Bob rammed down his long one to get an almost impossible par. I don't mind admitting it shook me, and I missed the fifteen-footer. That left my opponent with a one-stroke lead and when we proceeded to halve the last hole with birdies, I finished second . . . a runner-up for the first time!

Of course, I figured it was a fluke, one of those things that happen once in a blue moon. But, in the North-South Open of 1931, I had another taste of what the unexpected can do to a man. The North-South is the starting battle of the winter campaign, and draws practically every great professional in the country.

I was playing well, and when I finished, seemed to be the winner without much question. But fat, good-humored Johnny Golden, who played golf before I was born, was out there with a chance, if he could pull off a minor miracle. He accomplished it, too. On the sixteenth John holed a 100-yard chip shot for an eagle three . . . which was the shot that enabled him to tie me.

That meant a playoff, and I looked forward to it with real interest, because I didn't figure lightning could strike twice in the same place. I still hadn't learned my lesson, you see, because it did. I was leading by a stroke at the sixteenth when the exuberant Mr. Golden canned another eagle in exactly the same way . . . and I was second once more.

The idea that this sort of thing might become as permanent as a mole or mustache did not really strike home, but I was beginning to get the general idea. In 1933 I went to England as a member of the Ryder Cup team, and competed in the British Open. I wasn't playing well, and at the end of the second round was in fortieth place. Then, my putter became blazing hot, and with the aid of a 68 on the third round, I tied for the championship with Denny Shute. Another playoff! It was getting to be a habit.

The situation was a little different this time. Against Peebles and Golden I had been playing well . . . well enough to win under normal conditions. But I was scrambling all the way in England. Even that 68 did not represent good golf . . . and a putter alone can't hold up a person in that kind of competition. Denny beat me by five strokes, which he richly deserved to do. I had no regrets, because I shouldn't have come even close to getting in the playoff in the first place.

But 1934 set the tradition concerning my runner-up proclivities. Prior to that it had only been a rumor. At the Masters' Tournament in Augusta, Georgia, the boys really began to talk about it.

Next to the National Open and the PGA Championships, there isn't an event a professional is keener to win than the Masters'. It is strictly limited to the headliners. No one named Joe Doakes is likely to get hot for a couple of days, and knock off his betters.

If I were temperamental I could work up quite a tantrum when I think of those Masters' tournaments. The course Bobby Jones laid out over the Georgia hills is a splendid one, with big, terraced greens that test anybody's ability. It is a difficult test

Continued in center of page 141

EVILLE
U.S. MAIL
U.S MAIL
U.S MAIL
MACKEY

"You're a little ahead of schedule this morning, aren't you?"

You Can't Have Everything

If Wolf didn't need special dog food, Pop could give Bella money to have her hair tweezed proper

by HOWARD EARL MAIER

• FICTION •

The dog, Wolf, sat and watched the face of the sleeping man. The morning sun slanted through the dusty window and touched the bald head and the few wisps of silver hair. Pop Jeffers muttered in his sleep and turned his head. The mouth stayed open, exposing the yellow line of the teeth, broken here and there by the dark gaps of the missing. One frail, blue-veined hand moved and then was quiet.

The dog, Wolf, placed his bloodhound head on the man's open palm, twitched pointed ears, thumped once with the plumed tail of a setter, and regarded his master.

Pop Jeffers awakened, blinked at the sunlight and then closed his eyes again. Only the fingers of the hand moved as they kneaded the loose skin of the dog's neck.

"It's time, heh Wolf?" said the old man sleepily. "Time to get up, heh boy?"

The plumed tail beat the floor.

Noises came from the next room: the rush of water, the sound of cutlery and china, the sharp sizzle of frying bacon, and the sound of voices.

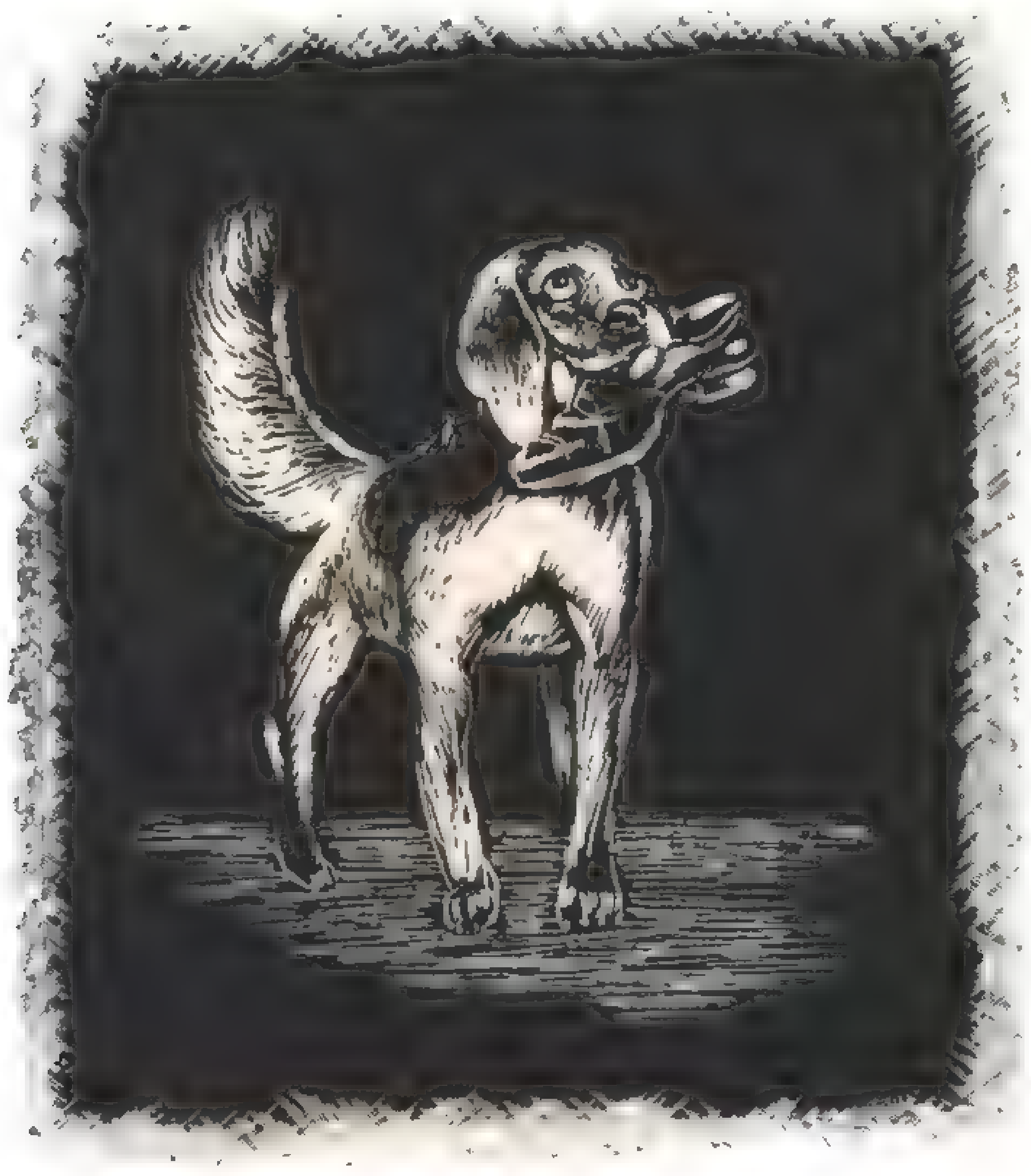
Pop swung himself to the edge of the cot. Wolf sat on his haunches and watched him pull the worn blue trousers up over the woolen underwear; watched a blue-veined hand search futilely back and forth under the edge of the dirty blanket for a left shoe. The dog went around to the other side of the cot, picked up the shoe and brought it to the man.

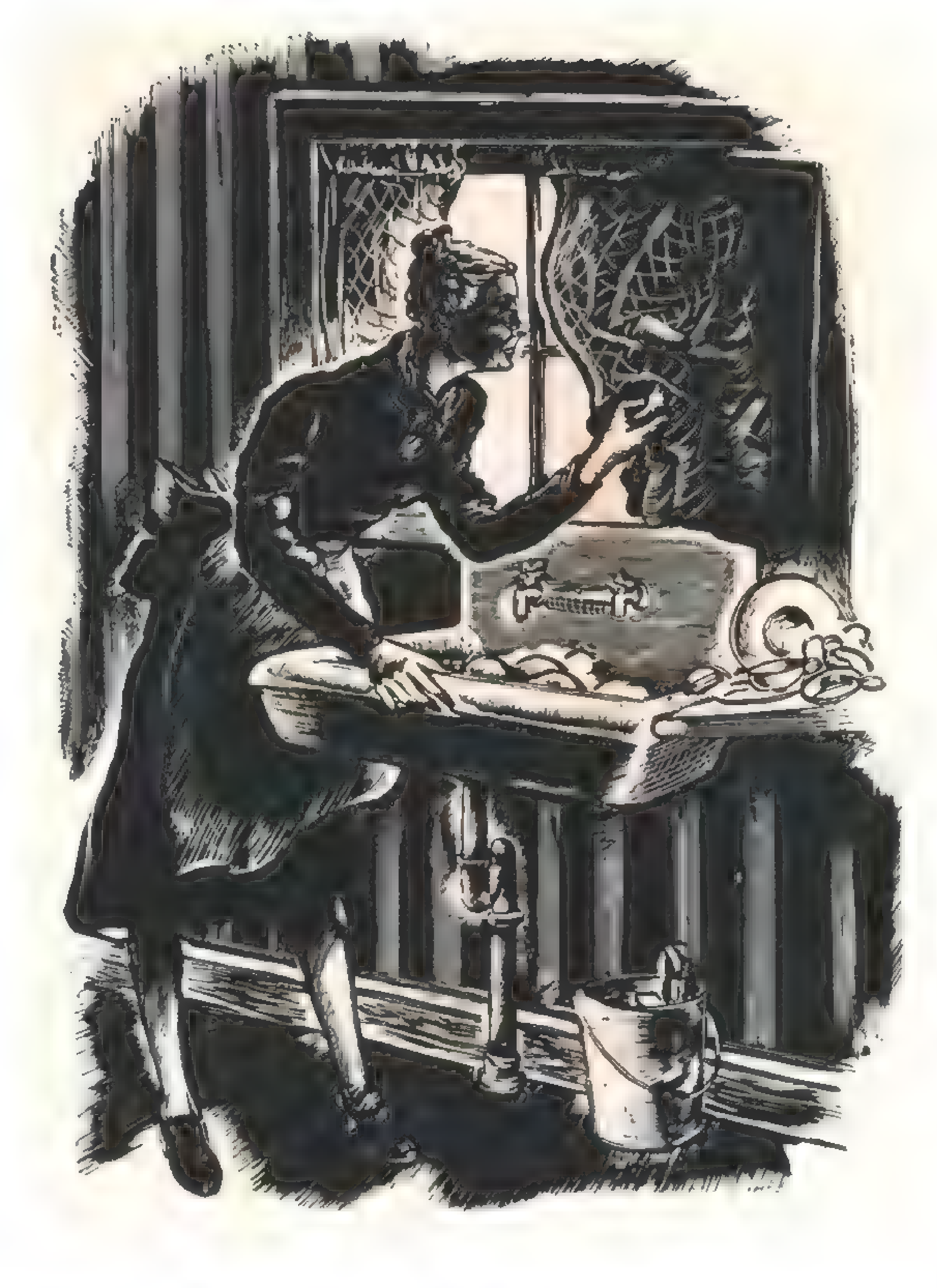
Pop chuckled. "On the other side it was, heh boy?" he said. "Right nice of you, Wolf."

The dog sat down and cocked his head.

Pop tip-toed to the door. The dog stood up. The plumed tail waved tentatively. The old man put a finger to his lips. "Wait here, boy," he whispered. "I'll be right on back."

The woman at the stove turned at his step.





"Oh, it's you," she said. "Must've smelled vittles cookin' to bring you runnin'."

"Mornin', Bella," Pop said placatingly.

The woman sniffed and turned back to her stove. The old man regarded the stiff back of his daughter-in-law. She was a woman of about forty-seven or eight, bony of structure, with dyed red hair done up in little steel skewers. The morning light treated her unkindly, emphasizing the pouches under her eyes and the thin, bloodless lips clamped in a straight line.

"Niggardly," thought the old man for perhaps the thousandth time. "Comes by it rightly, too. All them Travers bunch was mean an' no account."

His son was at the sink, splashing about and blowing like a porpoise. "Runnin' to fat," thought Pop as he watched him dip his head under the faucet. "An' gettin' bald, too," as the water exposed the round bare spot under the man's hair.

Sam Jeffers came out from under the water, blowing and reaching blindly for the towel. Pop placed it in his hands.

"Mornin', son," he said cheerfully.

His son grunted and buried his face in the towel.

Pop placed his hands under the cold water, patted a little of it gently on his face and neck and dried himself. He heard his son say, "Hurry it up, Bella. I gotta get to work. Somebody's got to work around here." And as he went back to his room they were both seated at the table with the greasy platter of bacon and eggs between them. He felt the woman's cold eyes boring into his back as he closed the door.

He put on his faded blue shirt, tucked the ends in his trousers and pulled up his suspenders. Then, for a minute, he sat on the edge of the bed, motionless, his thin hands on his knees. Wolf came and put his head on the man's hands. Pop shook his head. "It wasn't too bad, boy," the old man whispered to him. "No worse'n usual anyways." He kneaded an ear thoughtfully. "Come on, boy," he said at last. "Let's go get us some breakfast."

Wolf barked once, joyously, before the man's hand clamped his jaws shut.

Pop slid into his seat at the table and Wolf, who had followed close at his heels, took his place at his side, the side furthest from Bella. Whenever the woman moved or spoke Pop could feel the dog's body tremble against his knee.

Bella addressed the space before her, "Some folks think they're better'n others. Some folks think maybe they should get breakfast in bed."

Sam banged down his knife. "For Christ's sake, Bella!" he said. "Not *every* morning. I gotta have some peace."

The sharp chin jerked up; the dyed hair glinted; the thin mouth pursed in injured fashion. There was a long silence.

Pop said very quietly, "Pass the eggs, please Bella."

Grudgingly she pushed the platter toward him. She watched him carefully. Pop took one egg and one small strip of bacon. Bella instantly retrieved the platter.

She addressed the open space again, "I gotta have a permanent." She put a hand to her skewered hair. "I can't go to no social unless I have a permanent."

"Then get one," said Sam irritably, his mouth full of food. "What's holdin' you back?"

"Holdin' me back? Why nothin's holdin' me back." She fastened her cold blue eyes on Pop. "Exceptin' maybe the small matter of five dollars. Permanents cost five dollars."

"Well, I ain't got it," said Sam, pushing his plate from him. "So's you might as well forget it."

Bella's eyes remained riveted on Pop. "There's others I know has got it," she said dreamily. "An' they got lots more, too."

"If you mean Pop here, you're crazy, Bella. Yesterday he give me his rent: thirty dollars, which is all he gets for that property of his down in town." Then he looked at the old man and said suspiciously, "Ain't that right, Pop? You ain't got no other money?"

"That's all, son. You know that's all there is."

"See!" said Bella triumphantly. "He lies even to his own son. I happen to know that the property brings in thirty-five a month."

"But the other five is for Wolf," said Pop, alarmed. "You know, son, we agreed—"

"Agreed! Agreed!" Bella broke in. "Agreements on account of a dog—a mutt that has to eat fancy outta cans while I go 'round lookin' like a fishwife, a fishwife that cooks and scrubs and cleans up all day long after an old man."

Pop pressed Wolf's head against his knee. "Remember I told you, son," he said desperately, "if Wolf don't get special vittles the doc allows as how he'll die."

"Then let him die!" said Bella viciously.

"Shut up, Bella!" Sam said, standing up. "Me an' Pop agreed a year ago when he come to live with us that he could keep five dollars a month for the dog." He looked down at Wolf trembling against his master's leg. "Can't say though as how the mixed breed's worth five dollars, or any part of it."

"For five dollars a month," said Bella, "I'd shoot a thousand like him . . . An' as for you, Sam Jeffers, you can go to the social without me. Me, I'll stay home an' sweep the dog's hairs outta your old man's room."

"Don't drive me too far, Bella," said Sam menacingly. "Sometimes I think I'll jus' go away an' be shut of you an' the old man an' the dog for always."

Bella dropped her head on her arms and began to cry. Wolf whimpered softly against Pop's leg. Sam looked perplexed and put a hesitant hand on Bella's shoulder. She shook it off.

"All right. All right," said Sam soothingly. "Anything for a little peace. You can tell Tillie Street down at the beauty parlor I'll be in Saturday an' pay her the five dollars." Bella lifted her head and smiled at her husband. "An' as for you, Pop," Sam said, striving to gloss over his weakening, "you better get a broom an' sweep up that room o' yours." He accepted a kiss from his wife and went out the kitchen door.

Bella shot the old man a triumphant glance and started to clear the table. She took the broom and placed it with a loud thump against the wall near Pop's door. The old man pushed an uneaten egg from him and got up. The dog scuttled across the kitchen and out the door.

Bella said sweetly, "You goin' to sweep now, Pop?"

The old man squared his shoulders and said, "No," very quietly, and followed the dog.

* * *

Outdoors the sun was well clear of the wooded hills. A strong breeze swept up from the lake and brought the odor of pine with it. The leaves of the oak near the gate rustled and showed their silver backs. Wolf, in an excess of joy at liberation, chased round and round after his tail.

"Stop that nonsense, boy," called Pop, walking toward the shed. "An' come an' get your breakfast."

Wolf barked twice and loped past into the shed. On the shelf stood thirty bright silver cans of dog ration, one for each day of the coming month. Pop opened one with an ax, heaped the tin bowl and sat down on a log and watched Wolf eat.

"You know it's all your fault," he said conversationally. "All this rumpus. If you didn't have to have special vittles then Bella could have her hair tweezed proper. You know it, don't you?" The dog looked up for a second, then returned to the bowl. "You know it ain't Sam's fault? When a man's married he's gotta sorta cater. You ain't to blame him none." Wolf was at the bottom of the bowl now, nuzzling it along the floor. "Stop that you fool," said the old man, taking away the bowl and placing it on its hook. "Want to eat the tin right off it?" Wolf sat down and rumbled in his throat. "All right. All right. We're goin', right away now."

The man and the dog went down the path and out onto the road. They walked slowly along the sand and gravel at the side of the macadam road. Occasionally a car shot past —a high whine, a breath of wind, and then it was gone. The sun climbed higher as they walked. Through the interstices of the trees the blue of the lake was now visible.

The dog would trot ahead, circle on the road and come back to Pop and look up into his face. When he ventured too far out on the road, Pop would yell, "Get outta that, you fool!" and the dog would jump off the macadam to the footpath and race back to his side.

Pop said, "I know, boy. I know. You want to go for a run. So, I'm takin' you. But first off I wanta go visitin'. So you gotta come visitin'." The dog barked up at him. "No," the old man said. "I ain't agoin' to give in to you. It ain't no more'n what's fair."

They were walking now along a high brick wall that bordered the road. At the entrance gate, over which hung the sign "County Home for Aged Men," Pop stopped. There was a smaller sign affixed to the brick gatepost which read: "Positively No Dogs Allowed."

Wolf sat down and looked up at the man, appealingly. "None of that now," Pop said. "You wait here for me . . . No. Not there, you fool—over here under the shade of the pine." The dog moved over. "That's right. Now you wait, hear me? I won't be long." The dog flopped heavily in the shade with his head on his front paws and his eyes followed the man as he went up the graveled walk.

Pop glanced up at the sun. Must be nearly half-past eight. The boys would be on the little knoll back of the house. He came softly through the lush lawn upon them: the old men seated on worn benches under the big elms.

"Mornin', Pete," they said, and then

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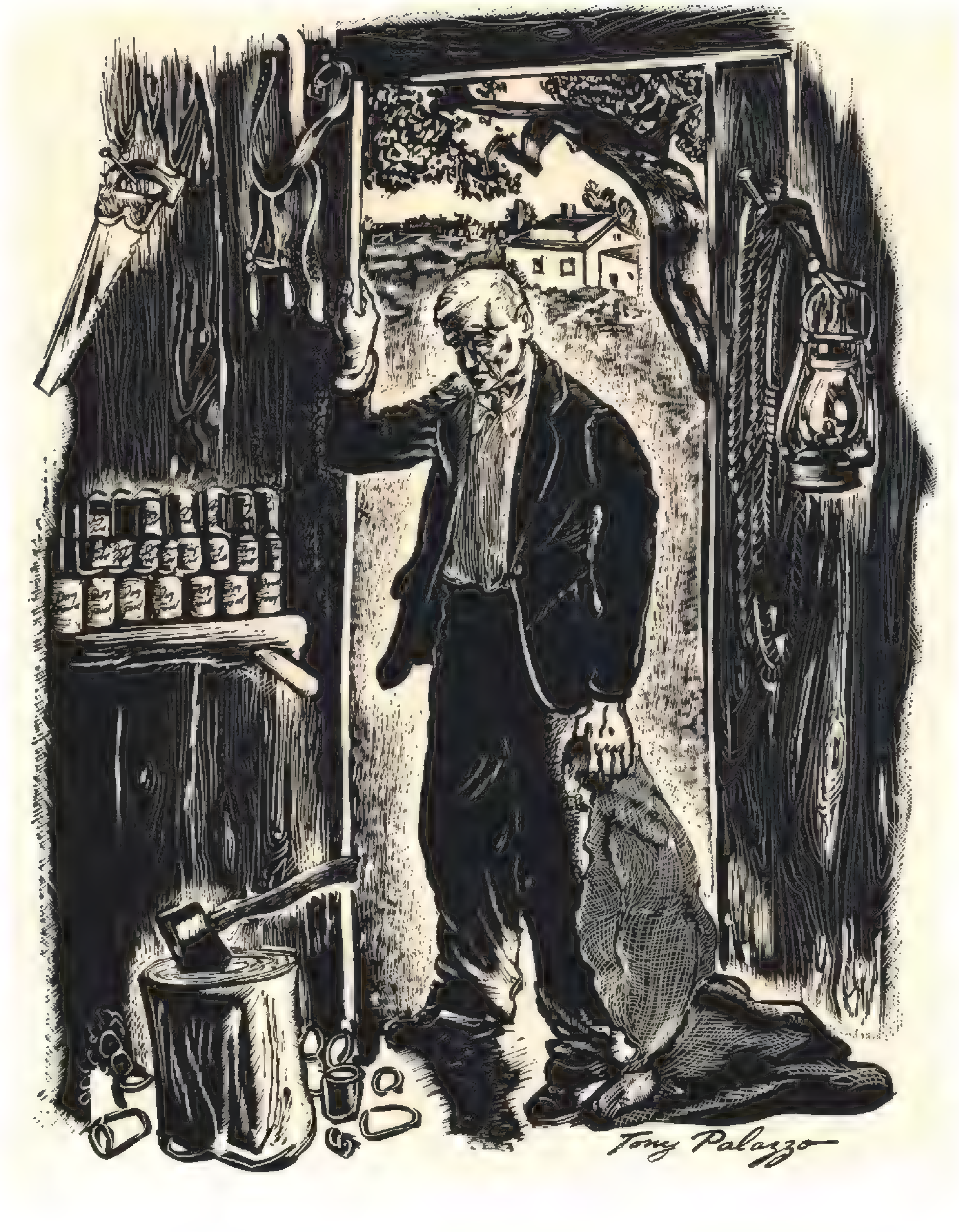

Going Native Nearby

There's no sound but the wind and birds, the mail comes once a week and it's nice to drink rum punch and look at the stars

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

ARTICLE

"Some unremembered isle in far off seas"—we all hanker after it at one time or other. The desert island story is always cropping up in popular fiction, and there is probably a fortune for somebody who can think up a new one. Why the hankering? According to the Freudians it is an easy and harmless way of gratifying one's mother complex. You can believe that if you wish. Personally I was born on an island (Great Britain) and have given a great deal of thought and attention to getting out of it. I like to feel a continent round me, but I admit to recurring hankerings for the "unremembered isle" and a life of lotus-eating.

My own belief is that in many men there is something that hates being regimented into what is called "civilization," which in jaundiced moments I am apt to think of as an open conspiracy for the exploitation of suckers. Men get tired of subways and white collars and standing up when women come into the room and phoning to make business appointments and generally tearing around in gregarious throngs, and start thinking about empty seas and skies without airplanes and palm-fringed sands and fishing and to hell with it all.

In my case it was a broken kneecap, a motor accident. An Austrian drunk, going at sixty in a small car, wandered into the bonnet of my V8. Four months after it was set, the damn thing broke again; and I began hankering for a far-off island. In Europe I had previously sampled Capri, which on the whole is phony, and the island of Port-Cros, which is wonderful, but all up-hill with no roads. And anyway, I wanted to ship with Columbus. That was how I came to think of Tobago, after discovering that it was not easy to get at and that very little has been written about it. Which was why I left England on a grey freezing February day on a banana boat bound for Barbados and Trinidad.

Quite a lot of Americans must know Trinidad. The ocean liners stop at Port of Spain, spill out several hundred tourists who are packed into cars, taken to see the obvious sights, relieved of a certain number of dollars, and returned to the ship very much as they left it. Port of Spain is the jumping off place for Scarborough, Tobago. A small government mail boat makes the trip about once a week and a Channel passage is fun compared with that all night function in a floating ante-chamber of Dante's electric inferno. Under the trade wind the Caribbean is bumpy as soon as you clear the Bocas and the Venezuelan coast, and the temperature in the small cabins seems to be about 110° Fahrenheit in spite of the electric fans.

Next morning you wake up—supposing you've slept—in a smooth little haven fronting the palm-fringed bay of your dreams and the movies, with a few shacks and red tin roofs among trees. The birds swimming around like ducks on a farm pond turn out to be pelicans. Other people may feel differently, but I take a naïve pleasure in coming upon any wild creature I've only seen alive in zoos or stuffed in a museum. I got quite a kick out of those pelicans and other wild things on the island.

The advantages of that uncomfortable sea journey become apparent after you've had a look around. It discourages footling tourists, from those romantic but opulent souls who want the Waldorf-Astoria in an uninhabited earthly paradise to the wandering fatheads who come five thousand miles to play the same ball games they played at home. Therefore, Tobago is cheap. Moreover, you find it going unconcernedly about its daily business of growing fruit and cocoa and copra with no organizations for spoiling the landscape and the visitor. To the best of my knowledge there simply aren't any of the usual entertainments beyond one or two innocuous tennis courts. There are no big hotels, no cocktail bars, no piers or bathing establishments, no theatres, and no nuisance of "sights"—though heaven knows the island is beautiful enough to scrape up fifty such, as it undoubtedly will do if and when it is "developed." From the point of view of Broadway there is nothing to do, but you asked for an unremembered isle in far-off seas, and here it is. Sea, sky, empty sands, palms and tropical trees and flowers and birds and plantations and wooded mountains—that's what you must live on, in a population of less than 100 whites and over 20,000 colored people.

Before I let you out of the rowboat which is taking you off the ship, I must give you a word of stern warning. Tobago is Robinson Crusoe's island, and don't you forget it. Alexander Selkirk and Juan Fernandez are as taboo as certain words in parlors. Don't suggest that R. Crusoe was only a character in a novel anyway. There's no need to bring the subject up. That'll happen soon enough. According to me, after much thought on the subject, the right comment is: "Why, of course it's Robinson Crusoe's island. Silly of me to forget. What part of the island do you think he lived on?" The bottles will come forth at once.

The next thing is to answer the question: Where do I stay? There isn't a great choice. Two small hotels near Scarborough, and another about 25 miles off at the other end of the island overlooking a marvelous bay with a small island of its own containing the only Birds of Paradise in the West Indies. My own feeling is that Americans would be happiest with my kind friends, the Mendes', who will accommodate a few guests in the large picturesque old plantation house they have inherited. Mrs. Mendes is American and a

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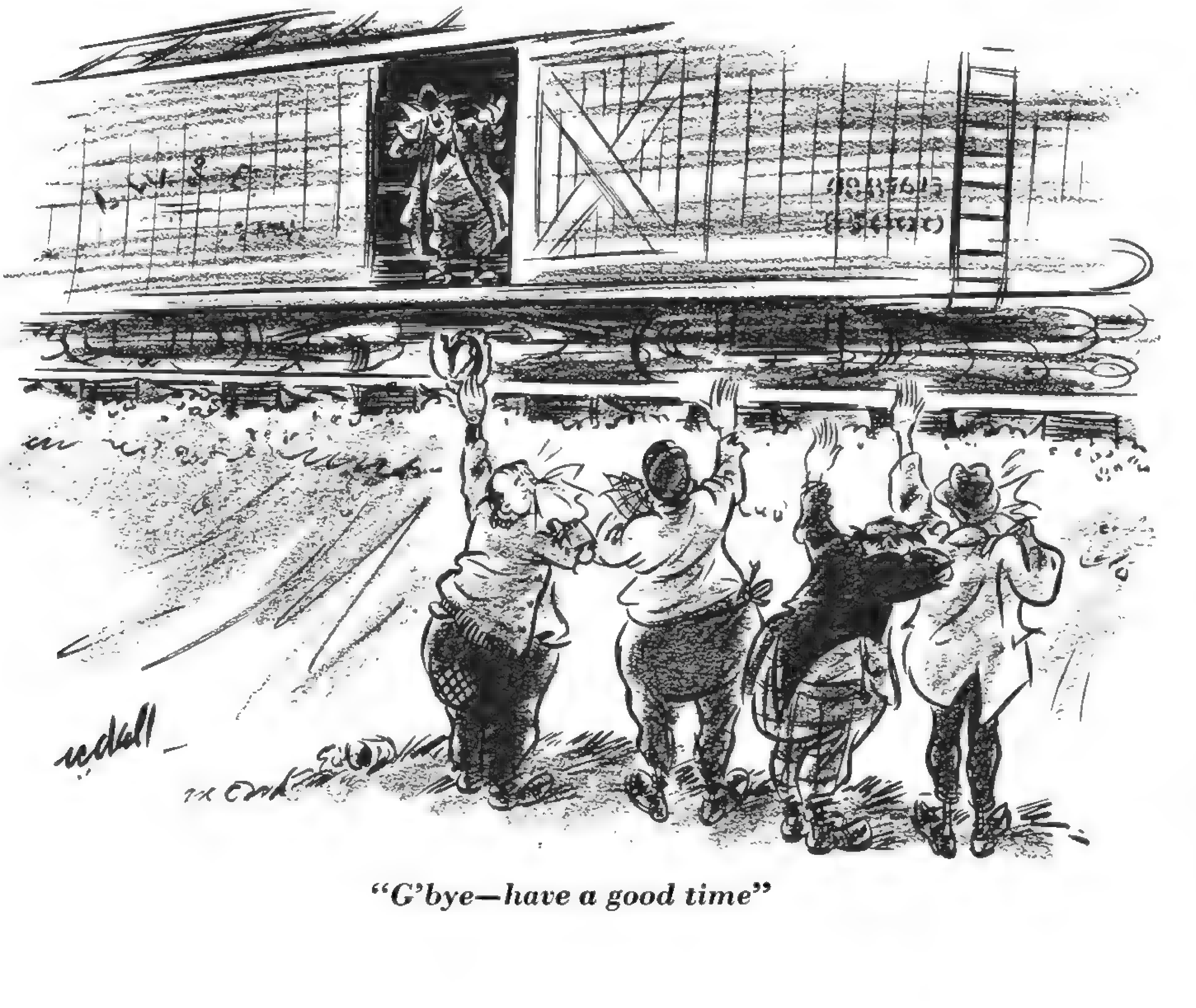
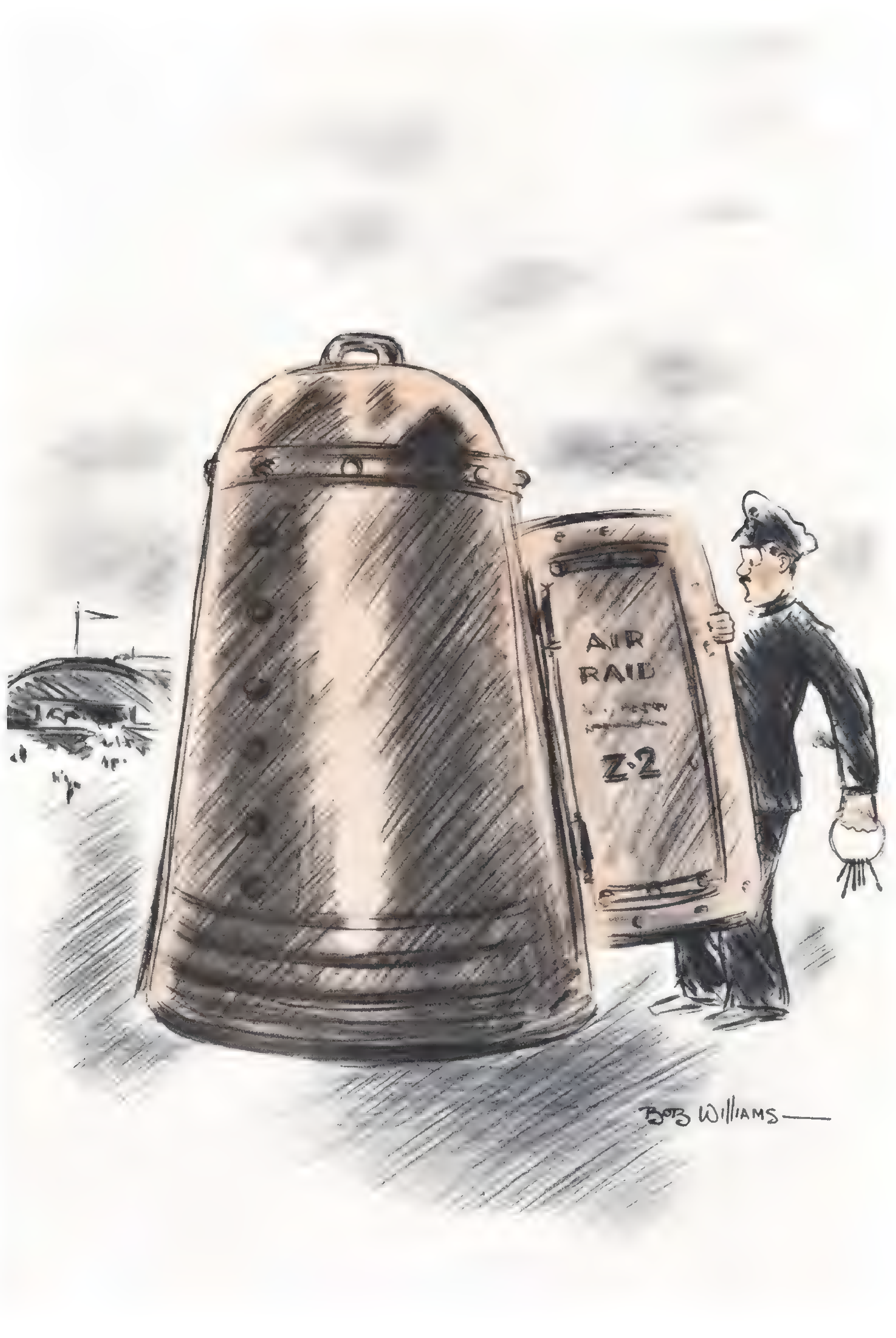
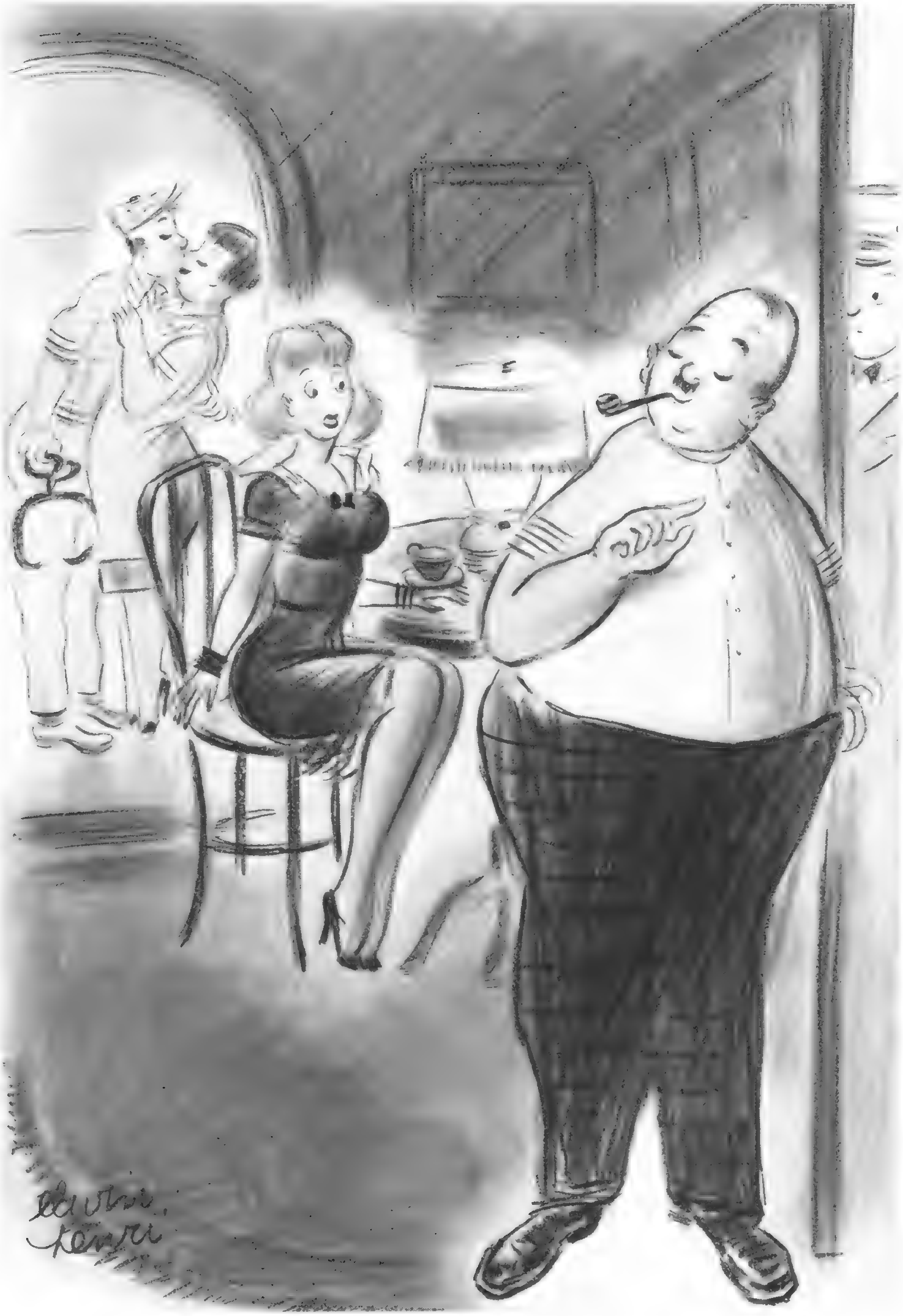


"G'bye—have a good time"


AIR
RAID
Z-2
BOB WILLIAMS

"I say there, you two—these things are for air raids"



"Daughter, here's the milkman about his bill. That's your department"

Gottlieb: Struggling Artist

He's always around when the blows fall, yet he continues to mature, nurtured by a spirit of rebellion

by HARRY SALPETER

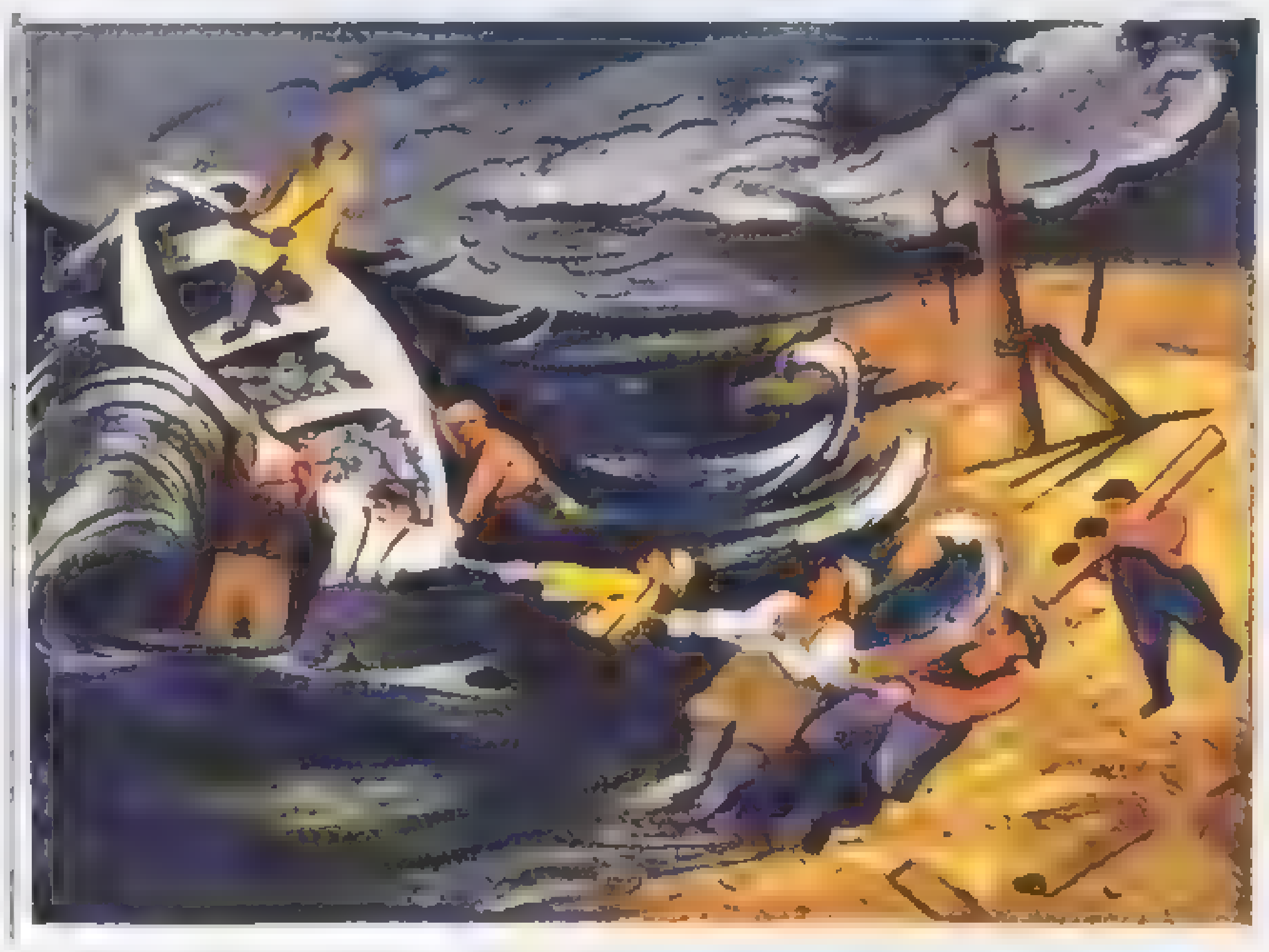
• ARTICLE •

HARRY GOTTLIEB knows something about the language of painting. Relative to other American artists, he is no illiterate. His unfinished struggles are worth more than many other artists' polished triumphs. But he once lost the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars because his parents did not have the foresight to bring him into the world in the United States, a silly exclusion which detracted nothing from the picture's excellence.

Like so many other artists Gottlieb had been sending paintings to the annual exhibitions of the National Academy. It is for these exhibitions that so many painters live. To the Academy's 1935 show he sent *Winter Landscape*, one of the most lyrically successful pictures conceived in the countryside round Woodstock, New York, with which community Gottlieb has been identified. It was a good picture. It is a good picture, although Gottlieb has since moved on to other subject matter—to matter of social significance. The Academy's judges also thought it was a good picture. They accepted it. When the time came for distributing prizes, they put their heads together and awarded its maker one thousand dollars "for a landscape painting by an American-born citizen." It was all in black and white before they discovered that without being any the less an artist, Gottlieb had had the misfortune not to be born in the United States. The judges, this time slightly embarrassed, again put their heads together and decided to give the thousand-dollar prize—by their own original judgment—to an inferior painting, whose maker had had the good sense to be born in this country, and declared *Winter Landscape* eligible for a consolation two hundred fifty-dollar prize, to qualify for which it was not necessary to have been born in the United States.

Two hundred and fifty dollars isn't much of a consolation to an artist who has already begun spending (in his head) four times that amount and it would not be rash to conclude that this Academical *faux pas* helped to catapult Gottlieb further onto the road of social significance in art. Even the best of men are impelled, obviously or mysteriously, by motivations of this order. There is no denying that Harry Gottlieb, as man and as artist, began taking a sharp turn to the left about this time and, without becoming any the less a painter, has shown a disposition to accept as a standard of art, a political orientation which is not necessarily correct because it is the exact reverse of that standard by which the country of an artist's birth becomes a factor in the determination of the artist's merit. It is a pity that the judges could not have been allowed enough discretion to modify the conditions of the original award, for although they gave that prize to a citizen not of American birth, but to a Rumanian Jew, Gottlieb was a Rumanian Jew who learned his English in, of all places, Drogheda, Ireland, and came to the United States with a brogue so thick that he was exhibited in the classrooms of Minneapolis as the rarest curiosity.

Harry Gottlieb's body is black and blue with the blows of circumstance and he seems to have grown in strength and stature through an endurance strangely compounded of a patient resignation and an impersonal kind of rebelliousness. He seems always to be on hand when the blows fall and he seems equally deficient in the techniques of evasion and escape. Another might make efforts to come to some kind of satisfactory personal arrangement with a usually victorious Society; Gottlieb, like a minor John Brown, lifts his personal fate into significance by devoting himself to the organization, toward both ultimate and immediate ends, of those upon whom the blows fall.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK

He was born in 1895, in a small town near Bucharest, the second son of a small merchant. Around 1900 the father, leaving his growing family behind, went off to stake a claim in the new world. At Liverpool, where he stopped to visit friends or relatives, the mention of America produced the most solemn faces.

Ironically, the elder Gottlieb was deflected in his course and directed toward that country which has probably lost more of its population to America than any other—Ireland.

A pack on his back for worldly goods and trading capital and without a word of English, Gottlieb's father settled near Drogheda and peddled notions for a living. A year later he had saved enough to bring his family from Rumania. During the six years of their Drogheda residence, an infant Gottlieb came into the world and their mother died. Business thrived and the father opened a crockery store near the Catholic Church on St. Peter's Hill, linked in legend to the Battle of the Boyne. Harry remembers that he attended a Protestant school, but he recalls nothing of his schooling, only the pervasive quality of the legend and folklore which he heard from all sides. He was soaked in stories about the banshee, warned to stay away from the river at night and so thoroughly persuaded of the reality of ghosts that for months after his mother's death he could not sleep nights for waiting for her to come to him. But the Gottliebs were strangers and taunted, in spite of their brogue, and any sense of inferiority that may have lurked in Harry Gottlieb must date from the years in Drogheda, the medieval stopover to the new world.

Harry was twelve when they arrived in Minneapolis. It was a time of struggle. Father worked, sister kept house, Harry's elder brother began shining shoes and peddling papers on a full-time basis the day after they arrived. Harry was luckier. He was permitted to go to school, but at the price of shining shoes and selling papers week-day afternoons and Saturdays and Sundays. Harry's brogue won him the gaping wonder of his mates and the nickname of Irish, a younger brother earning the name of Little Irish. Harry remembers that the five of them lived in one dingy back room overlooking an alley, the mere memory of which can make the artist shudder today. Harry won his high school education through dogged devotion to such extra-curricular activities as shining shoes, covering a news-delivery route and working in a newspaper mailing room.

An aptitude for art peeped up out of Gottlieb around the time he entered high school. He was always sketching, on the margins of textbooks and in composition notebooks. It was not until he had graduated from high school (at eighteen or nineteen because of time lost in Ireland) that the issue of art came to the forefront. Was it to be art school or college? To decide, he took a summer course in art immediately after graduating from high school. In his own words, he came alive for the first time. It was a long time to wait to be born. In the fall of 1914, he enrolled in the Minneapolis Institute of Art, selecting a

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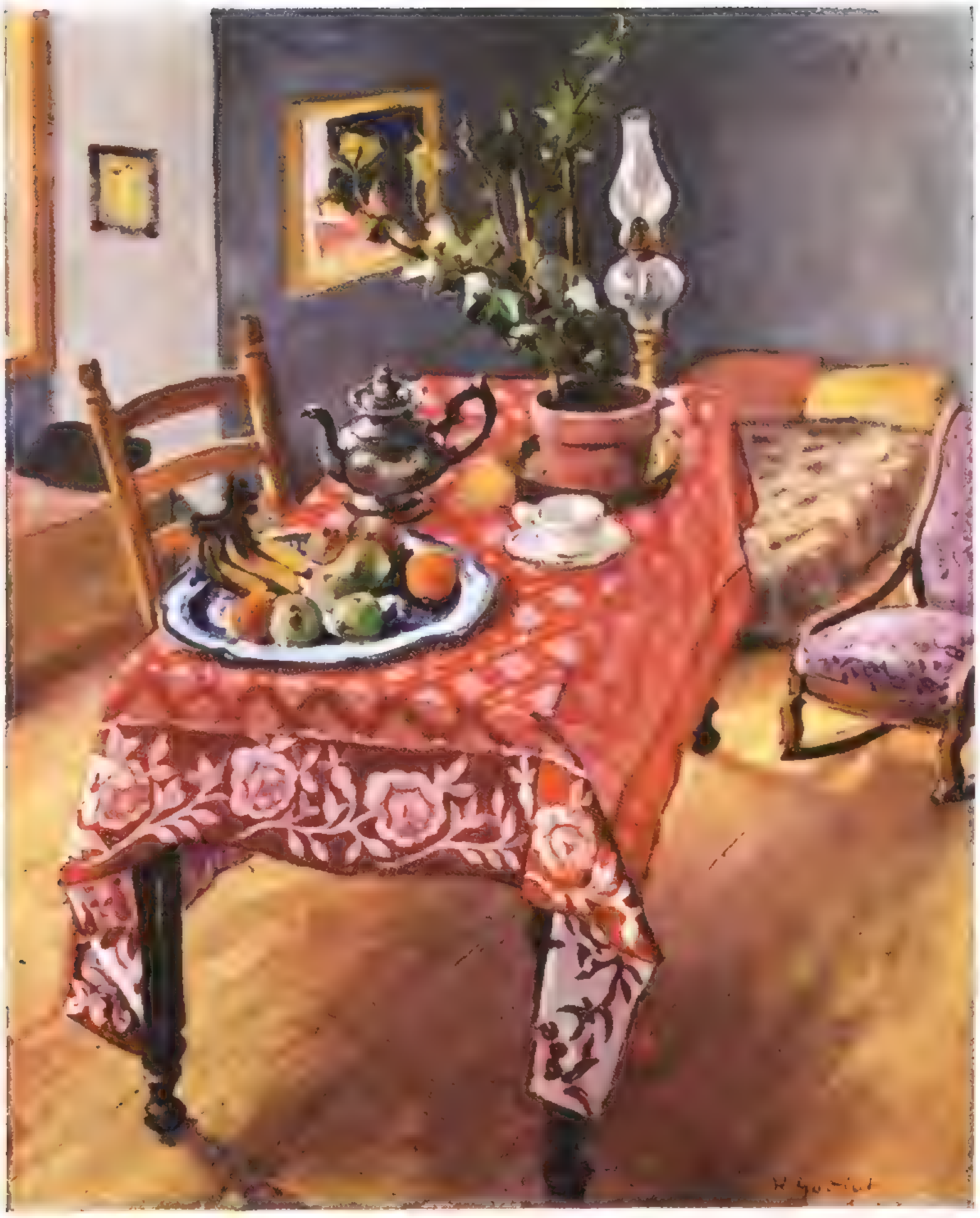
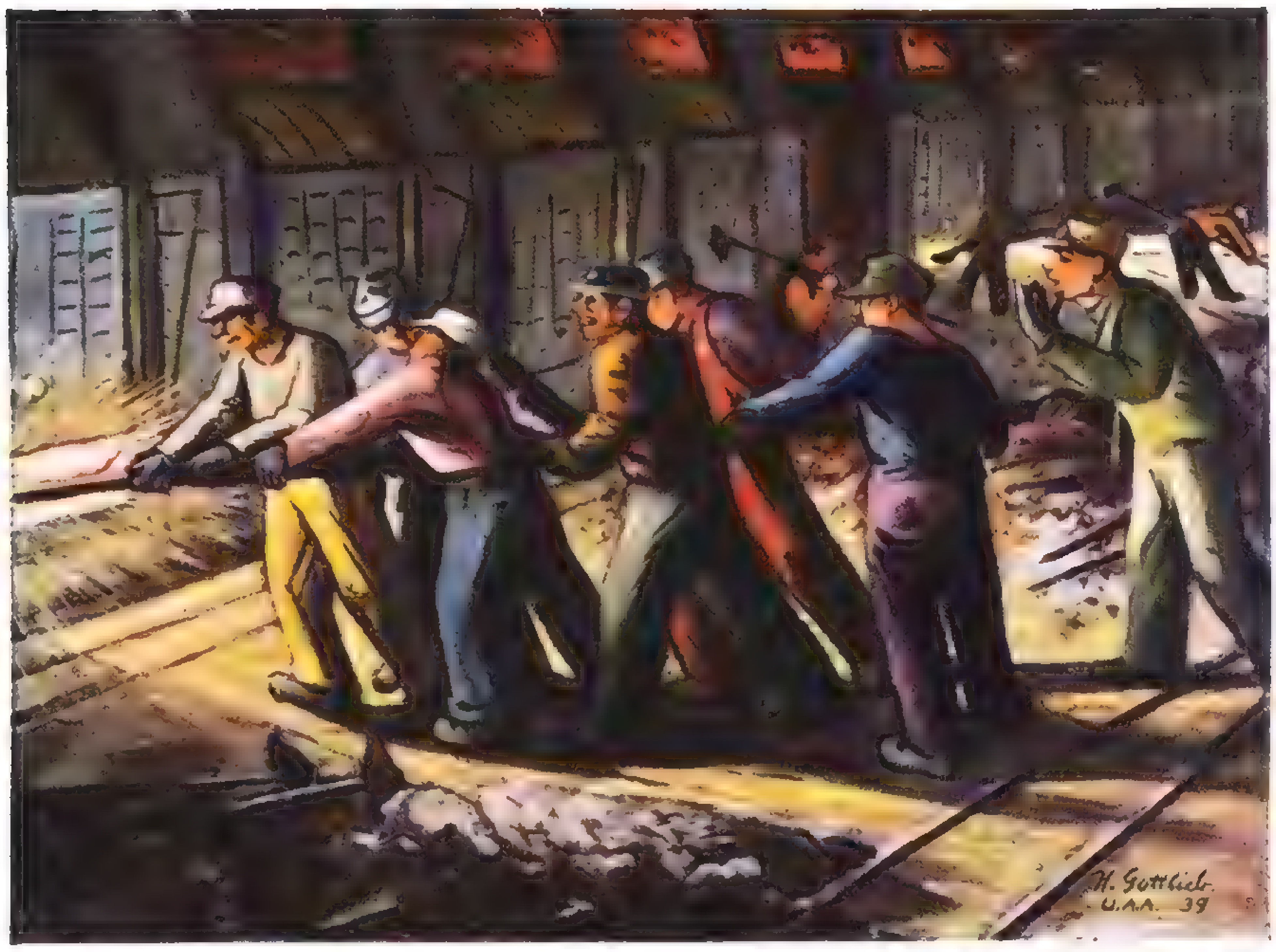


THE RED TABLECLOTH

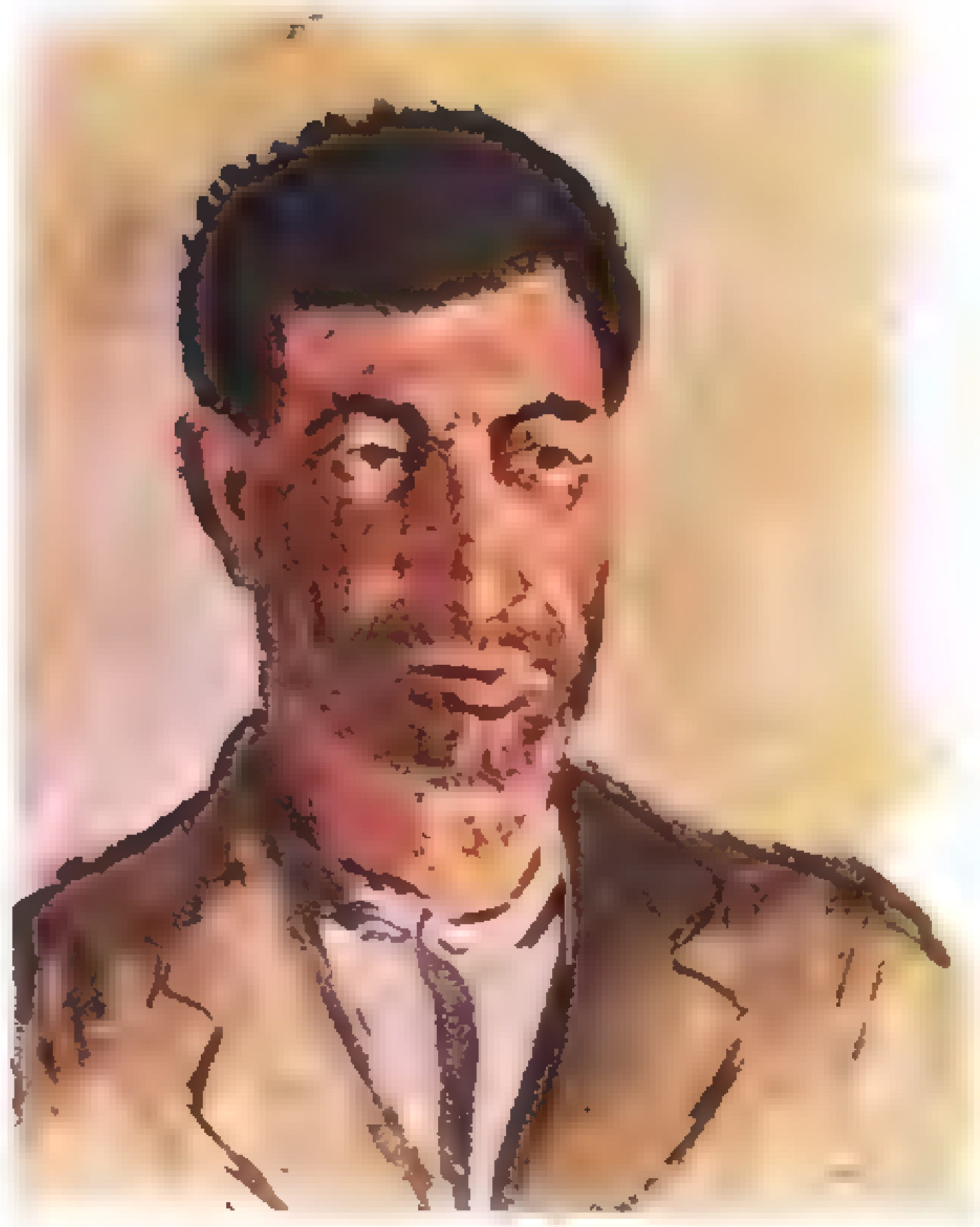
A Collection of Paintings

by HARRY GOTTLIEB

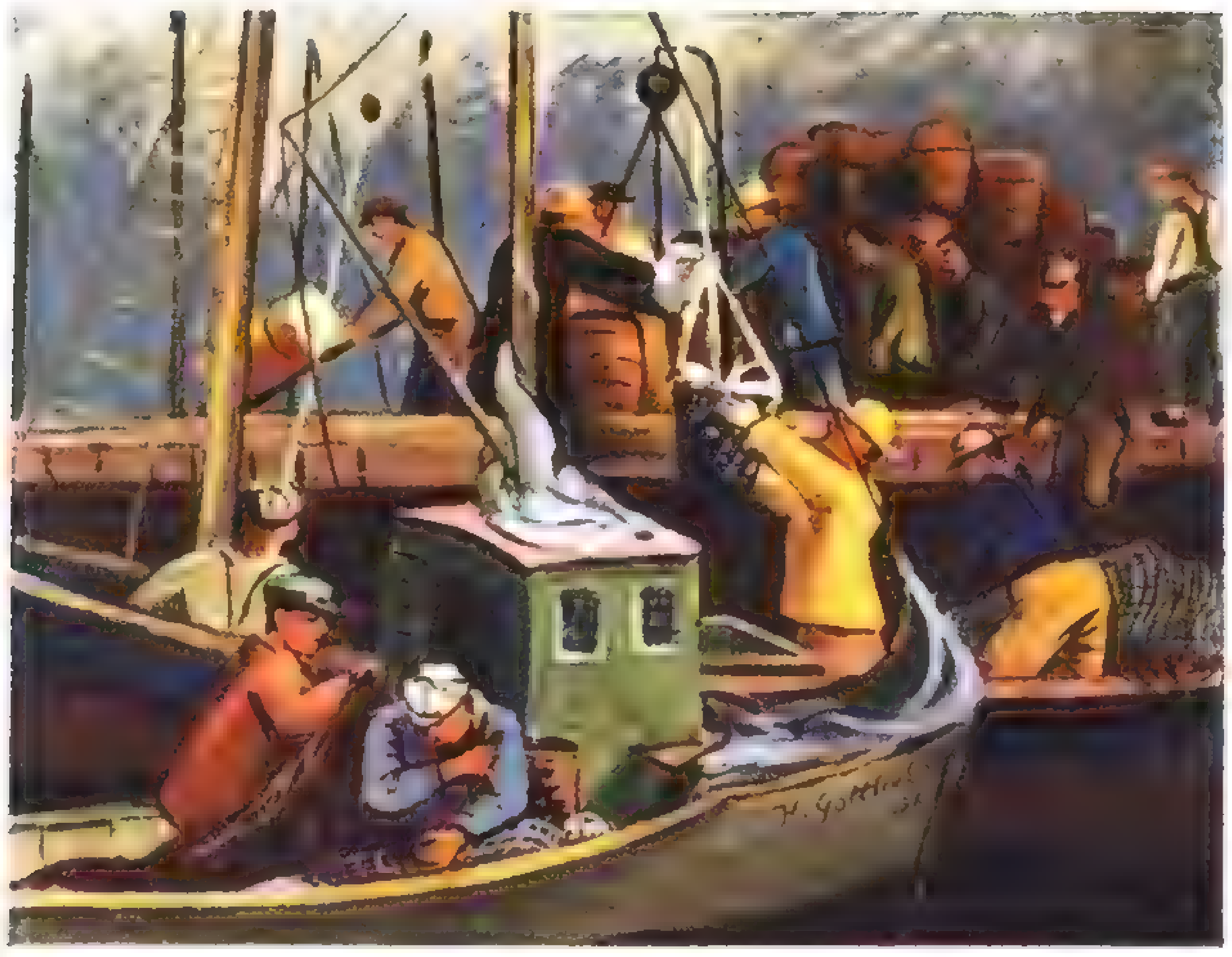
In the metropolis the propagandist threatened to eclipse the artist; Harry Gottlieb was chiefly a worker in the "cause." During those periods in which he allowed himself to indulge in the private pleasure of painting he re-oriented himself proletarian-ward, his pictures harmonizing with his political thinking. Even in Woodstock he had felt the need of subject matter other than the pleasant landscapes of winter and summer and discovered in Kingston, only thirteen miles away, such solid objects as brickyards, railroad roundhouse and barges. Not only did he seek material on the streets and along the waterfronts of New York but he took trips to the steel mills and to the anthracite mining in Pennsylvania. As painter, he was soft in Woodstock; he is hard in New York. He is trying to paint what he regards as proletarian subject matter in a proletarian style . . . which is to say, strident, deliberate.

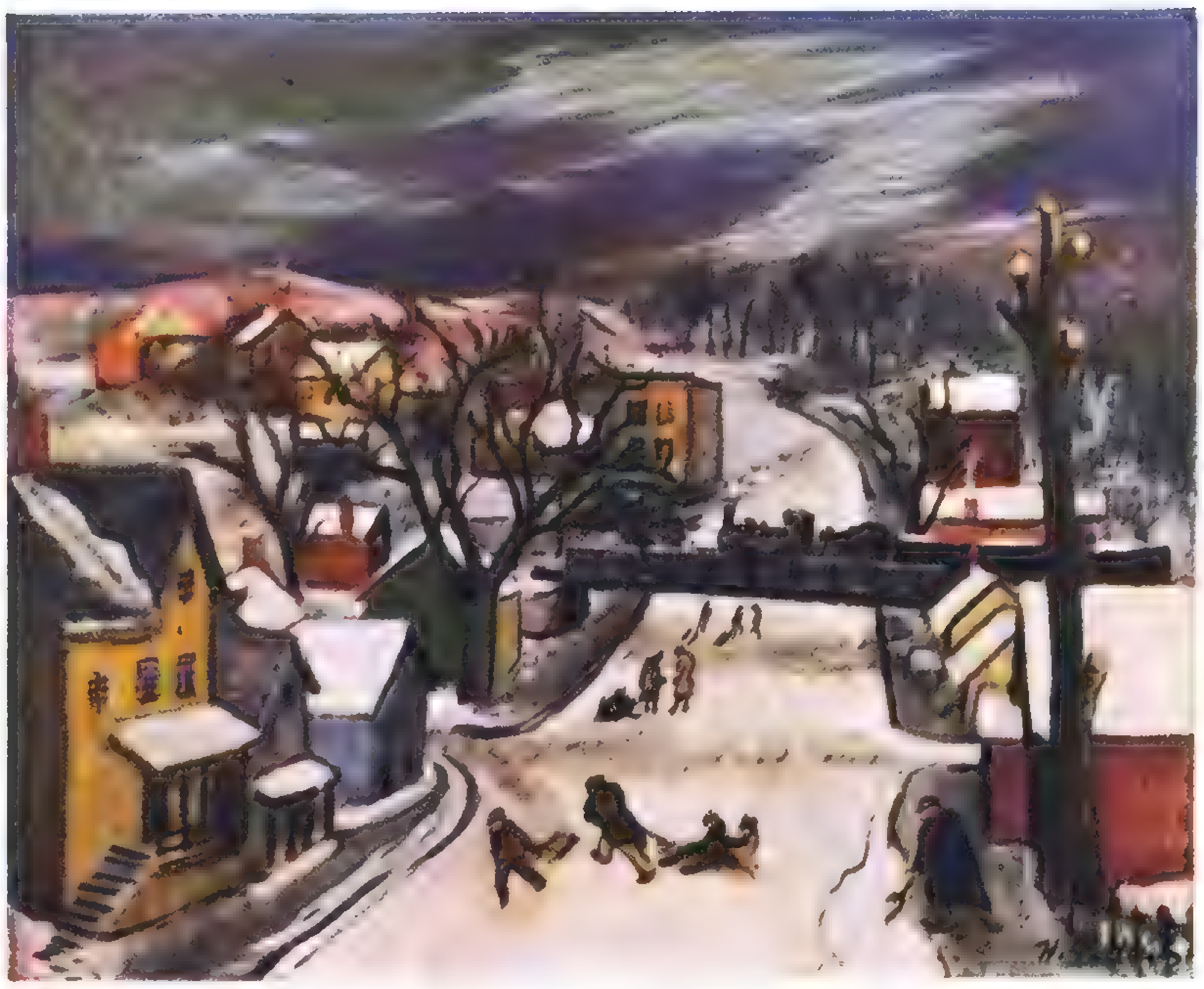


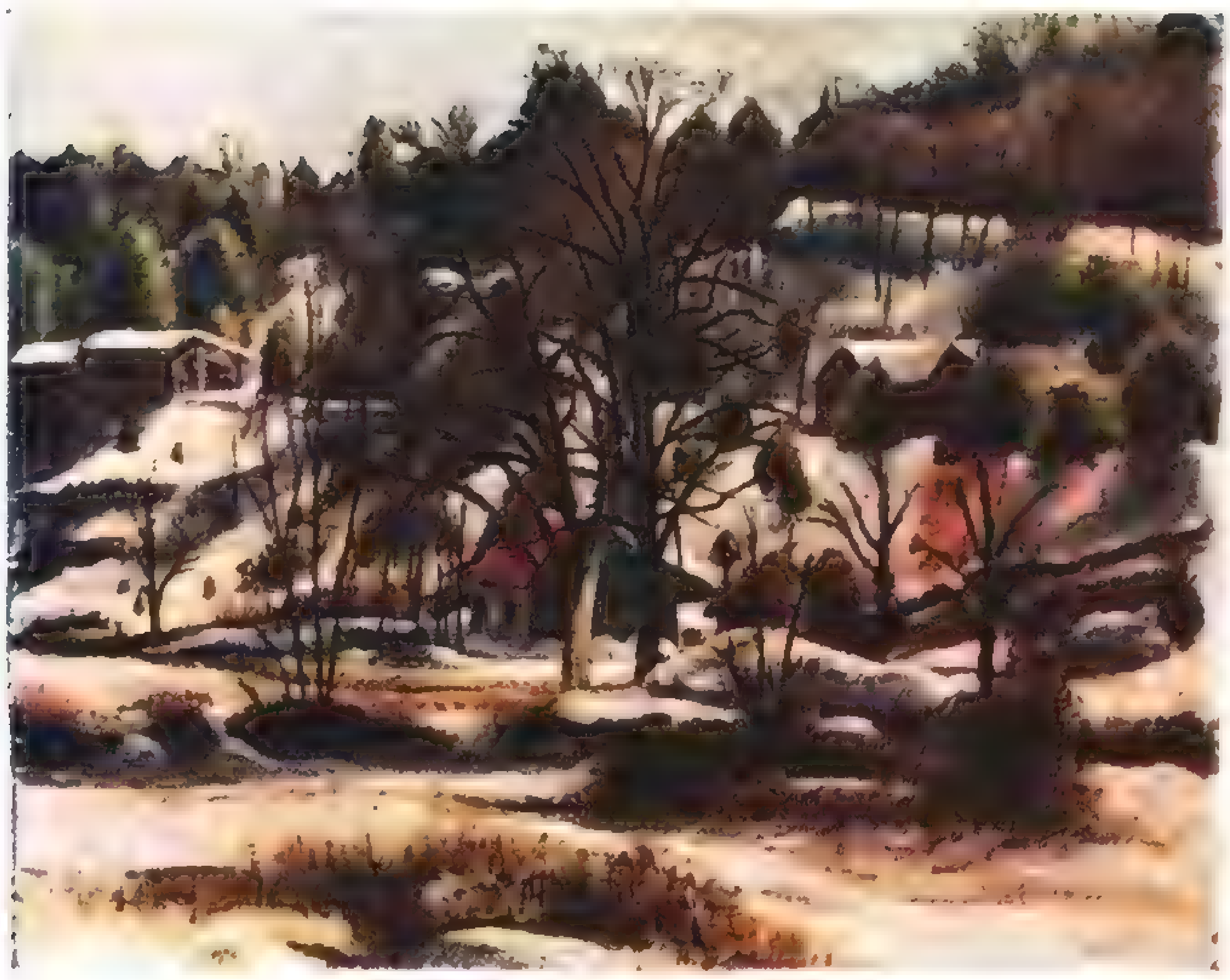
AT THE OPEN HEARTH



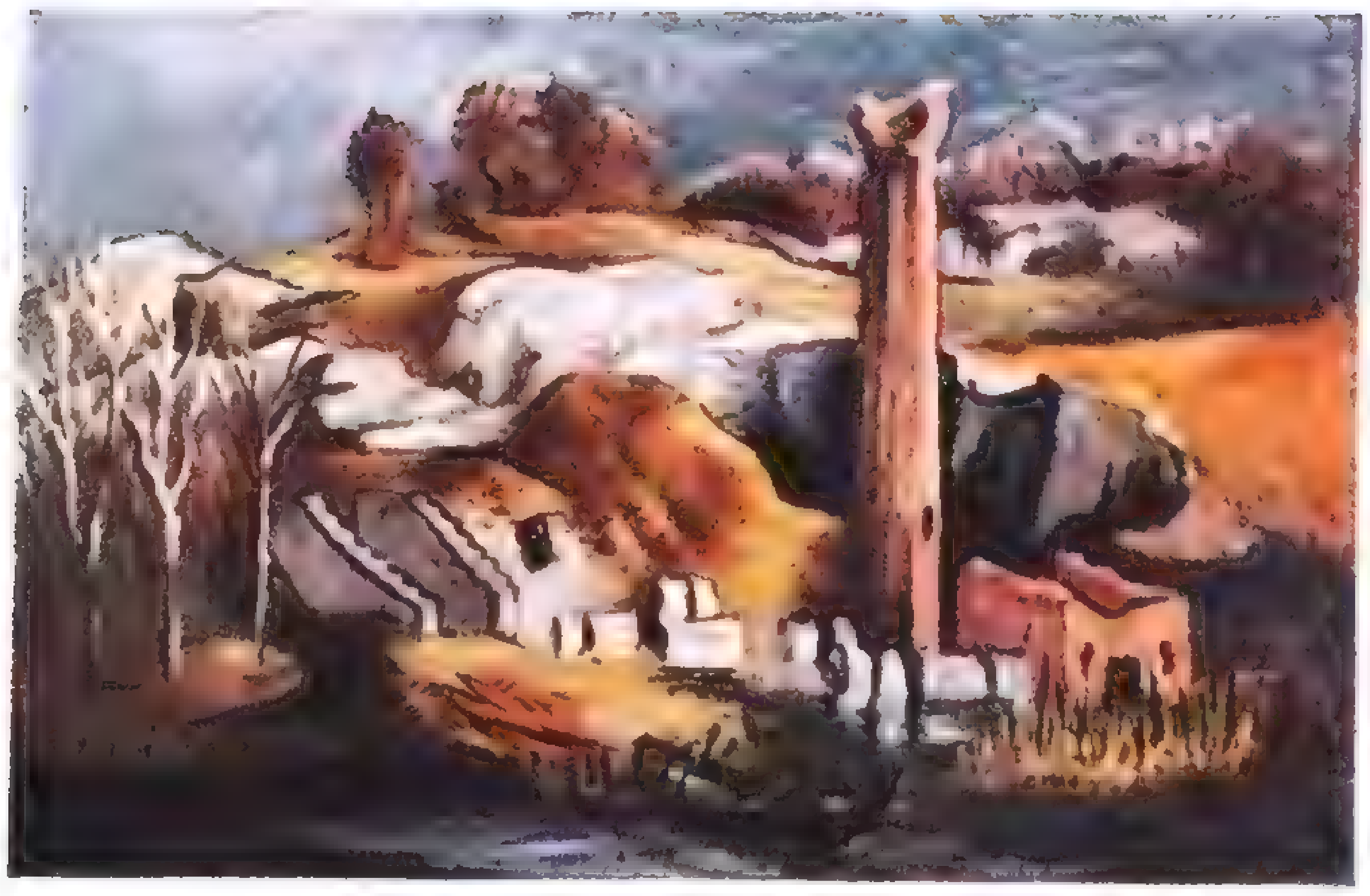
HEAD OF A MAN

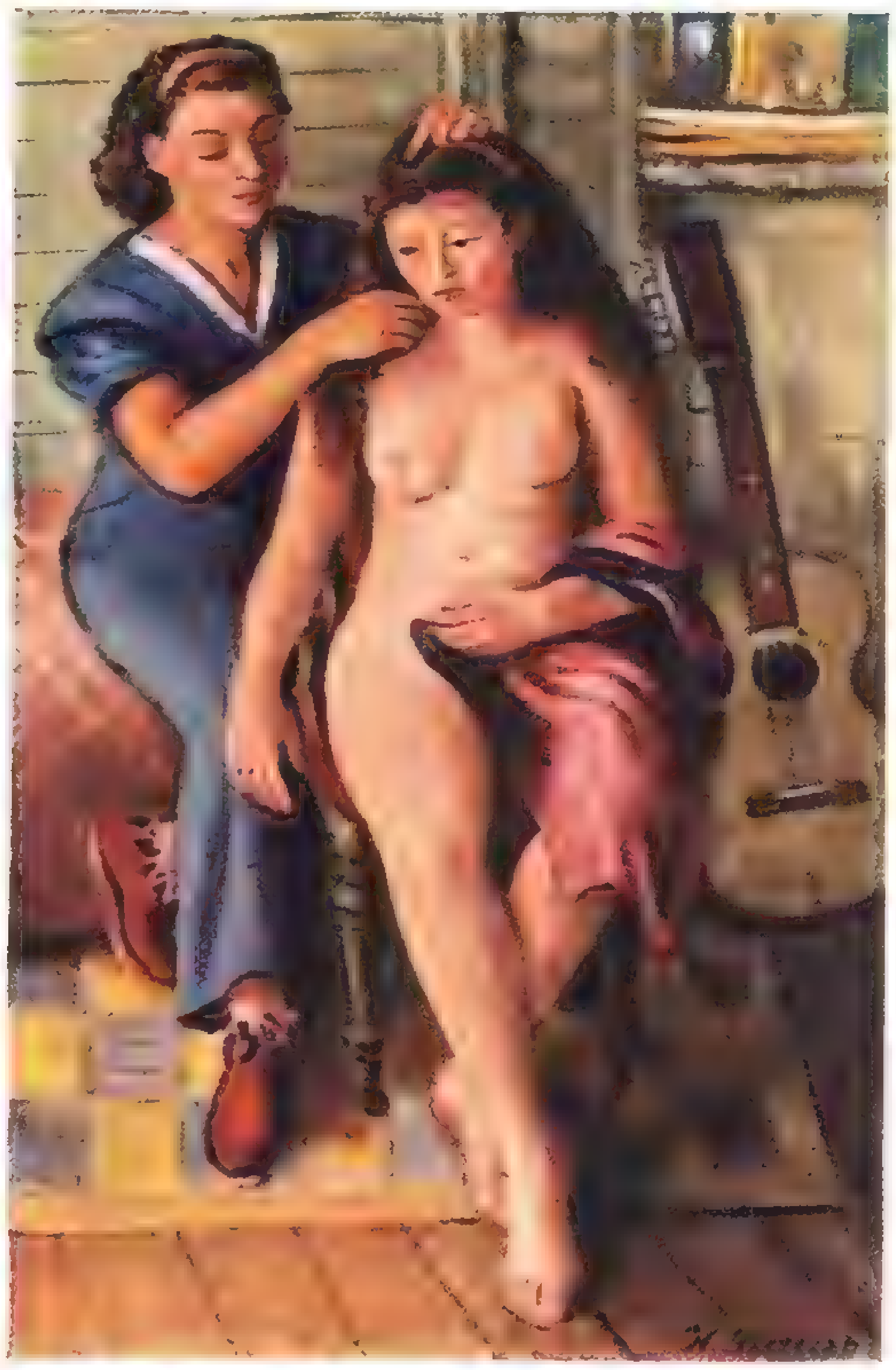

UNLOADING THE CATCH

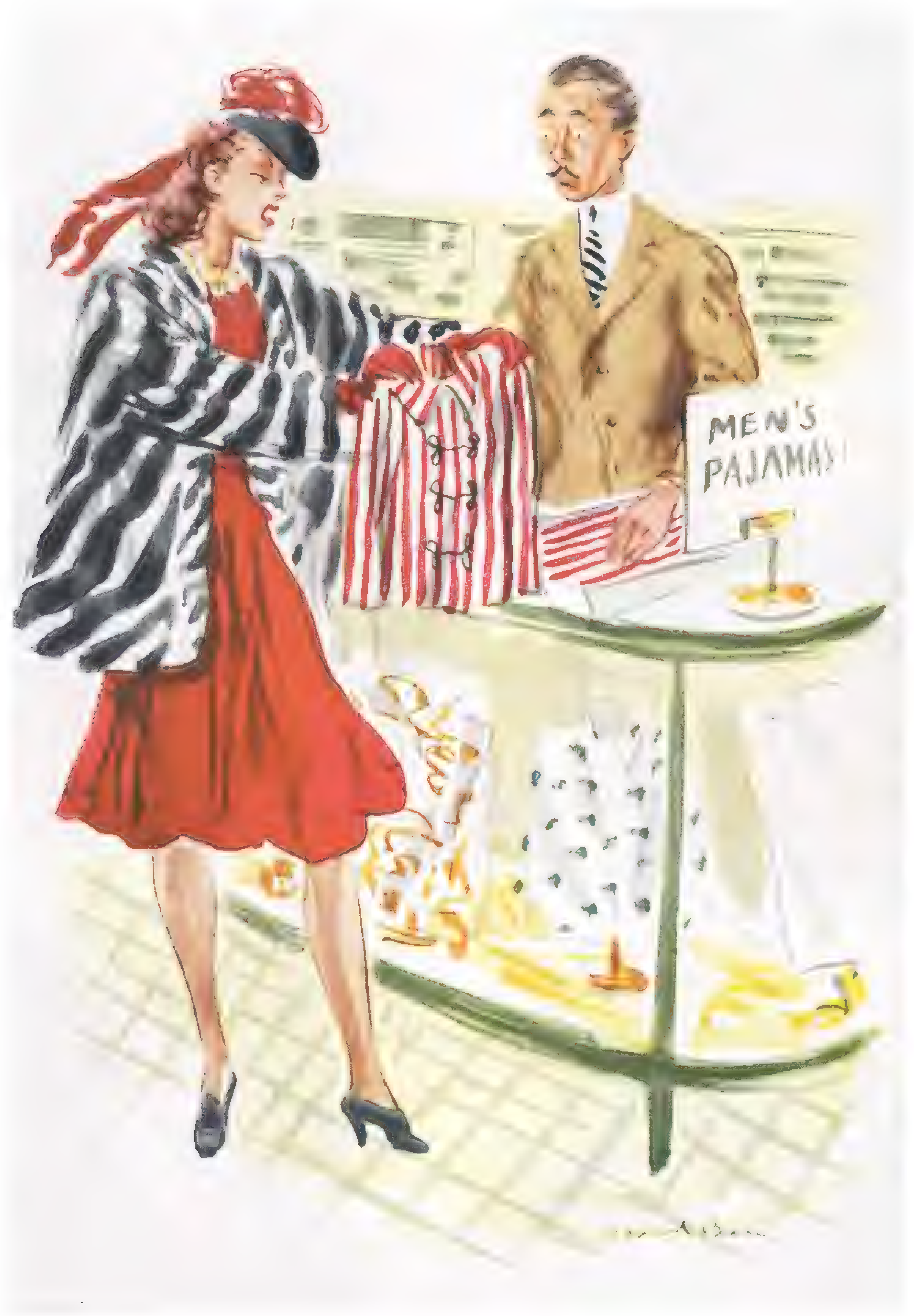

FIRST SNOW


WINTER AT THE MAVERICK

The Red Tablecloth, Head of a Man, and *Winter at the Maverick,* reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 West 8th Street, N. Y. C.; *Fisherman's Luck, At the Open Hearth, Unloading the Catch, First Snow, The Ruin* and *Toilette,* reproduced in Chicago by permission of the Harry Gottlieb Studio, 53 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.


THE RUIN


TOILETTE


MEN'S PAJAMAS

"Yes that's his size—unfortunately!"

Gliders Without Wings

Ski jumpers called perfect seem to sail with the clouds in a flawless, birdlike rhythm

by OTTO LANG

▪ SPORTS ▪

Ever since the days of Icarus, who, according to the myth, built himself wings of bird-feathers, flying has been the desire of human beings—this irresistible wish to sail through the ether, birdlike and light. Gliding and ski jumping are the nearest fulfillment of this ancient dream of Icarus, for which he paid so dearly with his own life when the sun melted the wax holding his wings together.

The longest jump ever made on skis is 107 meters, a most respectable distance, achieved by a daring young Austrian. For the jumper himself, it is an indescribable pleasure and stirring thrill, for the spectator a breathtaking and most fascinating sight.

How is it possible that a human body can cover such distances in flight and land safely, without a motor, with only two strips of wood attached to the feet?

A long evolution has taken its course since the days when those two Norwegian brothers, Torjus and Mikkel Hemmestveit, from Telemarken, made some remarkable leaps. Since that time Norway has kept the supremacy in ski jumping and the world's finest jumpers still come from Telemarken. True enough, other countries have presented many a wonderful jumper, but for each man of one of these countries, Norway can parade ten equally good. However, in return the Alpine Countries excel in their own and special field of this still fast-growing sport—Downhill skiing. By *force majeur* these boys from the high Alps have learned to plunge down the steepest mountain flanks—and the proportions in this field seem to be reversed.

It was a Norwegian who created a sensation and shot the bird at the Winter Olympics of 1924 in Chamonix. Tulin Thams jumped and won with a new and fantastic style. It was the first time that the word "aerodynamic" was mentioned in the vocabulary of skiing. Indeed, today "aerodynamic" is the trump and all the longer jumps are made with this technique, which means that the human body has to lie almost horizontal in the air, similar to the wing of a plane, to offer the least resistance to the forward gliding motion.

What are the necessary elements for a successful jump approaching the 100-meter limit? First of all, the hill itself; the proportions of in-run, take-off and landing; then the jumper and his abilities; the skis, and finally the snow. Each, in itself, is a factor of vital importance. Aside from the courage and the skill of the jumper, this acrobatic art has become a mathematical problem. Minute calculations of gradients, acceleration and maximum speed, profiles, curves and charts are necessary before the construction of any larger-sized hill. Strange as it may sound, the height of the take-off itself is of minor importance. Many of the longest jumps have been made on hills where the take-off was not extremely elevated. On the other hand, on hills where the take-off was almost as high as Juliet's balcony, no remarkable distances have been reached. But speed, concentrated speed, is the driving motor, and most important factor.

The jumper's speed is provided either by a fantastic-looking trestle or "natural" in-run leading to the take-off. Most of the jumpers prefer solid earth covered with snow. Trestles have the nasty tendency to sway in the wind and one feels as if suspended in a huge rolling rocking chair. The trees and spectators below, everything looks diminutive from this airy height and the result is a funny shaky effect on one's knees.

On a narrow platform at the top of the in-run, the jumper puts on his skis, inspects carefully his bindings, which make the skis part of his anatomy. Here he also makes his mind and body ready with absolute concentration for this coming magnificent flight. His skis are his wings, his arms are his helm. The skis are of hickory, which is the finest and fastest grained wood for snow, and possesses this rare affinity with the sharp-pointed snow crystals. They are longer and wider than any normal ski and provided with three grooves on the running surface, instead of the usual one on the standard Downhill and Cross-country ski. The reason for this is to make them "lie," to have them hold their line as straight as possible throughout the whole jump. Once the jumper has gathered his speed, tearing down the in-run, very often approaching a terrific 70 miles per hour, there is little time left to control the skis' direction, as in the space of a few seconds he will have covered the entire length of the hill and have dropped many hundred feet in altitude. Once the jumper is moving, his eyes are intently fixed on the very edge of the take-off. This moment, when he leaves the edge, is generally decisive. A good jump-off (*satz*) from the edge is three-quarters of a successful jump. Distance, air-flight and landing can be perfect only if the jump-off is perfect.

Every jump is judged by form and distance. It has often been suggested that a ski jump should be judged by the distance covered alone. As yet the results of this procedure have not been satisfactory for the simple reason that so many jumpers accomplish the same distance . . . but with unequal excellence of form. Whom to give the laurels to is the pressing question. That is the explanation of why the points for form are of greatest importance. It will also explain why it can happen that one fellow who hasn't soared quite as far as his neighbor can still beat him.

When the jumper leaves the top of the designated in-run for his coming flight, he has twenty points to his credit. Now it is up to him to preserve them. Approach, *satz*, flight and landing are critically observed by

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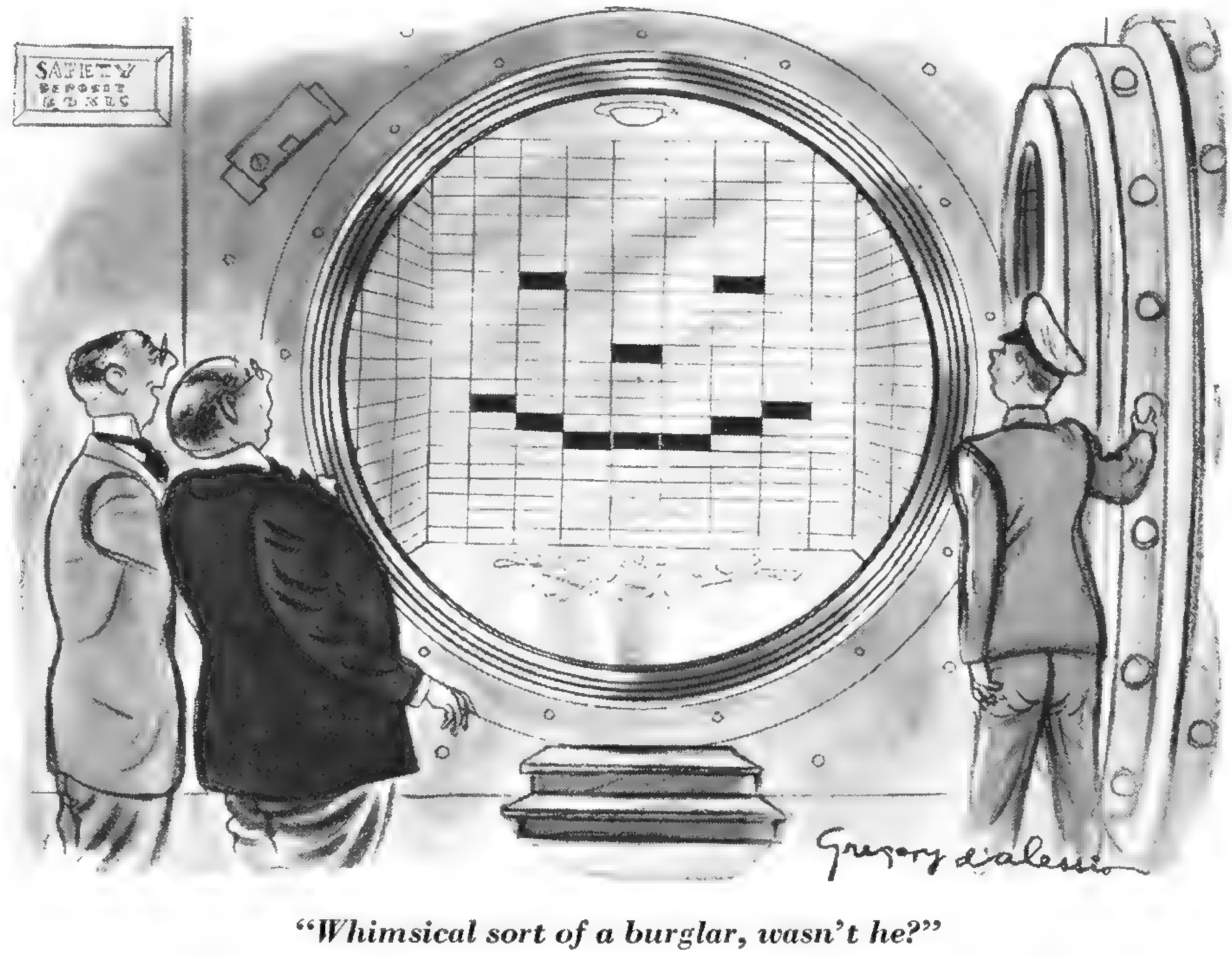
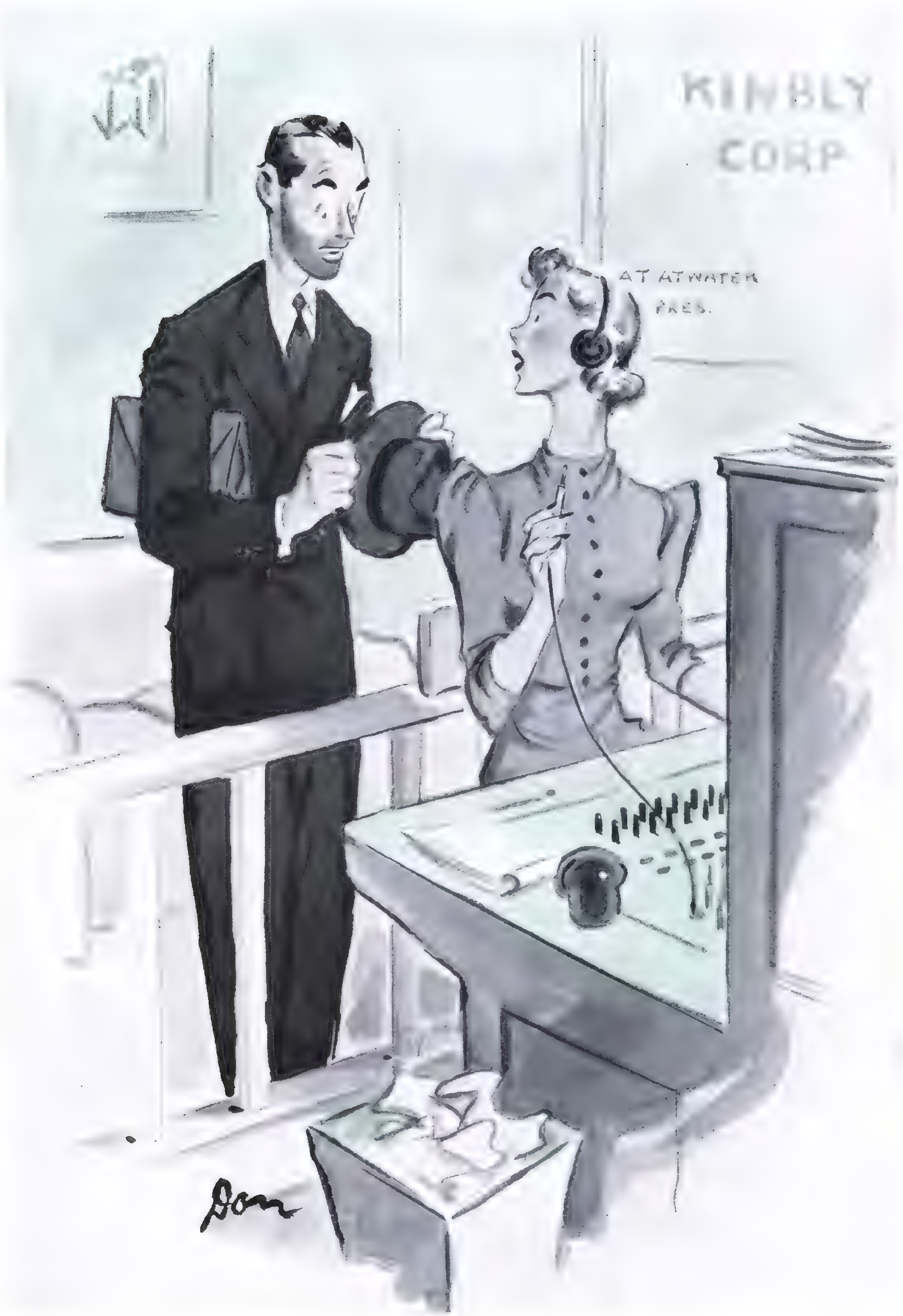


"Whimsical sort of a burglar, wasn't he?"


KINBLY
CORP
AT ATWATER
PRES.
Dom

"My beard is getting pretty long again—would I have time to run out and get another shave before Mr. Atwater sees me?"

Saint Karl Marx

He was unoriginal, a snob, an egocentric; he preferred destroying the International to letting another man lead the movement

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• ARTICLE •

For fifty years a modern process of deification has been taking place and now Marx is secure as the great labor saint of one-hundred-and-fifty-million Russians covering a territory of one-fifth of the earth's surface, as well as many more millions in Red China. He is even more. He is the heart and soul of most labor movements and his ideas, expressed in clumsy German terminology, are at present poisoning the youth of a good part of the world. Certainly the time has arrived when the great Karl Marx, author of *Das Kapital*, may himself come under the historian's dissecting knife.

For many years I have had a personal out-and-out dislike for the man. I disliked his materialistic theories, his involved spiral form of writing and, what is more, I disliked the man himself. I believe it most ironical that a person of his character should be set up as a great spiritual leader for future generations. Only deep and blind ignorance could go so far.

My own personal feelings should really not matter much and for years I have kept them more or less to myself. I know very well that many reactionary camps would be pleased to have some hot coals that they could use against this father of communism. I know also that the communists are themselves very touchy and brand the slightest criticism against them as fascist propaganda. I am not afraid of the danger of being branded a bourgeois reactionary or a degenerate capitalist for there are now too many who would know that this is not true. But to remain silent only because one's remarks may be used by crafty reactionaries against humanity is not a good enough reason. Humanity is big enough and strong enough to face the truth and certainly humanity is more injured by silence and covering-up than by the clear publication of facts. The injury becomes great when there are so many ready to accept a plaster saint for a real one.

This prophet Marx is only a stuffed one and the spiritual life he promises is sordid, thin, false and as egotistical as he himself was. So much Marxian poison is being poured into the ears of the youth of many lands that the time for crying "halt" has arrived. No spiritual life, not even that of the Mohammedans, has been founded on such flimsy inspirational stuff. And Mohammed's crooked scimitar was nothing compared to the brazen dishonesty of Marx. Sharp words such as these certainly call for clear and definite corroboration.

My first introduction to a sceptical outlook regarding Marx was as early as 1912 or 1913 when I became associated with two champions of the rights of man, Leonard Abbott and Harry Kelly. Many years have since washed away and in all this time I do not believe I have met two finer spirits. To both of these men I owe a great intellectual debt. At that time Will Durant was also associated with us in building America's first Modern School, as well as the artists George Bellows and Robert Henri and the print expert Carl Zigrosser and other great-hearted enthusiasts. Leonard Abbott had been a friend of William Morris in England and of many of the Fabian Socialists. He had known the great liberals of his time and it was he who met Gorki at Ellis Island after the novelist had been detained there, and took him to his little cottage in the country. Abbott once worked on the staff of *The Literary Digest* and later he was one of the editors of *Current Opinion*. It was he who gave me some pamphlets printed in London. They were written by a Russian exile whose name was Tcheckesof and were directed against the doctrines of Marx. Tcheckesof was a native of the Caucasus and was a good friend of Peter Kropotkin. One of the pamphlets I remember was titled *Some Pages of Socialist History*. But the arguments presented in those pages have escaped my mind. The flavor and scepticism, however, remain.

Harry Kelly, whom I met at about the same time, had as a youth been a printer in St. Louis and was active in the Labor Party. While he was still a young man he journeyed to England and with Kropotkin started, and printed with their own hands, the first issues of *London Freedom*. In the colony of exiles living at that time in England, he met the famous anarchist, Louise Michel. She had been a colonel in the army of the Commune and fought on the barricades. Her memoirs are filled with thrills, escapes and detective story intrigues. I can never forget the scene where she captured a French detective in London, took him to her apartment and forced him through torture to send a letter of her own dictation to his chief in Paris. I hope some day these memoirs may be done in English.

To return to Harry Kelly, he has given fifty years of his life lecturing and championing the rights of man. I have heard him speak in public many times, casting great clouds of doubt over the prophecies of Marx.

These great Marxian prophecies include what is termed "the concentration of wealth." According to Marx the big capitalist eats up the little capitalist and in our industrial society all the wealth quickly becomes concentrated in a very few hands. Then, says Marx, would be the time for state socialism to take over the entire wealth. This has proved very wrong, for in England and America and in France and other countries before the War, the number of millionaires has grown steadily since the time of this prophecy. Wealth has not been concentrated into fewer hands. His second great vision was

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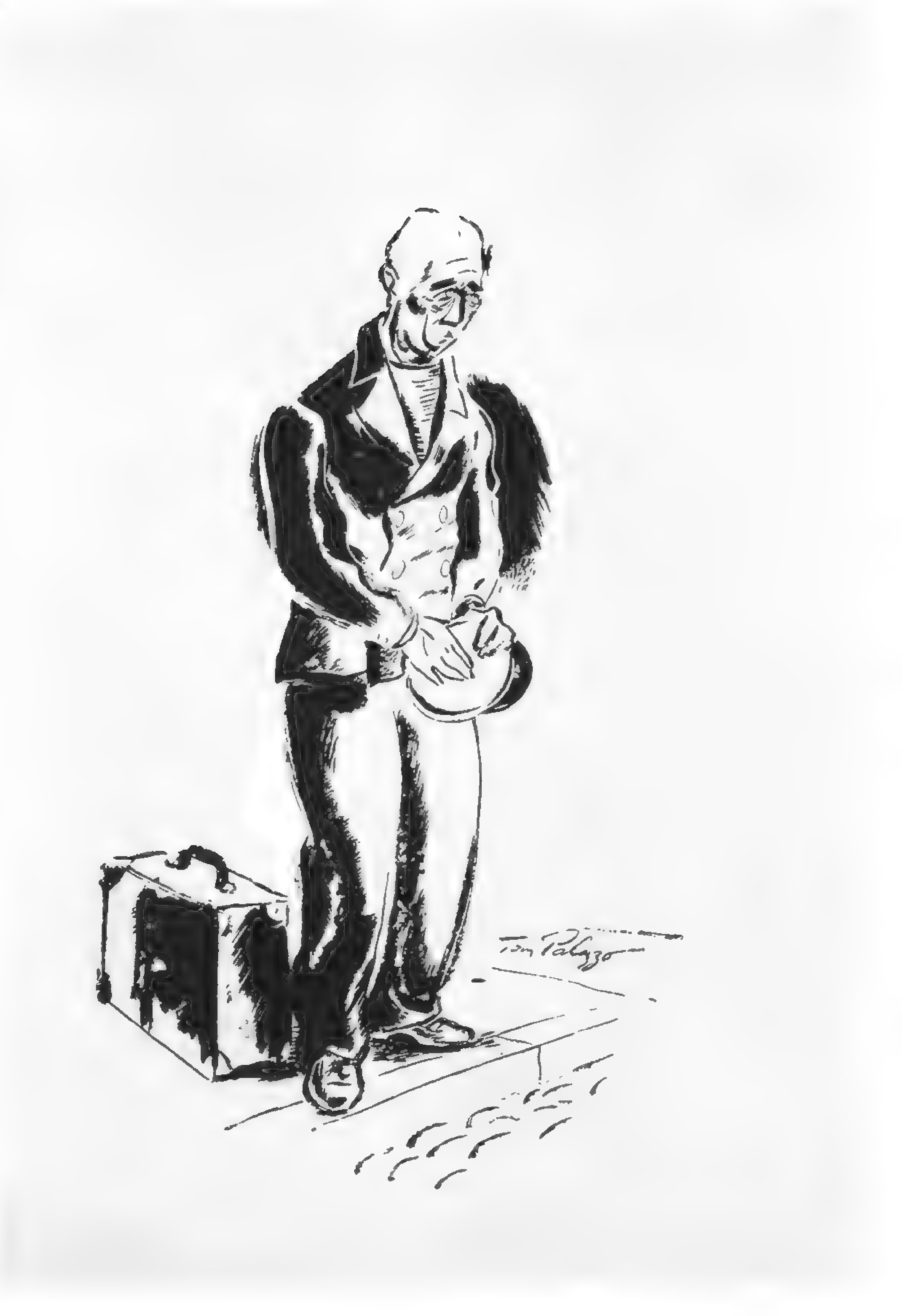
"We find the defendant not guilty—the District Attorney has laid another egg"

Solomon in Gothenburg

Each of the three men knew the other well and the trial meant attempting to out-shout and out-think the other

by HOLGER LUNDBERGH

• SATIRE •



On the train from Stockholm to Gothenburg, my wife and I spoke often of The Lamp. So far, it was only a large globe of champagne-colored Orrefors crystal, but as soon as we returned to New York it would be made into a lovely desk lamp. We smiled, and looked at the cardboard box that held our treasure.

It was past midnight on the eve of our sailing when we pulled in at Gothenburg. A small, grey-haired porter with brushy sideburns and tired, blinking eyes reached for the baggage I handed him through the compartment window. Together we tramped through the September-chill, almost deserted station. An eager wind from the North Sea frisked about the square outside, empty save for two taxicabs, side by side, and a stiff, solitary policeman.

Before our porter had finished deliberately stowing bags and suitcases around us in one of the cabs, the other car started. There was a sudden gnashing sound, brittle and awful, and when we looked out we saw the second machine plow full speed through the box with the glass globe, which our man had deposited on the pavement beside us. Without a moment's hesitation the other cab was off in a cloud of gasoline smoke.

We later remembered the cool reflections of the moon in the mass of splintered crystal that covered the granite square for yards around. At the time, all we wished was to get the name and license number of the departed taxi.

The policeman walked with a certain athletic ease towards us, his saber dangling, both thumbs stuck in his belt. He saluted, unsmiling but polite. The porter pulled an enormous bandanna from his pocket and wiped his face. I wanted it over with as quickly as possible, so I lifted my hat, addressed the officer as Sergeant, and told him in Swedish what had happened. His stiffness changed to courtesy, and he suggested that *Min fru* go on to the hotel, and that he and I have a talk in his office in the terminal.

My wife drove off, and the policeman said, matter-of-fact like, "This way, please."

"But the driver," I objected. "The one that broke the glass. What about him?"

The officer gave me a quiet look. "He'll be here," he assured me. "When I'm not on my post he knows where to find me. Carlman is an honest man. Also," he added confidentially, "he has quite a bit of money. We'll have no trouble."

Every inch a Sergeant he preceded me and the porter to his office. It was a small room, clean, but terribly cold. The policeman removed his cap, pulled off his white cotton gloves, and loosened the collar of his tunic under his round, blond head. With the gesture of a general about to attend a war council, he unhooked his sword, and put it on the table before him. He then produced a long printed form, and opened the lid of the inkstand. But before he began to scribble, something occurred to him, and he pushed back the chair, stood up and clicked his heels. "May I introduce myself," he said with Swedish solemnity. "My name is Andersson."

I rose and shook hands. "Lundbergh," I said. "Delighted, Sergeant."

"Not Sergeant, really," he corrected, and almost dropped the mask of dignity. "Only *överkonstapel.*"

"Just one step more," I said, "and may it come soon."

"Thank you, sir." He clicked his heels again and sat down. In the same moment the door opened, and a broad-shouldered man with a heavy black mustache, wearing a taxi chauffeur's uniform, entered.

"Evening, Andersson," he said gruffly, using the old-fashioned Swedish form of address, which two men of their class often employ on important occasions, even if they know each other by their first names. He had shrewd, quick eyes, and he swaggered into the office as though he owned it. I marveled at his speed in giving himself up.

"This is Carlman," said Andersson. "Carlman has been very careless tonight. This gentleman sails for New York tomorrow."

"It wasn't my fault," the driver retorted. "Lindkvist," he pointed at the porter, "shouldn't have put the box where I couldn't see it. It's his fault."

Lindkvist coughed, and passed the handkerchief over his face. He didn't seem to feel the cold. "Where else would I have put it?" he asked, reasonably.

"Correct," said Andersson. "Suppose you were backing up. Would you look around?"

"Sure," said the driver, "but this was

different. Yes, it was very different."

"How?" Andersson wanted to know.

"Hell," said Carlman. "Andersson is just trying to be nasty."

The policeman leaned back in his chair. "I will ask Carlman for his license," he said in a dry and grave-like tone. "I think I better keep it."

The chauffeur unhesitatingly pulled a pasteboard card from his inside pocket and tossed it on the table. Andersson picked it up and asked me, "Do you want it revoked?"

"Certainly not," I said. "All I want is the price of the glass. Here's the bill. They both seem to be at fault, and ought to share the expense."

"Quite," said Andersson, but Carlman interrupted him.

"Lindkvist," he almost shouted. The porter blinked tiredly. "If he hadn't left it there, nothing would have happened. He ought to pay the whole thing."

"Not at all," said Andersson. He looked at the bill. "Furthermore Lindkvist hasn't fifty *kronor* on him." I would have guessed that much.

"Perhaps not," Carlman agreed, "but the porters pool their tips, and he can get back most of it from them tomorrow."

This was leading nowhere, and I was getting colder by the minute. But the proceeding was such a delightful blend of aimlessness and strict authority, that I quite enjoyed it. It seemed almost as if I were listening to the Walrus and the Carpenter arguing with the Oysters. And in spite of a superficial flurry of temper, there obviously was no deep rancor or bitterness in the hearts of the three men. They had known each other for years. It was just a matter of one out-shouting and out-thinking the other—except for the patient little porter.

Now it was Carlman who thought first. "I want to tell Andersson something," he said. "I just want Andersson to listen to this. Five years ago I was driving a cab in Arvika, and one day I took a man from the station to the hotel. He had no baggage—only a violin case. When I drove off I ran right through the case. He hadn't put it all the way up on the sidewalk. He was a famous violinist, and he sued me for four thousand *kronor*. I won the suit," he raised his voice triumphantly. "I can prove it. I have the papers. What has Andersson to say to that?"

Andersson had absolutely nothing to say. He turned to me without a word. Our defense was tottering.

In the silence I heard an unseen clock tick, and the tramp of some railroad workers past the office window. But then a brash, a stupidly illogical idea seized me. "Naturally," I said, as confidently as possible under the circumstances. "That was a *violin.* That wasn't *glass!*"

"Exactly!" Grateful and relieved, Andersson slapped his hand hard on the table. "I bet Carlman has no papers to prove *that!*"

"Furthermore," I continued quickly, remembering that the driver was far from being a poor man, "since Carlman is sure that Lindkvist can collect part of his share from the other porters tomorrow, why doesn't Carlman pay me the whole sum now, and settle with Lindkvist later?"

The driver protested loudly, but Andersson judged it a fair deal, and Carlman counted out five ten-*kronor* notes from a fat pocketbook and gave them to me.

Our court adjourned. Lindkvist bowed himself out, smiling wanly, and Carlman picked up his license and stamped through the door, muttering to himself.

"Thank you," I said to Andersson. "It's almost two o'clock. You think I can find a cab without waiting too long?"

"Cab?" Andersson asked, buttoning his tunic. "Carlman will take you to your hotel."

"Would that be safe?" I asked.

"Sure," said the policeman, snapping on his sword. "He knows every inch of Gothenburg, even if he used to work in a hick town like Arvika."

"I don't doubt it," I said. "But he might be sore and try to get his money back, or something."

That, said Andersson, was the funniest thing he had heard in a long time. Between laughs that echoed in the empty station, he assured me that everything would be all right. "Carlman is a good man," he said. "He was just foolish tonight."

At the wheel of his cab, around which tell-tale pieces of glass glittered, sat Carlman glumly.

As he approached, Andersson called to him. "Carlman will take the gentleman to his hotel," he ordered.

The driver touched his cap. "And don't accept an *öre* for it," majestically added the policeman.

"All right," said Carlman, opening the door. I shook hands with Andersson, and Carlman and I were alone in the night.

Expertly, and in absolute silence the chauffeur drove me through still and ancient streets to the Hotel Göteborg. When we arrived, he got out and held the door open for me.

"It doesn't seem right," I said, both relieved and contrite. "I should pay for this."

"Andersson is an ape sometimes," said Carlman, "but orders are orders. Thanks just the same."

"Well," I said. "I'm sorry it happened."

"Don't worry," Carlman assured me. "I'll get my share back. No, I was just thinking."

"What?" I asked.

He chuckled ruefully, and made an imitation of me. " 'That was a violin. That wasn't glass.' Where'd you learn a smart thing like that? America, I bet."

"Nonsense," I said. "I just thought it up on the spur of the moment."

"It worked," said Carlman.

"Yes," I admitted. "It did." It was all very amicable.

"Damnedest argument." He shook his head. "I almost won, you know."

"I know," I said. "I had to think fast."

"I ought to go to America and learn some new tricks," Carlman said, getting back in his seat. "I need them for people like you. Just the same," and he winked broadly at me, "Andersson swallowed my yarn about the violin case."

And before I could answer he threw the clutch in and added, with terrible disdain, "*Me* driving a cab in Arvika. I'd rather die." #

Bone Bending in the Jungle

What was in the medicine canoe to soften the boy's bowed legs before witch doctors made them straight?

by WILLIAM LaVARRE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A MAN who explores lost worlds—or new worlds—comes, every now and then, smack up against something he doesn't believe. I have sat in primitive villages and seen, with my own eyes, things which I have never told anyone. If I repeated some of the things I have seen many men would think I was crazy, or still suffered a hangover from jungle fever. But just as there are amazing things still to be seen through microscopes, or in test tubes, so there are strange, almost unbelievable, things hidden from most of us under the jungle sun—or under the jungle moon.

If I lived a hundred years I would never be a believer in occult phenomena. All the spiritualistic seances I have attended have left me cold. A voodoo witch doctor sat up all night burning the painted wooden effigy of a man he wanted to kill. When tomorrow's sun was highest in the sky, the witch doctor told me, the man would die. I sat watching him, laughing at his black, uneducated mind. But the next day, at noon, the man fell overboard from his canoe and drowned in a river whirlpool. The burning of the effigy by the voodoo witch doctor caused his death? Nonsense! It was only coincidence.

I don't believe in astrology, or hypnotism—yet I have seen the jungle moon when it is full-faced do things to men, and cause men to do things to themselves, which are beyond belief. I tell you this, emphasizing the fact that I am a skeptic, because I am now going to tell you about something I saw in the Village-of-the-Gods deep in the jungles of Dutch Guiana, where thirty thousand wild black men live today, in the South American jungle, much as their Ashanti ancestors did, three hundred years ago, in darkest Africa. Their ancestors, brought over from Africa and sold to the Dutch planters by Portuguese slave dealers, were the only Negroes to free themselves immediately upon being unchained in the New World. No man had ever made a good slave of an Ashanti. They killed every planter, ran deep into the jungle, built thatched villages—and are, today, the only absolutely free and undominated black men in the world. The Dutch became so frightened by their repeated attacks on the coastal plantations that they made a treaty with the wild Djukas, giving them the Dutch Guiana jungles, fifty miles inland from the coast. They have their own king, *Ah-tu-den-du*. They have their own tribal laws—and no white man's court ever interferes with them. They pay no taxes but the white planters pay them 20,000 gulden annually to keep the peace. No white man can enter the interior without their permission. I carried *Ah-tu-den-du's* carved passport paddle, the sign that I had his permission to travel up the jungle river, the sign, also, that I had permission to *travel*, not settle. I had permission to pass through Djukaland. Nobody has ever been given permission to stop and live there.

MATERNITY
HOSPITAL
DOCTORS
Z. KINCAN
E. KINCAN

"What would you like to see first, your baby, your wife or your bill?"

The chief of the Village-of-the-Gods was the tribe's most important medicine man. He received me in his loin cloth and red toga after he had put some fresh white designs on his ancient black face. He spoke, as most Djukas do, talky-talky, a jargon of Ashanti, English, Portuguese, and Dutch. After a house had been provided for my overnight shelter he went back to his clay-banked ceremonial fire, sat down on his carved witch-doctor's stool. I went over presently to talk to him as he stirred a black pot with a long spoon—a wooden spoon intricately carved with snake and animal designs.

"Medicine?" I asked.

"*E-ya!*" he grunted. "*Bahkra sabbi?*"

"*Bahkra no sabbi,*" I said. The white man didn't know medicines. "*Me wani sabbi!*" I added, to show him that I was much interested. His bloodshot eyes opened. He nodded his head approvingly, like a famous professor who's just been told that another student comes eagerly to sip at his fount of knowledge. Then he looked around the village for a moment and called to a very old black man who sat before a small carved hut. The ancient one disappeared inside the door—and then came out into the late afternoon sunlight with one of the strangest sights I've ever seen. Gripping his guiding hand was a black boy with one leg very bowed, and one leg perfectly straight.

In the next few hours I heard—and saw—as remarkable a phenomenon as any white man has ever experienced. I know that most doctors of civilization will not believe it, although later I was to have everything I saw authenticated by medical men in Paramaribo. Here, brought out of the medicine hut for me to see, was a boy who was having his bow legs straightened, his curved bones *bent* straight, by Djuka medicine men. Here, far from civilization's modern science, were primitive doctors who knew a secret which would make many civilized doctors rich—if they could only discover it. "*E-ya,*" the witch doctor said as the boy was led toward us. The boy had been brought to the Village-of-the-Gods a few weeks ago with two very bowed legs. His legs were bowed since infancy. Now one leg was straight. By another moon the other leg would be straight also. The boy's mother would pay twelve chickens and a duck. The boy's father would pay a new canoe.

"In New York people would pay more than that to have their bow legs, or knock knees, straightened!" I said.

"*Qua?*" he asked, not understanding my English. I repeated my statement in talky-talky. Where I came from, I added, no one knew how to bend bones. "*Goblo!*" I exclaimed, I would certainly like to see how it

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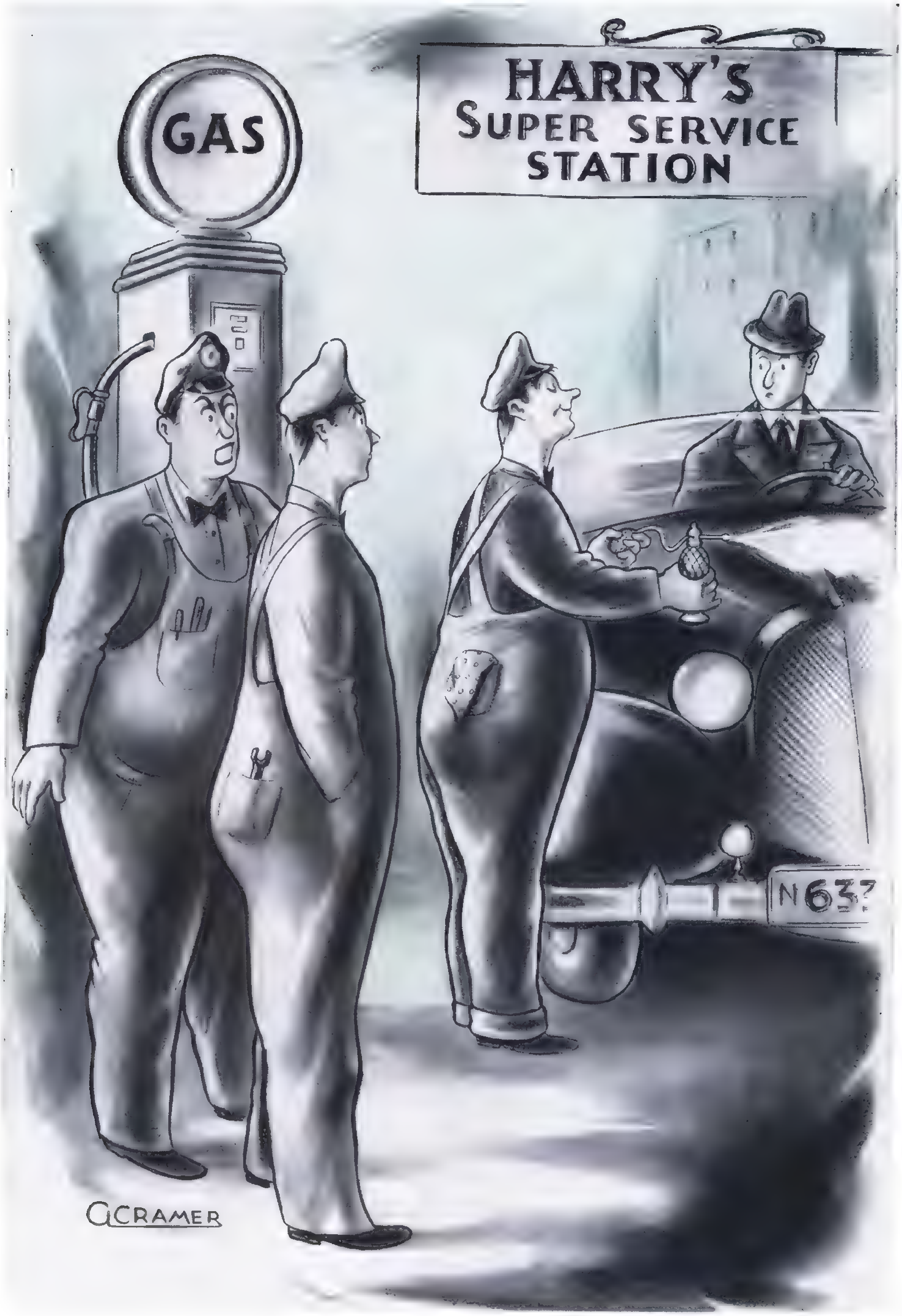

GAS
HARRY'S SUPER SERVICE STATION
N63?
GCRAMER

"Personally I think that's carrying service a bit too far"

Rustic Interlude

He'd kept telling Catherine it would be good for her to spend the week end roughing it on a farm

by DOUG WELCH

SATIRE

Well, we're almost there, Catherine. Please try not to look so grim. Yes, you are, too, looking grim. You look as if you smelled something. Just tell yourself you're going to have a swell time. You have no idea how much fun an old-fashioned farm can be. And educational, too. Why, you don't even know what kind of a noise a moo cow makes! Of course you don't. I'll take you out tonight and show you how I used to milk when I was a boy. Won't that be something! You don't think it will, eh? Well, try to be pleasant, no matter how you feel. Don't go down there and sourpuss everyone. It was darn nice of Joe to invite us down for the week end, and there must be some fun around the place or he and his wife wouldn't keep it. It will do you good to go primitive for a couple of days.

There he is, Catherine, waiting on the platform. Hello, Joe! How are you, anyway, you doggone old hayseed! I guesss you've never met Catherine, my wife. Dear, let me present Joe Bishop, gentleman farmer. She's never been on a farm before, and I've been telling her what it's like. She's simply dying to see the farm and your quaint old farm house. Of course it's quaint. All farm houses are quaint. Catherine's crazy about the country.

Aren't you crazy about the country, Catherine? I said aren't you crazy about the country, Catherine? Catherine says she's just crazy. A joker, Joe. Well, Joe, as far as I am concerned, I can hardly wait to slip into an old pair of pants and sit on a log somewhere and just whittle. It's the rest I'm looking forward to, Joe.

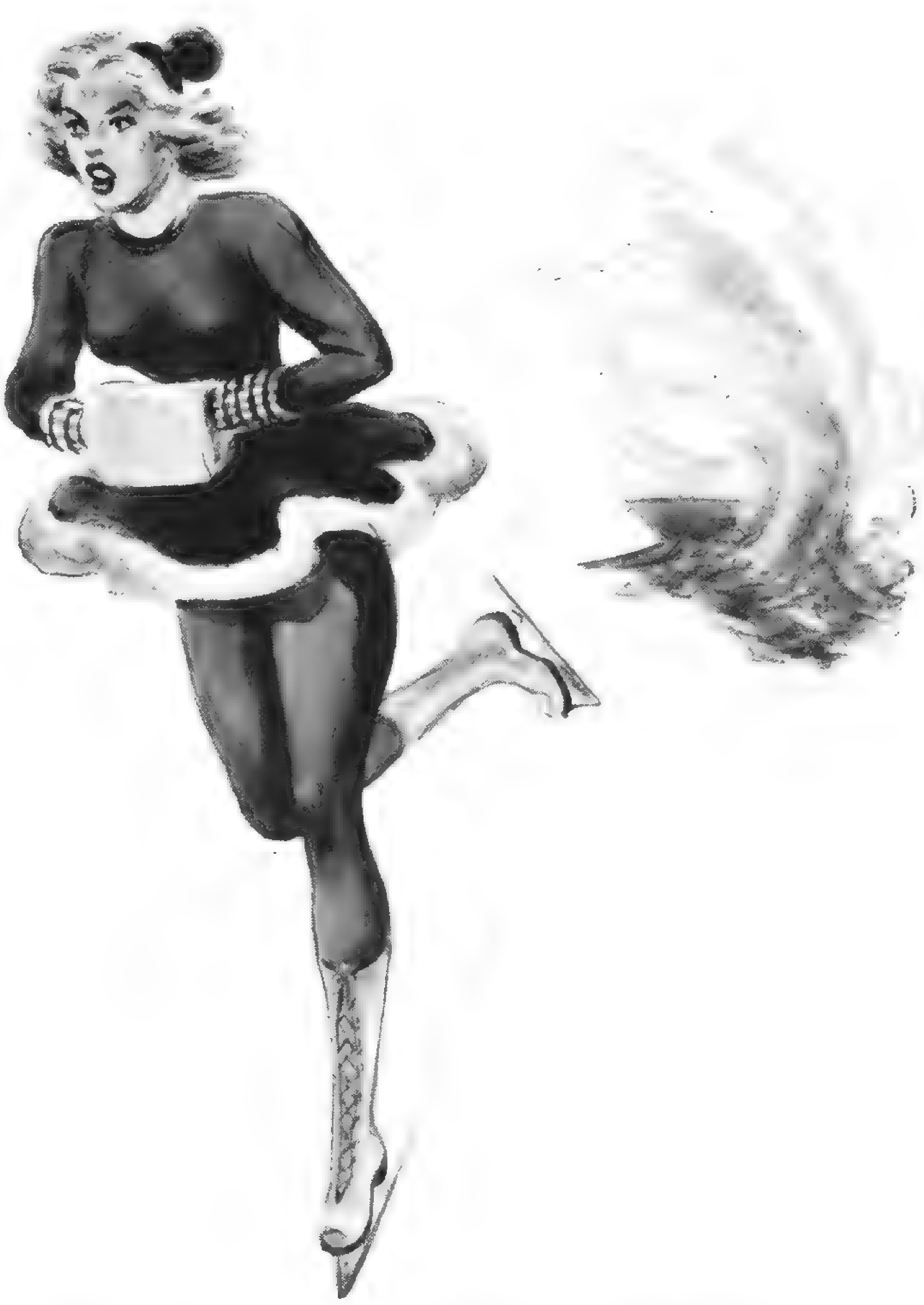
Let me help you with the suitcase, Joe. You'd die laughing if you could see what's in it. Catherine packed everything we own. You can't tell these city slickers what to wear in the country. If I'd done the packing, I'd have thrown everything we needed into a bandanna handkerchief and tied the four corners together. Country style, eh, Joe? I tried to tell Catherine all she needed was an old woolen skirt and a pair of oxfords, well run down at the heels.

Is this your car? Say! Some class! I'll bet it's the pride of the village. I thought you'd probably have a horse and buggy or a flivver. Looks as if it were freshly polished, too. It is, eh? What's the occasion? Is that so? A dance, eh? Where? You don't tell me! Say, that's great. Did you hear that, Catherine? A dance at the country club! I didn't know you had a country club. It sounds interesting. Old-fashioned country dances, I suppose. It's been a long time since I've heard *Turkey in the Straw* played the way it ought to be. Who did you say was going to play? Are you sure? But he plays down at the city, doesn't he? In the Venetian Room at the Biltlux. Well, this is a surprise! But I suppose you can't keep out the city's degenerating influence altogether. It will be an old clothes affair, I suppose. No, not really! Formal, eh?

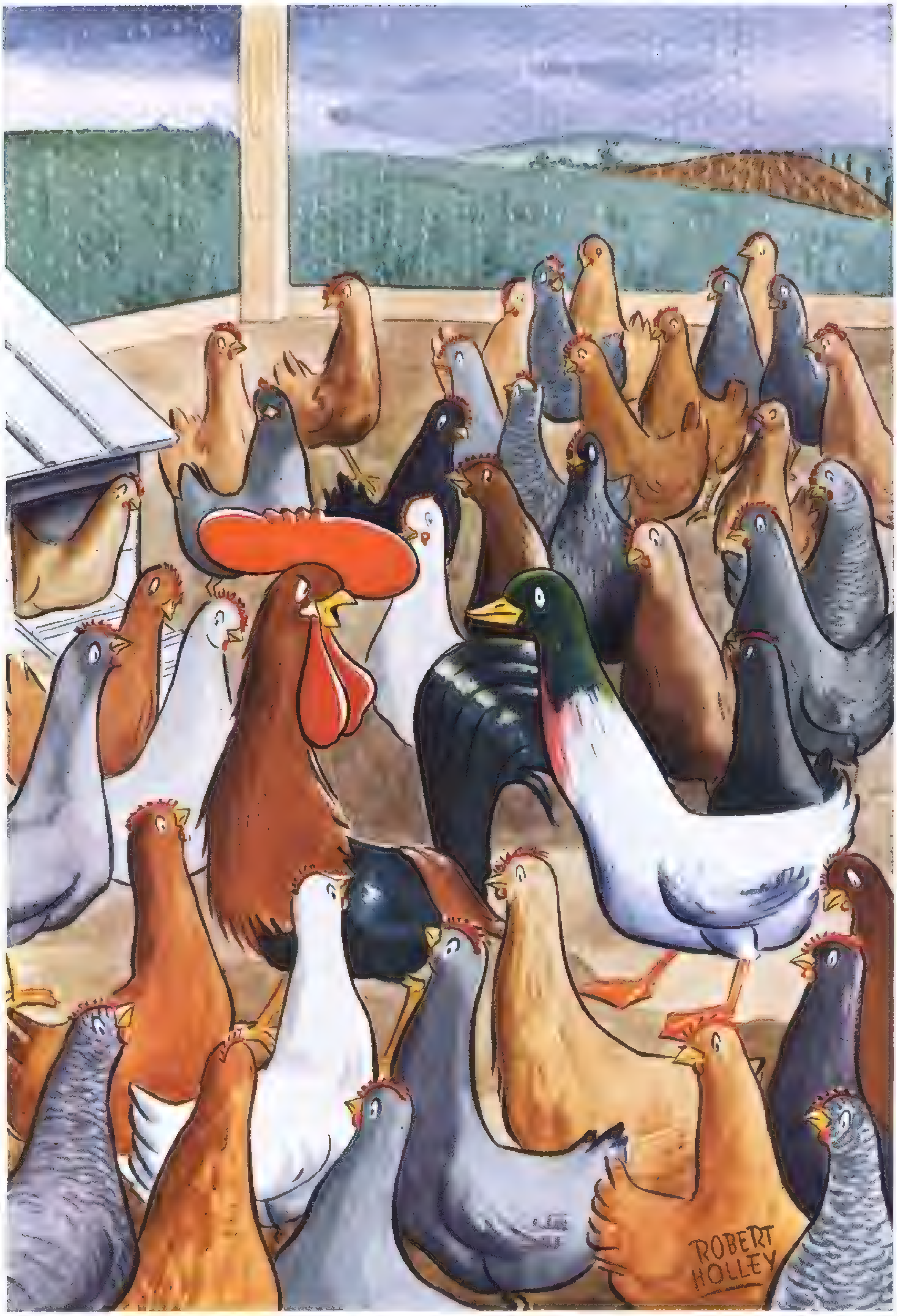
How far is it from here to the shack, Joe? I remember you said it was on a lake. I'll bet that means you've got a rowboat. Catherine, I'll take you out this afternoon and show you the way I used to stroke for Central College. And, if there's a fish or two around, I guess it wouldn't be a bad idea to let down a piece of string and a bent pin, eh, Joe? Oh, there aren't any fish? They did? What killed them? The oil? What oil? The oil from the speedboats, eh? Are there many speedboats on the lake, Joe? About forty? How big is the lake? A block long? Well, that's a pretty good-sized lake. Can't quarrel with that. But how do you manage when all the speedboats go out at the same time? You keep in line, eh?

What do you do for swimming, Joe? You have your own pool, eh? I'll bet your pool's a couple of barrels. Aha ha ha. Say, what's that big building over there? I mean, through the trees. A state institution or something? Oh, it is, eh? Did you hear that, Catherine? He says it's his place? Some kidding, huh? No fooling! Is it really your place? But where's the barn? You made it over into a summer house and playroom, eh? Well, that's pretty swell. What did you say? Cocktails at five. Cocktails at five, Catherine.

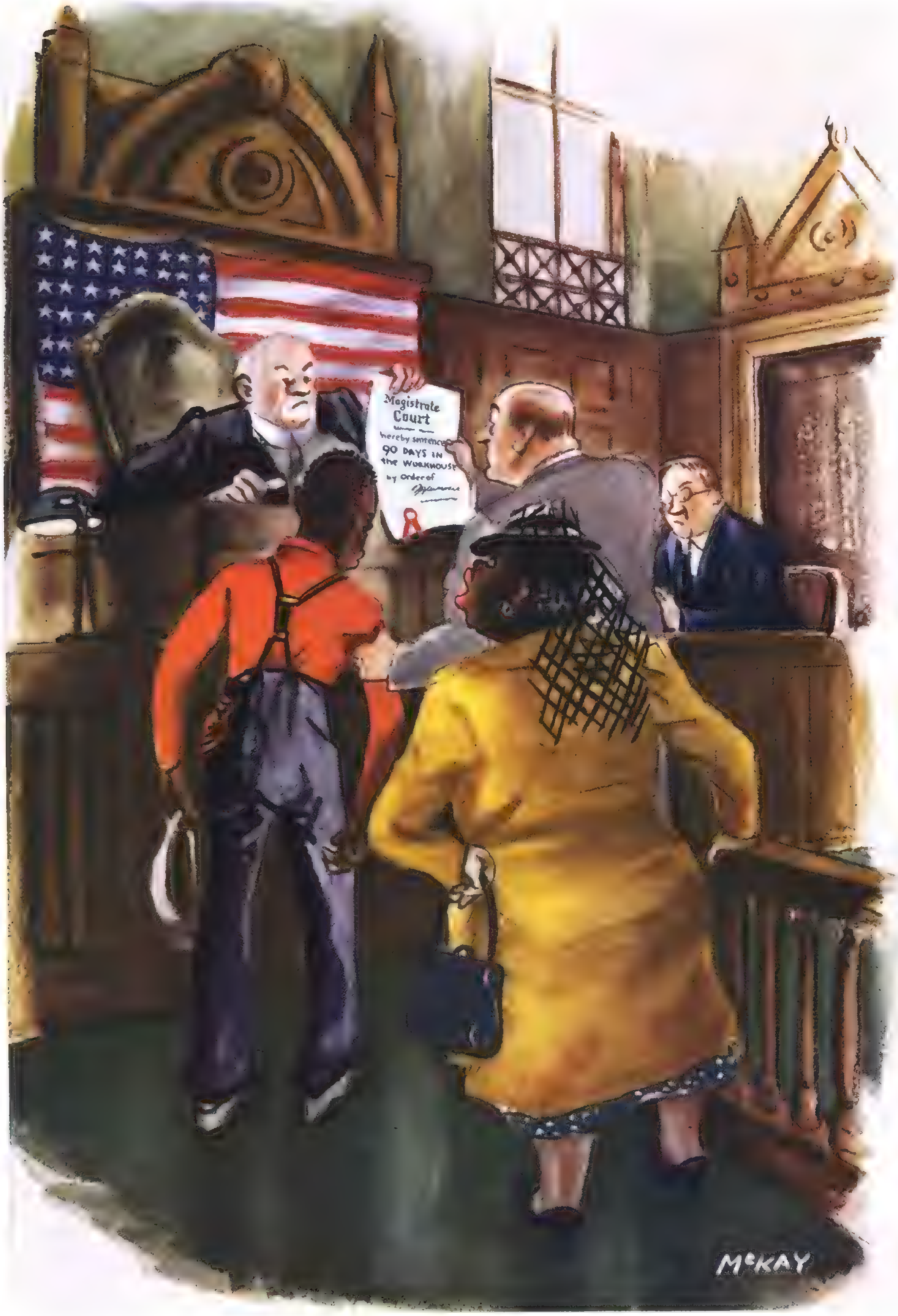
What are you laughing at, Catherine? Catherine's laughing fit to kill. Come on, Catherine, tell us the joke. She's practically in hysterics, isn't she? Well, you know these women. They have their own private little jokes.



"Well, just because I ask for an increase in allowance you don't have to shut up like a clam"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"I just wanted you to see what I'm up against"


Magistrate
Court
hereby sentence
90 DAYS IN
the WORKHOUSE
by Order of
McKAY

"Judge, that serves him right. He's given me trouble since the day he was born. Ah'm sure glad I didn't marry his pappy!"

Out Where the Jest Begins

Much Western humor has the impulse to bring pretenders down a peg, is slow, cynical, realistic but deadly

by ERIC HOWARD

ARTICLE

A DUDE wrangler who had also been cowboy, miner and scout, and who was otherwise distinguished by the most extraordinary mustachios ever seen on a human face, was entertaining his customers after a hard day. He was telling the thrilling story of the time he had been swept off a raft into the swirling waters of the muddy Colorado. He mounted the ladder of suspense to the top rung. The silt was weighing him down, taking him under. Then he paused. An Eastern lady, his unconscious stooge, gasped: "But how did you escape?"

"Ma'am," he assured her with true Western solemnity, "I didn't."

There you have the basic formula for Western humor of exaggeration. There are countless variations of the same yarn. There is also the familiar classic of the man who claimed that he dug the Grand Canyon. When someone expressed doubt, another old-timer spoke up and swore it was the solemn truth—he knew, because he himself had wheeled the dirt away and had made the San Francisco Peaks!

Exaggeration, in the humor that is uniquely of the West, sometimes runs to such wild and fantastic extremes that it is breath-taking; imagination can go no further. Yet such tall tales are usually related solemnly, slowly, in a way that makes them seem like everyday occurrences.

It has often been pointed out that exaggeration is the basis of most American humor, notably the humor of the frontier. Understatement, however, is perhaps even more often the foundation of the Westerner's special brand of comedy—as unique an expression of regional character as remains in this country.

I drove into a small Western city recently. On the main street I saw a sign over a restaurant: The World's Finest Steak. I called it to the attention of my companion, a cowman. He looked at it skeptically for a moment, then drawled: "Ought to be a fair piece o' meat."

The instinctive tendency of the slow-spoken, humor-loving Westerner is to take everybody and everything down a peg.

A man who owned, leased or controlled an area twenty by forty miles, in New Mexico, was asked about his ranch by a Californian he was visiting. He said of it, "Oh, it's just a little-bitty old cow outfit up in the mountains —country not even the Injuns wanted." When I told the Californian, who took this literally, that the rancher owned thousands of head of cattle, hundreds of horses, employed scores of men, permitted a dozen Mexican families to squat on his land and had his own little tribe of Indians living on his bounty, the Californian was incredulous. The Californian, during the past few decades, has become known as a boaster and a booster; the Westerner of the still wide-open spaces is more given to disparagement and understatement, except where his fancy runs wild in tall tales, which are supposed to be enjoyed but not believed.

Westerners seldom play tricks on visitors—such as giving a man a bad horse to ride—unless their guests are boastful. If a man claims he can ride anything, they may give him a horse no one can ride. If he rides well but, in the Western tradition of understatement, says, "I'm the sorriest rider that ever forked a bronc," he'll draw a decent mount. I heard a world's champion cowboy and rodeo star say, "That horse is dynamite. You couldn't get me on him for seven hundred dollars!"

Seven hundred dollars is a significant sum, for what reason I have never been able to learn. One hears it everywhere in such phrases as: "Drunker than seven hundred dollars," "Crazier than seven hundred dollars," "Madder than seven hundred dollars."

Westerners habitually and humorously make light of their possessions.

"Poor?" one man drawled. "I'm so poor a coyote would pass me up." He then proceeded to build a new house, buy a new car and send his two children to college.

"Nothin' to eat but beans," a rancher said earnestly, "but you're welcome to them."

Whereupon we sat down to a groaning board that held two kinds of roast meat in unlimited quantity, several vegetables including the inevitable beans, relishes, pickles, bread, biscuits, coffee and pie. Eating heartily and enjoying it is in the tradition; Western women delight in feeding their men; Western men are usually excellent cooks. A lot of Western humor has food for its subject.

Sex, the *sine qua non* of sophisticated humor, is seldom discussed or joked about. In a relatively womanless country, men are still woman-shy. There are still only two kinds, good and bad, and the good are pedestaled. A nurse at an Indian agency, however, quit her job in disgust, saying, "The damnedest place! I've never been where I couldn't have a man at least once a week."

Indians, on the other hand, are very frank in their talk, in their own languages, and often jest about the relations of men and women. Among the Pueblos, the clown dancers often amuse the crowds by simulating sexual pursuit and relations. Navajo women, so modest in dress that their ankles are seldom seen, say things that would go big at a party of sophisticates.

The humor of the Spanish-American or Mexican in the Southwest is another thing. They are a rather sad people, except when engaged in the business of making fiesta. Often, their humor is merely an amusing twist given an unfamiliar language, as when

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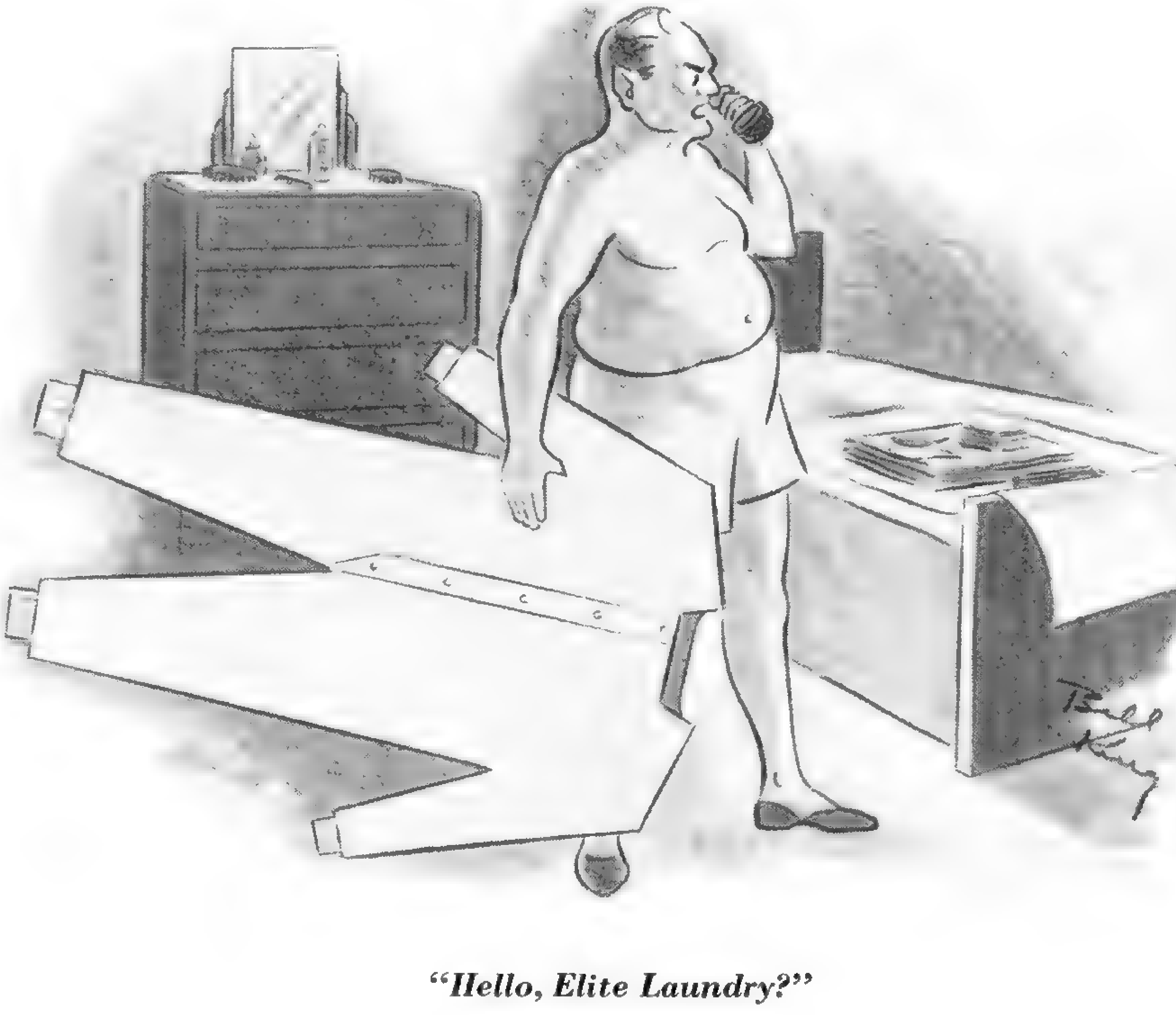
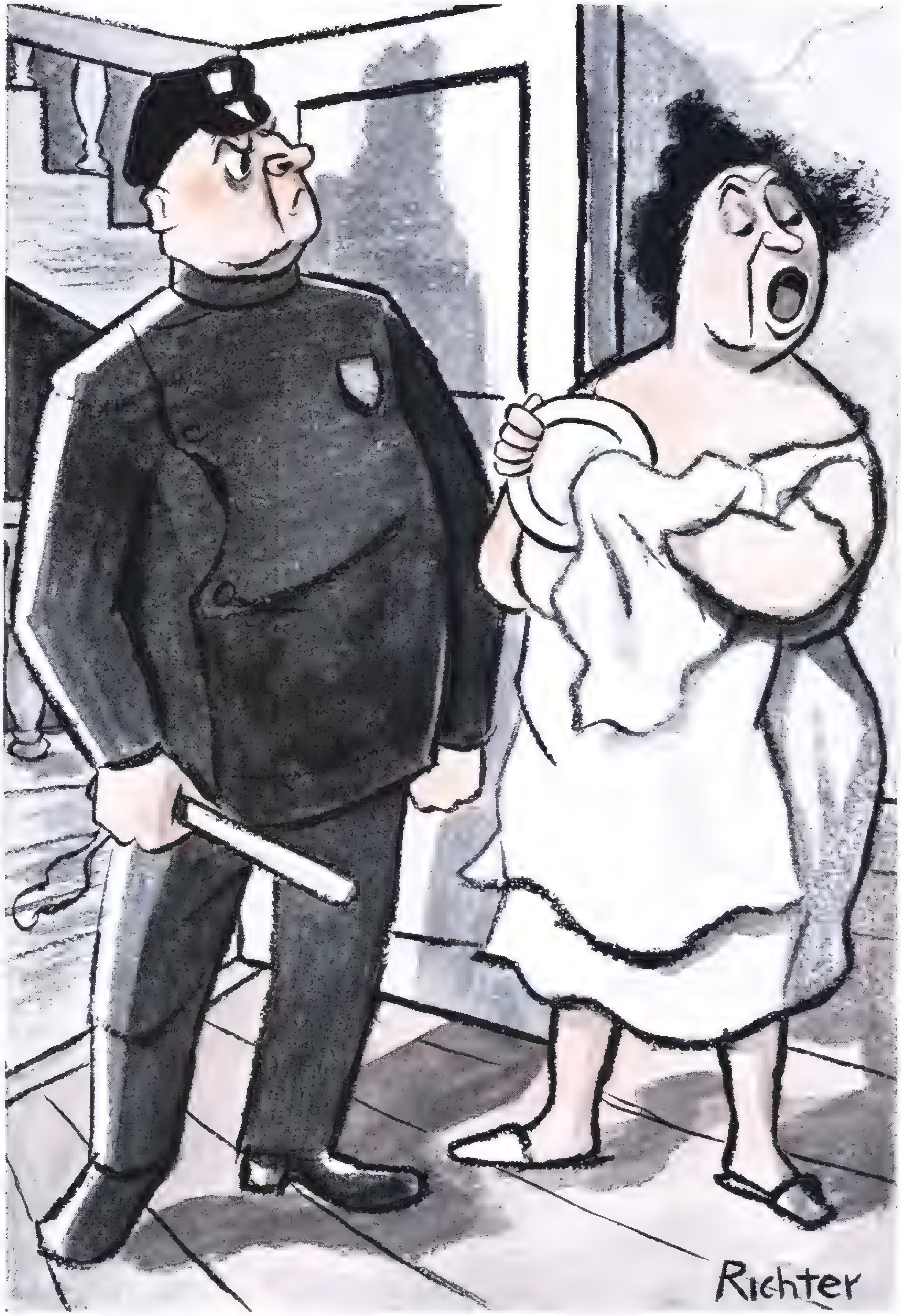


"Hello, Elite Laundry?"



"Hey Butch! The gentleman you was expecting is here"

Tots Save the Show

The safest insurance against a picture's flopping is to send scouts to the maternity wards

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

PROBABLY I shall be fired for admitting this, but it's true: I am in the process of laying out television programs for several months ahead, and I have not yet signed up any person under three years of age. This marks me as ultra-conservative, behind-the-times, and definitely not a good producer. For the movies and the stage, and to an extent radio, have all been cashing in on the tots.

There was a time when horses and dogs did as much, for the movies, anyhow. But for many years now, the Higher Infantilism of Hollywood has carried the day.

And I'm not wasting my time, and yours, writing fancy sneers about the childishness of the Hollywood product. At least I won't do it without mentioning the fact that certain well-considered writers have done all their important work about adolescents, that quite respectable magazines give about half their fiction space to children who never grow up, that babes who ought to be in arms clutter up the Legitimate Stage—and the Legitimate Stage is extremely intelligent.

Moreover, quite a number of the Hollywood children have shown remarkable indications of being live human beings. In a sense, that's news.

To a producer of a dialogue or singing picture, a child is what a railroad wreck used to be in the days of perfect quiet on the screen; insurance against failure. If the picture was weak, if the plot conspicuously smelled, you could always patch in a wreck, preferably over a bridge, and usually the same stock shot, and the picture was saved. This went out when talk came in, but something had to take its place. You can't invest half a million dollars and then not try, at least, to retrieve the results of your bad judgment. (Your bad judgment, my eye! It's the errors of your script writers and directors and actors that ruin a picture.) So if you're wise, you begin your insurance long in advance, when it costs least. For $75 dollars a day you can get as cute a little one-week-old trouper as you need, from any good maternity ward in Hollywood. That entitles you to two hours of work, in the day, and of that period, only twenty minutes is under the camera, and of those twenty minutes only thirty seconds can be consecutive. There are other incidental expenses: a nurse and a representative from a welfare bureau: and you've got to baptize the little one with a Social Security number. But you've got something in the end. Can you imagine the elation of D. O. Selznick if No. 201-34-875-b32 (currently playing a small but essential role in *Gone With the Wind*) should steal the show and demand his/ her/ its name on the marquee! Things like that have happened. Ethelbert Copeland did pretty well for himself in *Bachelor Mother* and I suppose you all know about Sandra Henville.

Of course there's trouble there. Sandra is one year old and is still playing Sandy, but Sandra's a girl and about fifteen years from now the studio will have a lot of explaining to do to the public.

By slipping back to the maternity ward and the incubator, Hollywood has made the young of the human species human, and has robbed the child actor of glamor. There are dozens of smart children in the world, and any practical parent teaches Junior and Missy how to tap before he teaches them how to spoon up driblets of softboiled egg with crumbled bacon in it. You tap, you sing, and you imitate Shirley Temple imitating Mae West and you are a child star. But whoever now thinks of a child as being "precocious"? You never hear the word. And that means something good.

It means that children are being judged by the standards of their elders—that is, by the amount of sheer entertainment they give you, by their talents, gifts, experience, and all-around goodness. No apologies for their being children; and presently, I hope, no appeal to sentiment because they are children. After all, you never were asked to excuse anything Rin-tin-tin couldn't do well, merely because he was a dog. And in the best pictures, you weren't asked to admire him because he was "so intelligent for a dog" (a nasty crack there). Like Tom Mix's horse and other notable stars, dogs and children are to be taken for whatever they can give—regardless of age, sex, or previous condition.

Suppose we brush one irritating subject out of the way, at once. Children as group comedians. There used to be dozens of them; there are still one or two. Without exception, I hate them all, and if you like them, you go your way and I'll go see a newsreel of 1937 or some equally superior object. About those children I feel only as the Pilgrim did . . .

Do you remember *The Pilgrim?* It came shortly after Chaplin had done *The Kid* and the Kid himself, Mr. Coogan of now, had made a hit. I don't think Chaplin was jealous of his own creation, because he is a good critic and he knew perfectly that the star of *The Kid* was an actor named Chaplin; but maybe Chaplin was a little nauseated by certain columns of drip and drivel. In any case, *The Pilgrim* brought forth another child (whose name may have become famous and respectable in some other connection, so we needn't mention it here) and this child was as obnoxious a brat as you'd ever see. Not a tough child, like a deadender; just someone else's child, a mean, cheating, dark-hearted blighter, aged about five. (There are millions of them.) And about two-thirds of the way through the picture, the brat did something particularly revolting and Chaplin, making sure that no one was looking, set his foot right in that child's stomach, and kicked him right

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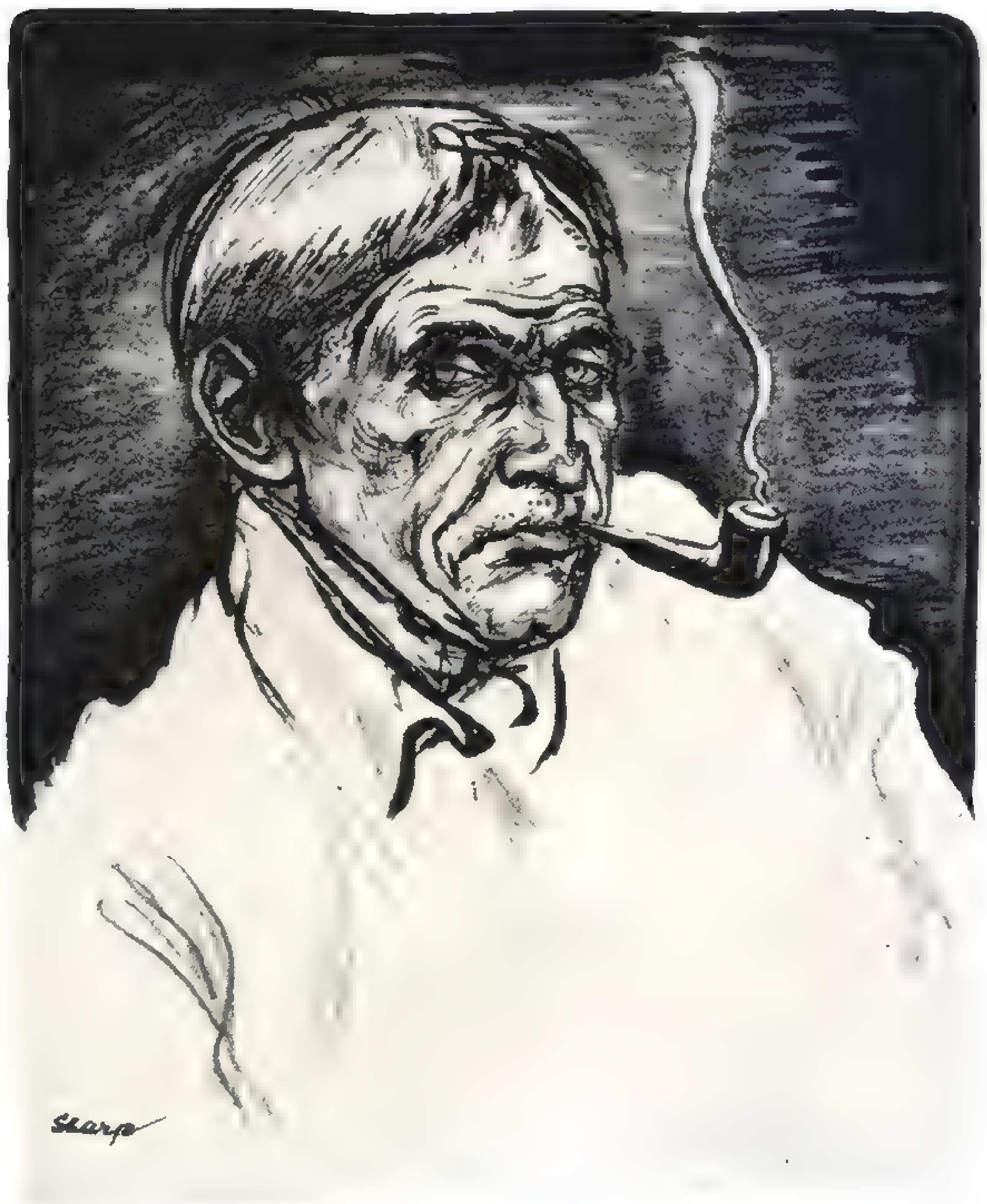
"The stork brought you—now shut up!"

The Man Who Was Loved

The Major's skill in killing snakes, his gallantry to women, and his stories at the bar endeared him to people of all colors

by JAMES STERN

▪ FICTION ▪



EVEN over the wide asphalt streets of the town the old Ford bobbed along uncomfortably enough, but here on this road, which was merely the veld shorn of its scrub, the difficulty was to retain one's seat at all as the wheezing machine bounded over the bumps. Every now and then the native behind was thrown over on top of us, then with a wallop he crashed back into his seat again. My one resolve was to prevent my head hitting the glass screen in front.

Major Carter sat at the wheel as if he had spent all his life in that position; his left leg was thrust straight out in front of him, the other bent so that the foot rested on the rusty throttle. Not a muscle of the Major moved; he might have been made of clay. The skin of his face was the color of the earth beneath the long, sun-scorched grasses, which was also the color of the houses in the town. Worn and lined it was, dried-up by the thin air and the sun. I looked at the plaster-like cheeks and wondered had they ever been kissed; it would be like kissing the walls of a house, I thought. His hands gripping the thin steering wheel were much the same, gnarled and huge and misshapen, like chunks of wood hewn from a pale tree. His iron-grey hair looked as if it might once have covered a bear, but it had always been his, and possibly it had grown like this because he never wore a hat. How he escaped sunstroke remained one of the minor mysteries of the Major, whom no one considered in any sense mysterious. I thought that if a tree were female and a wooden monument of Cecil Rhodes her mate, none but the Major could possibly be the result of such a union.

His clothes, too, were earth-brown, made of that thin material commonly worn in the tropics; and his open khaki shirt displayed the reddish hairs on his tanned chest.

When Major Carter walked he limped badly, and it was said that his left leg was made of wood, but proof of this fact there was none. Sometimes, when he stood drinking in The Bar, his whole body appeared to me as though carved from oak. Motionless, the Major was a majestic figure—huge, even frightening. But the moment he moved one felt a twinge of sympathy; for, though he covered the ground with amazing rapidity, yet he hardly combined speed with grace. He hopped forward on his right leg, in the manner of a kangaroo, then drew the other leg along behind as if it had been given him purposely to impede his progress. Some of the children in the town used to look at him and laugh, but their elders would raise their eyes and say: "Ah, there's the Major! Wonderful man, marvelous how he gets along!" As indeed it was, for he was far from young.

A Scotsman by birth, Major Carter had achieved his military rank in the *Black Watch.* But several years of his life had been spent in Australia before he came to live on the African continent. It was in the former country that he had learnt the art of killing snakes with such facility. There, I suppose, he gained confidence through destroying reptiles that were not deadly. For I never met a South African of any color who would touch a dangerous snake with his bare hand, let alone attempt to kill one without the aid of some weapon, as was the custom of the Major. It was for this astounding feat that he was chiefly famous in the town.

By profession a buyer and seller of horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, anything on four legs, he liked, however, more than all else, to be summoned to a farm or house in the district to dispose of a snake. He had but one method for their destruction. He would creep up behind them, grab them by the "tail," and then swing them round and round till he cracked their head off in the air, as a huntsman cracks a riding crop. It may sound improbable, but this and the fact that he had pleasing manners with mothers and their manless daughters and could tell good stories and drink much whisky with men, account for his earning the love and admiration of the people of all colors in the town.

Few, if any, of the whites knew the Major well, but one and all professed an intimate friendship. Men came and drank tea and whisky in his little office, for his house was in a suburb of the town and he was never known to have invited a soul to his home. He, nevertheless, was invited Everywhere by Everyone. He was the one man Everyone knew. Had there been a dozen Majors, he would still have remained The Major.

Everyone, in this case, was represented by perhaps one hundred persons, about one-fiftieth of the white population. At its head were Sir James Channon and his wife and daughter at Government House, with the two private secretaries, Townsend and Clitheroe. There was the Reverend Arthur Virtue, of the Protestant Church. Next in order of social reverence came Mr. Charles Northland, the manager of the Standard Bank, and his family. Then there was Doctor Richard Murry from "Barts," and Doctor Chute from Middlesex Hospital, both only three years "out from home." These two suffered severely from professional jealousy, but since they were both English Eligibles and fair tennis players, every afternoon they met Everyone and each other, separated only by a net. And lastly there was the secretary of The Club, and the manager of the Grand Hotel. In the town there were several Clubs and innumerable Hotels, but Everyone drank only in The Bar at The Club, and, outside their homes, entertained only at the Grand. Yet above all these people—who knew each other so deplorably well that should one of the men turn up at a tennis party with his hair parted in the middle, instead of at the side, not only would Everyone notice it immediately but would also want to know the reason why—yet above all of them the Major's name might be said to reign supreme; for among them he was The Man of The World, who had fought for His Country, which had Won The War, and he was universally admired by Anyone. Even the pickaninnies playing in the gutters of the native quarters recognized in the distance his limp, and held in awe this white man who could perform such miracles with the snakes of which they lived in constant dread.

Even when celebrated visitors arrived from the South, it was the Major who met their train and conducted the party to their rooms in The Grand. It was the Major who produced horses for them to ride in the early mornings, and it was he who rode with them, showed them the sights, introduced them to the representative of His Majesty at Government House. Once seen walking down Rhodes Street with the Major and you were good for several free drinks and dinners under the corrugated-iron roofs of Everyone; while, secretly, you were the envy of All.

And here was I, bouncing over the veld with him in his old Ford car. I'm afraid I had known the Major so long that I did not look upon my present position beside him as the honor many others might have deemed it. Probably they would have scratched their heads between each bump to think of something to say, then shouted into the spluttering, grinding noise some commonplace which the Major would have smiled at but not heard. But since long acquaintance gives one the pleasure of easy silence in another's company, I said nothing and thought only of how many more miles we should have to travel before we arrived at the farm where the Major wished to show me a horse he proposed to buy.

The heat of the roaring engine at my feet only made more oppressive the glare of the sun overhead. It was as if we were between two fires, the natural silent flame from above trying to combat with the rage of the greater mechanical heat rising from below. Between the two I sat in a state of perspiring discomfort. We could never see the way very far ahead, and now and then the Major half-turned to question the native as to whether he were certain we were on the right road. The Major spoke the native language with extraordinary fluency. Though he had lived only a little more than one-third of his life in the country, yet I had heard no white man born and brought up there speak it with greater accuracy and ease. He could twist his tongue into almost all the incredible clicks that some say no white man can ever master. I had a fair knowledge of Sindabele, but I know that were I blind I would have sworn I was sitting next to a Matabele native while the Major chatted with his boy behind him.

For several miles we passed no living thing on that awful road. The heat danced up and down in front of us, waves of it rising from the car's bonnet whose sides leaped wide like the wings of an eagle as we pitched down from one boulder and rose again with a snort to the crest of the next. I felt all the time that something was about to give way and the three of us would be thrown headlong into the dry and dusty bush, or that the engine would blow up in anger and the cap of the radiator go whizzing up to join the cooler flames of the sun. The road wound in and out in the manner of a reptile, the tall grasses in front—as I saw them through a haze of dirty glass and transparent clouds of heat—appearing to leap about like a concentrated mass of slender lunatics. One or two isolated hills in the distance seemed unnaturally still and lonely, for these I could see without looking through the wind-shield and the mirage caused by the engine's anger.

Almost suddenly the reptilian road took a sharper turn, as though this were the curve of its neck, and it stretched out before us into a straight brown and bumpy line. We could now see some distance before us, and not far off, lodged in the center of the line, quite motionless, there stood a wagon and a span of oxen. As we approached, the Major began to slow down, for to pass the wagon was impossible; the road was blocked. Hearing the noise, a native appeared from beyond the oxen, his face curiously anxious. But when he saw the driver of our car, both his body and his face relaxed and his closed mouth opened wide in a grin of genuine pleasure.

He halted beside the car as the Major turned off the exhausted engine, and, touching his black head with the fingers of his right hand, he muttered, as do all African Negroes when they are surprised and pleased, the word "Ah!" Immediately two more natives appeared—a poor, rather ashamed-looking couple with next to nothing on. And they, too, when they saw who sat in the driver's seat, took on a much less humble appearance, grinned, stood still, touched their heads with their hands, and together breathed the word "Ah!"

"*Quenjani wena?* How are you?" asked Major Carter, looking at the three silent natives standing by the car in a row. The three natives again touched their heads, assumed more serious expressions, and said what was very evident they meant: "Not very well, *Inkos.*"

Judging from the way they all turned their heads simultaneously in the same direction, the cause of their being "not very well" seemed clearly to lie on the road beyond the wagon and the oxen. I looked at the natives, then glanced at the Major's plaster-like face, which, although he was barely out of the car, I could see was split across in a smile of excited eagerness. Once on the ground, he leaped forward on to his right leg, while the left chased it as the minute-hand of Big Ben keeps pace with the hour-hand of Time. Then he turned, suddenly remembering me in his excitement.

"Come on!" he cried. "Here's some fun!" In a moment both the boy who had traveled

Continued in center of page 113

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Applauding *The Time Of Your Life* by William Saroyan and previewing his newest, *Love's Old Sweet Song*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

That Armenian—In William Saroyan the Yankee drama has discovered its most interesting newcomer. His *My Heart's In the Highlands* last season, his *The Time Of Your Life* this and his *Love's Old Sweet Song* scheduled to be produced anon singly and in combination have disclosed and further argue a talent which, as yet undisciplined, vainglorious, cockeyed and pigheaded, is nevertheless the liveliest and most bouncing that has come the way of the local stage in some equinoxes. In that talent, which still resembles a fountain contending against a strong head wind and helplessly splashing itself all over the place, we engage a whimsical imagination, a lenitive sentiment, a fertile humor and a human wonder and ache uncommon to our drama and that in sum make his plays, whatever their occasional critical subordinacies, such welcome additions to the file of American playwriting.

He is a peculiar mixture, this young Saroyan, one of the most peculiar it has been my adventure to experience among writers for the lighted platform. Although as unabashedly sentimental at heart as the inside of an old-fashioned lace valentine, he has the dramatic gift of making his emotional maple syrup not only palatable to the most realistically minded auditor but immensely moving. Although his dramaturgy is sometimes as sketchy as a child's drawing of Santa Claus or a moo-moo, he not only gets the effect more usually contrived by the more precise artisan but here and there achieves it with a double power. And although he seems superficially to sustain his characters, orchid-like, on the thinnest of thin air, they come to us at the end rounded, whole, and completely intelligible.

He writes much too hurriedly and impatiently, a symptom of his brash overconfidence. And his plays, accordingly, are not fully what care and meditation might make them. But I, for one, would rather have them in all their relative crudity than any dozen others sedulously polished, like old pairs of cheap shoes, into a surface acceptability.

Of *My Heart's In the Highlands* you already know. There were those who found fault with it on the ground that they couldn't seem to make out what it was all about. Although what it was all about was as simple, literally, as A B C, Saroyan—apparently appreciating that some fish are so insistently obtuse that even a pulp-magazine detective story has to provide them with a chart of the murdered man's boudoir, to say nothing of footnotes telling the part of Africa the mortal poison came from and a definition of the tendon in the left leg of the race-horse into which the culprit had inserted the Peruvian splinter—appreciating this, Saroyan not only printed the Burns explanatory verses in the program but at least twice halted his play momentarily, stepped figuratively to the footlights, and threw out handbills specifying his theme. But still to no avail.

"Pop, I think I'll be a bachelor when I grow up or is your heart set on being a grandfather?"

This passion to have every play define itself with the prim exactitude of a schoolmarm explaining to a roomful of kids the meaning of the Fourth of July or the difference between "cat" and "rat" is the height of juvenile and uncritical silliness. The scholars who never go to the theatre, much less who never take a drink and never feel magnificently, beautifully, romantically, wonderfully and intelligently cloud-woven, are still arguing the precise meaning of *Hamlet.* And there are still prosaic dolts who are getting bald trying to ferret out the meaning of such more modern classics as *The Dream Play* and *The Spook Sonata,* thus driving poor Strindberg doubly crazy in his grave, and who can't sleep at nights for worrying what Ibsen's *The Lady From the Sea* and *Little Eyolf* are all about. So Saroyan may relieve his disgust with a laugh and a couple of beers.

If the two beers do not assuage his impatience with such fowl, he may take further consolation from the fact that a number of the critical fraternity were pretty indignant over the theoretical rebus provided by O'Neill's *The Great God Brown,* which was about as difficult of solution as the one demanding the name of the city whose first syllable represents a factory where they grind wheat into flour, whose second has to do with pedestrianism, and whose third is what you insert into the lock of a door. (The answer, to make it easier for the aforesaid fowl, isn't Hoboken.) And if he still doesn't feel the sedative effect of the beers, he may derive still further comfort from the recollection that to this day there are a lot of jackasses who miss the beauties of Hauptmann's *And Pippa Dances* in a desperate bookkeeper analysis of its exact implications and who refuse to allow the spell of some of the best of Yeats warmly to envelop them because it isn't entirely as clear as *Abe Lincoln In Illinois.*

These rich intellects, a good share of them in Boston and a sufficient share in New York, duly stepped up to bat again this season in the instance of *The Time Of Your Life,* even though its design is twice as transparent as that of the antecedent play. And they will doubtless duly step up again when *Love's Old Sweet Song,* which is as plain as mud, is produced.

The Time Of Your Life may perhaps best be described as a topical American paraphrase, stated in terms of humorous and emotional vaudeville, of Gorki's *Night Refuge.* Like a toy kaleidoscope in the hands of a swing band leader it maneuvers a syncopated succession of patterns, sometimes formless but always brilliant with color, which eventually resolve themselves into a well-ordered

Continued on page 117

Four Poems

by JESSE STUART

Jack Porter

The little creeks where warm slow waters run
Deep in the grooves between the stubborn hills
Are little silver streaks there in the sun
Where crows fly over with worms in their bills.
The snake feeders fly up and down at will
And if they feed the snakes, I do not know.
Black snakes and vipers sleep upon the hill
And water snakes sun on the banks below.
I've pinhooked from these little highhill streams
The silver minnows with the green June flies,
Sat there and dreamed so many far-off dreams
Until the July sun half-closed my eyes.
I would return to these and laze around
Where lazy waters flow in noonday sun,
Just once again to touch that sacred ground,
My far-off dreams are where those waters run.

Jake Hix

When Whirly died we all went in to sing.
The oil lamp sputtered on the kitchen table,
The smoke went up and made a little ring.
His wife, Belle, could not sing; she wasn't able.
Whirly was silent in a black-oak box.
I wondered where he'd gone and what he'd seen.
The way we used to drink and hunt the fox!
We sang some songs about the far-off shore,
About the Land there was beyond the River:
And I remembered Whirly could curse more
Than all the rest of our old gang together.
Old Abe touched lightly on the violin,
Only in time of death Abe ever did.
I thought, how'd Whirly like the place he's in
And see me riding on his coffin lid.

Jason French

When spring returns across the empty hollows
And blows his breath among Kentucky hills,
I'll find you here among the loamy sallows
Among the sweet white-throated daffodils.
When spring returns to mountain glen and rocks
I know that I'll be able to discern
You there among the slender blooming phlox,
You there among the wild green-latticed fern.
Where good rich earth from rotted railfence lingers,
I shall stop there, Naomi Deane, to see you twice;
You there among the neatly pattern'd Lady's Fingers,
You there among blue-blooming beggar-lice.
I shall see you in wild terillium
A-growing by a mountain river stone;
I shall see you reflected in that stream
And seeing you I shall not be alone.

TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Issiac Splinters

I heard the call to arms that April Morning
In Riverview and boys were rushing there,
And I went home to give my Pap a warning
That I was packing up for over there!
No woman ties could ever hold this blood.

My shack among Kentucky hills was better
Than sleeping in the cold-blue Flemish mud;
Across the Pond, and couldn't write a letter,
Remembering rabbit hunting in my hills;
Remembering too the boys I used to fight;
The trees white-blooming by the water mills
And old church windows filled with yellow light.
My blood turned dwindling streams in a dry season
When I thought of Bear Wallow and the shack;
Instead of killing man without a reason,
Facing gun-music and a-thinking back.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Recalling certain innovations, debuts, swansongs, hit tunes, sell-outs, fads and flops in music of the last decade

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Now that we are safely into 1940, we can cast a glance backward on those Troublous Thirties when:

Richard Wagner became music's best-seller and Kirsten Flagstad, the Met's incomparable truck-horse . . . Schumann-Heink sold baby foods, vacuum-cleaners and sang *Stille Nacht* for the last time . . . Stokowski met Garbo . . . Their Britannic Majesties ordered large quantities of native swing records.

Arturo Toscanini gave up Europe. He said: *Forever!* At seventy-three, he took a house in Riverdale, a Manhattan suburb already inhabited by Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Rethberg . . . *M'Appari* got around . . . Screwball tunes sprang from nursery rhymes . . . Sergei Rachmaninoff made his New York debut as a conductor . . . Gatti-Casazza left the Met after twenty-five years as Big Boss . . . Benny Goodman played a one-night stand in Carnegie Hall . . . Tommy Dorsey's swinging of *Loch Lomond* was cut off the air . . . Nadia Boulanger became the first woman ever to conduct the Boston, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestras . . . Alma Gluck and Marcella Sembrich died . . . John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori retired.

Debussy, Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Von Flotow and Tchaikovsky nudged Liszt and Dvorak on Tin Pan Alley benches . . . Metropolitan Opera took to the air as a regular Saturday afternoon feature; also used microphone to audition talent . . . *100 Men and a Girl* launched Deanna Durbin—most successful of all sound-track sopranos . . . Ella Fitzgerald waxed *The Little Yellow Basket* . . . Soviet Russia about-faced on art; forsook its fair-haired boy, Dimitri Shostakovich, for Beethoven and Mozart—simultaneously abolished divorce and staged Beethoven's tribute to conjugal love, *Fidelio.*

General Motors and Henry Ford started Sunday evening orchestral concerts. General Motors quit, Ford continues . . . Lotte Lehmann, "Dick" Crooks, Larry Tibbett, Kirsten Flagstad and Artur Schnabel made first visits to Australia . . . Edward Johnson gave up singing to listen to singers' woes . . . The Met produced one lemon after another: sourest was *In a Pasha's Garden* . . . Nelson Eddy climbed to top of vocalists' ladder, was teamed with Charlie McCarthy.

Rosa Ponselle gave up the Met, streamlined her figure and voice hoping for a screen career. Joan Crawford took daily vocal lessons, prayed for a concert success . . . Mischa Elman toured for the benefit of the exiled German refugees . . . Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her first chamber music concerts at Pittsfield, Massachusetts . . . Yehudi and Hepzibah Menuhin received $10,000 for twenty minutes on the radio: $500 a minute . . . A full-fledged symphony orchestra was born and bred for Arturo Toscanini . . . *Beer Barrel Polka* became the biggest-selling record of all time . . Philip Hale, dean of American music critics, and his successors, William J. Henderson and Lawrence Gilman, died.

"Now I'm in for it! The home government demands to know why I need double rations and an extra cot"

* * *

To conduct the New York Philharmonic-Symphony came the first American in history: Werner Janssen. Sponsor: Jan Sibelius . . . Delius, Sir Edward Elgar, Ravel, Respighi died. Two giants remained: Richard Strauss, 75; Jan Sibelius, 74 . . . Risë Stevens, most promising American mezzo, debuted at Met . . . Pittsburgh and Indianapolis, among the larger cities, established permanent symphony orchestras . . . Department stores followed in the trail of newspapers, made gifts of phonograph records as promotional bait to customers . . . Erich Leinsdorf, talented Met Opera conductor, put a rope around his neck so far as the Philadelphia and Philharmonic-Symphony orchestras are concerned: He rehearsed Philadelphia men at Robin Hood Dell thirty-five minutes on Smetana's *Moldau*, told them they couldn't play as well as NBC Symphony.

* * *

Jessica Dragonette, radio darling, tried a recital tour and flopped. Jeanette MacDonald, of Hollywood, concertized cautiously in tank towns—made an impression because not much was expected . . . Antonio Scotti, ranking baritone, and Feodor Chaliapin, greatest basso of the century, died . . . The Boston Symphony Orchestra celebrated its fiftieth season, waited in vain for Sibelius' 8th Symphony . . . Two of the Finn's tone-poems: *Lemminkäinen in Tuonela* and *Lemminkäinen and the Maids of Saari* had a first hearing in New York . . . Alec Templeton burlesqued opera singers . . . The Berkshire Festival reached international eminence . . . Wilhelm Furtwangler, engaged to succeed Toscanini as conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, resigned after anti-Nazi objectors threatened to divide audiences.

The Career of Paderewski came to a tragic end: his final concert in Madison Square Garden was canceled, after a capacity audience had assembled. The country which he, with a stroke of his pen, had brought back into the family of living nations, was again dismembered . . . Frieda Hempel scored a phenomenal comeback in New York recitals . . . *Lena Geyer* made her appearance . . . Jitterbugs took over dance floors . . . Josef Szigeti became the first violinist to be televised.

* * *

A prominent conductor revised his opening all-German program of the 1939-40 season, substituted Ravel and Debussy for Wagner . . . Meyer Davis gave orders to all his band leaders to play no foreign anthems . . . New York music enthusiasts banded together as

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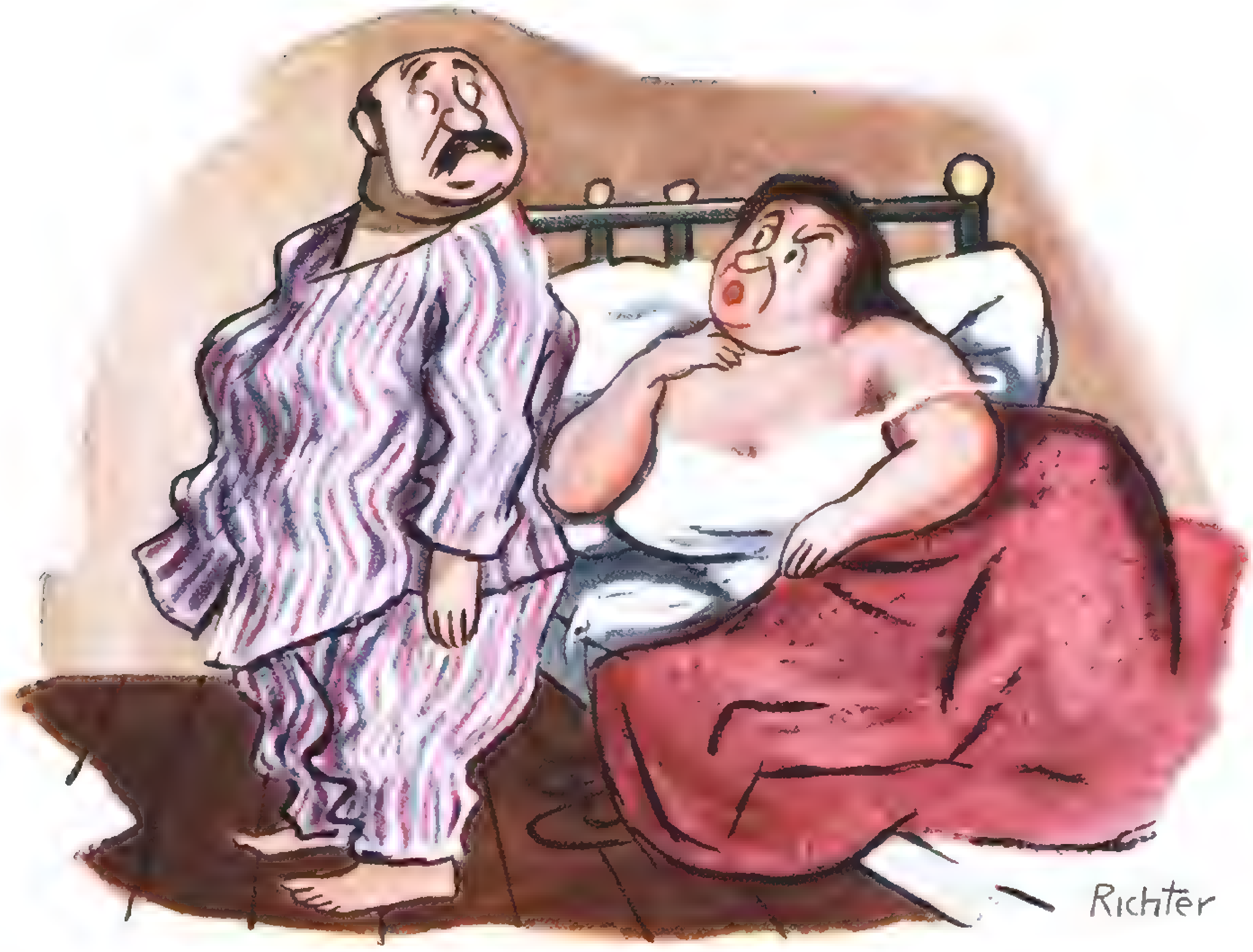
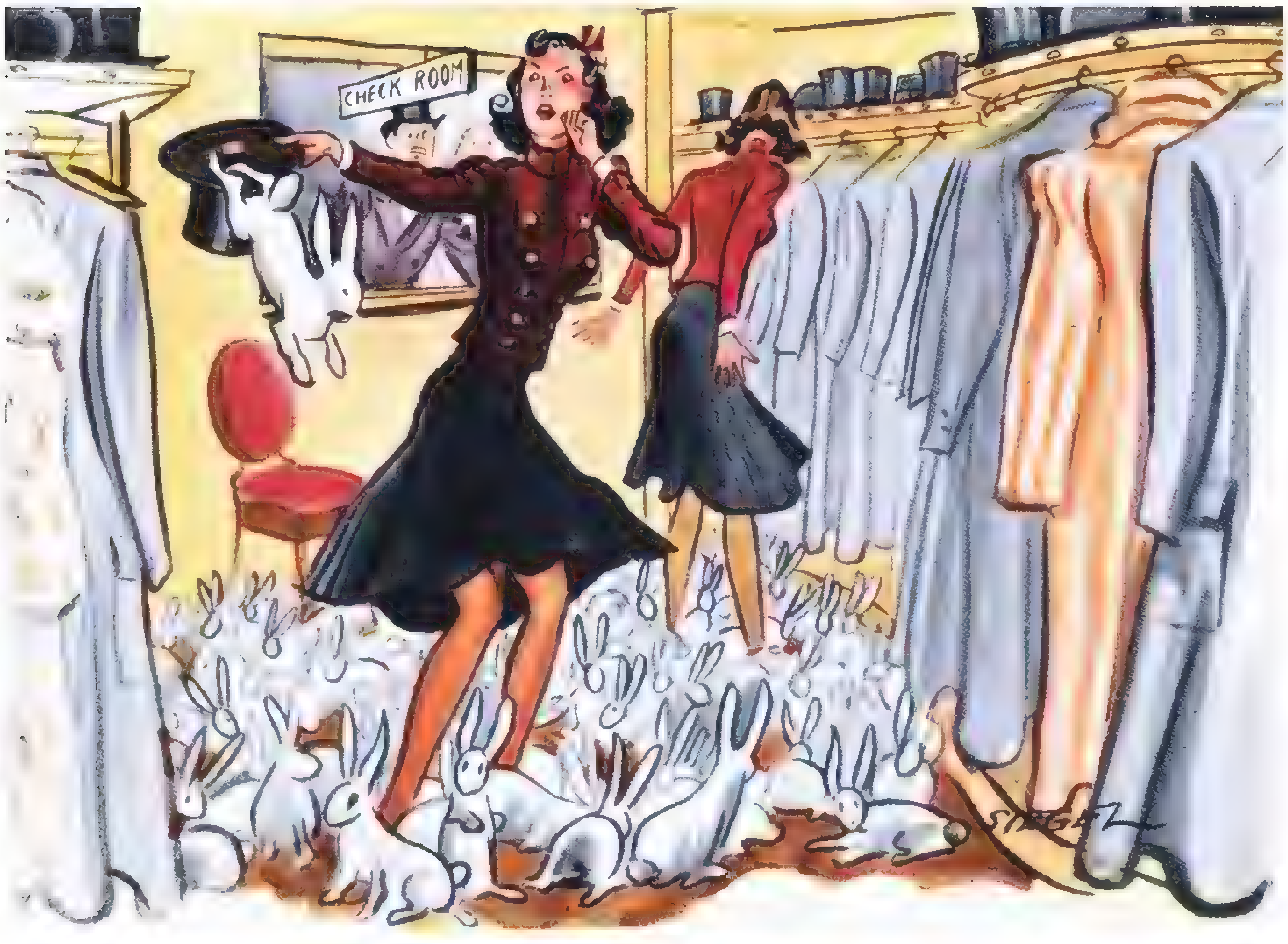
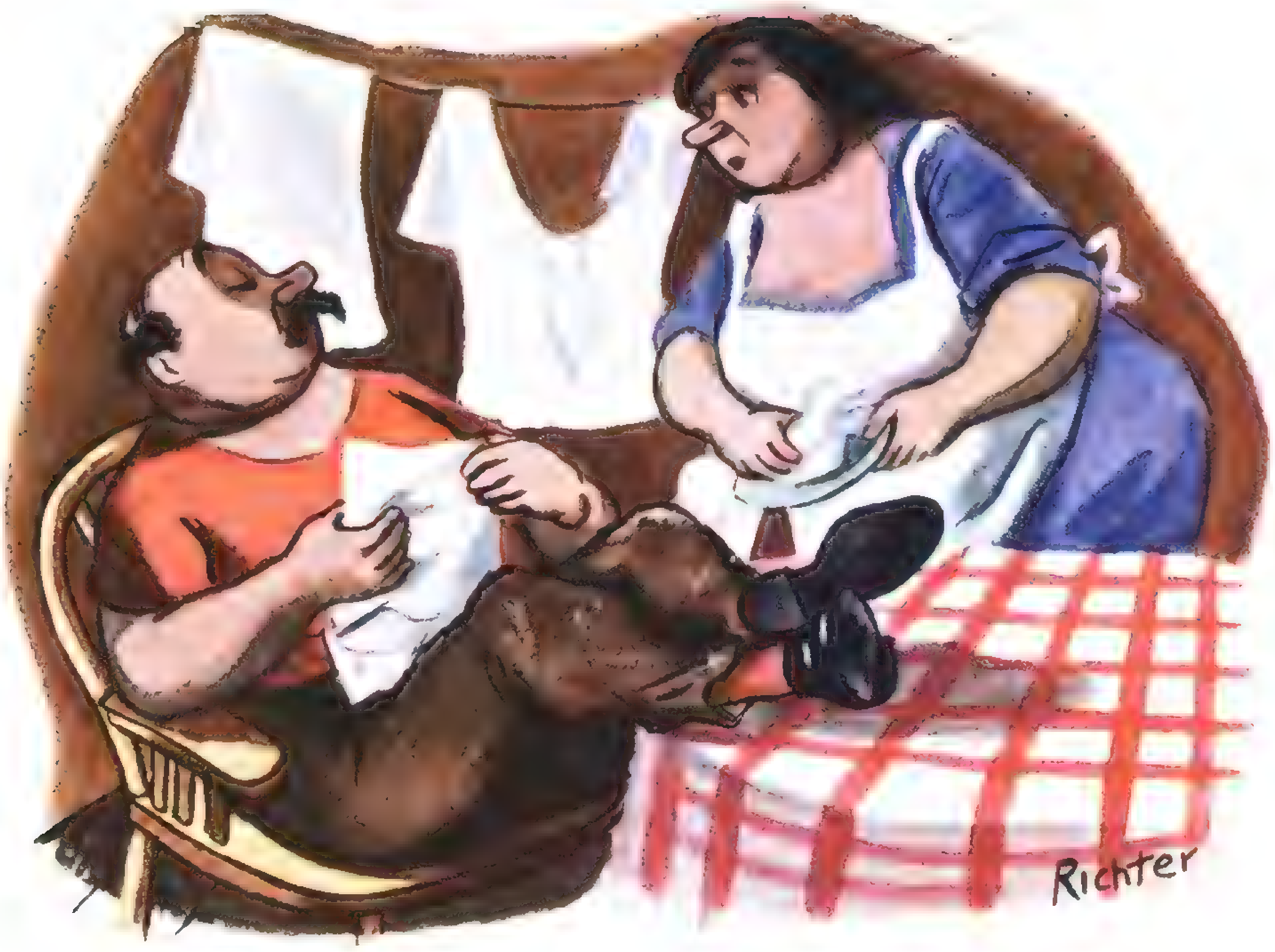


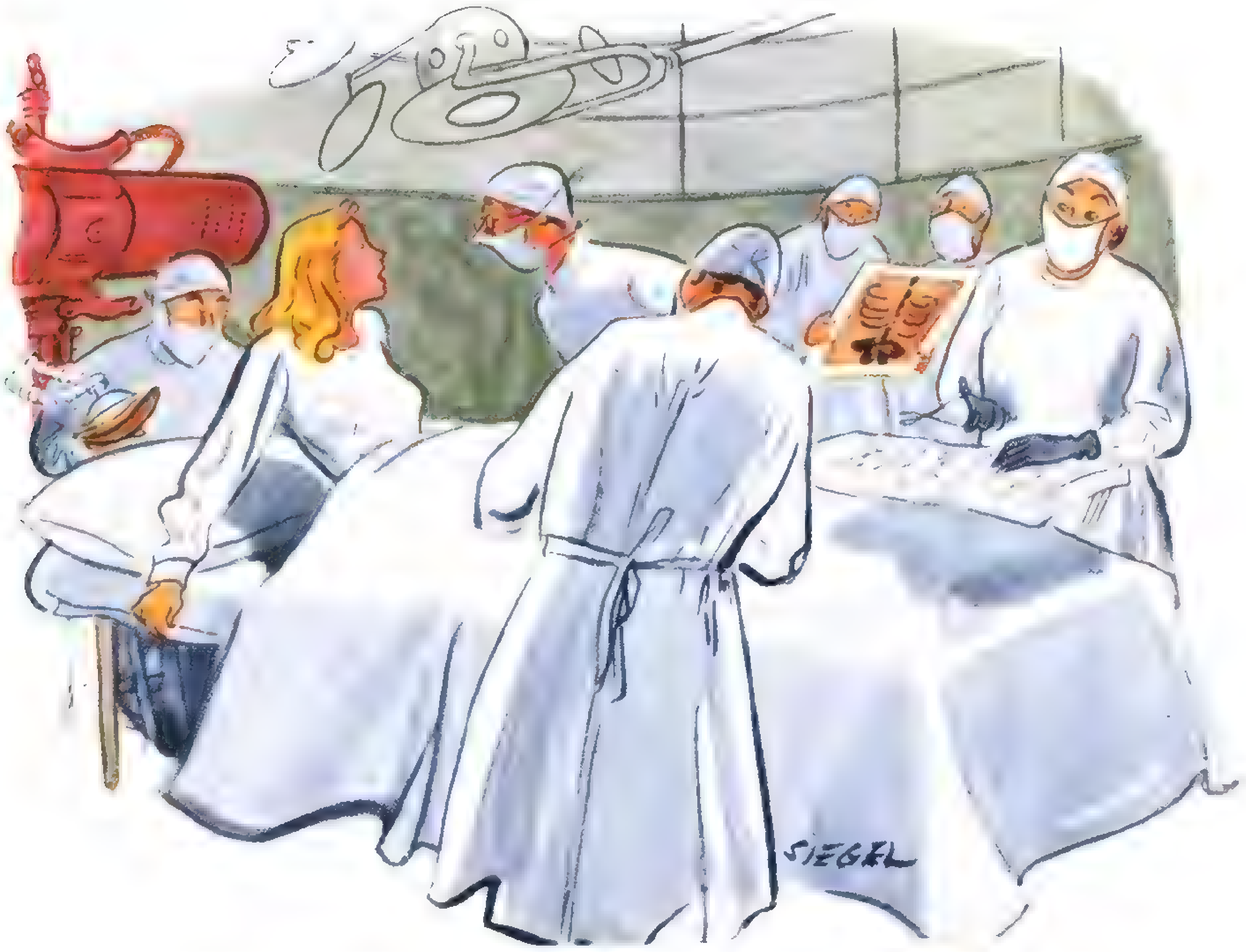
"Can't you ever get up with your pajamas nice and smooth like Robert Taylor does in all his pictures!"



"Goodness—I wish that magician would come for his hat!"



"The Department of Internal Revenue says I owe them $56,678.34—probably a mistake"



"The use of any person's name, living or dead, while I'm under gas, is to be regarded as purely coincidental"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Plugging three musts, giving the formula for travel book baloney and how to chisel review copies

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

BOOKS

SHOPPERS' GUIDE: Three books eminently worth your money:

The Confidential Agent, by Graham Greene (Viking, $2), one of the most thrilling yarns I ever read. If it doesn't make you breathe hard, let me know.

Modern American Painting, by Peyton Boswell, Jr. (Dodd Mead, $5), with 86 illustrations in full color. A handsome oversize volume to give the living room the sanctifying odor of culture. This is an un-arty book for Joe Doaks, the normal man with curiosity about what painters are up to. It deals generously with the artists who have been inspired by the American scene. The critical comment is excellent.

The Pressure Boys: The Inside Story of Lobbying in America, by Kenneth G. Crawford (Messner, $3). Fascinating exposé stuff that names names. (Another startler which arrives as I go to press—I ate it with the dinner—is John L. Spivak's *Honorable Spy* (Modern Age, $0.50), which bares Jap military intrigue in the U. S. and ties it up with a private "police army" being organized on the West Coast. John is Bulldog Drummond come to life. Wonder how he gets his material.)

* * *

I-stuff looms heavy in this month's installment of culture. Vincent Sheean's *Not Peace but a Sword* (Doubleday Doran, $2.75), which arrives late in my collection, has two chapters—one and seven, on "The Thirteen Bus" and "Seberov 94"—fully up to *Personal History*. Sheean communicates the tension in crisis Prague, and his thoughtful ride on the London bus gives some idea of Britain's predicament.

Far from Europe's insanity and chaos, Estelle Hamburger tells in *It's a Woman's Business* (Vanguard, $2.50) how she blasted her way to the top in the fashion and advertising war. She was one of the pioneers of Neo Advertising, the clever stuff you see in Macy's spreads and *New Yorker* ads, and there can be no doubt that regiments of women have been hypnotized into buying furs and flimsies by Estelle's canny prose.

Better known in England than here, Sir Edward Marsh, scholar, raconteur, litterateur, and socialite, brings off *A Number of People* (Harper, $3.50), the kind of book that Englishmen like Sir Edward have been writing for a century—the glance back over the traveled road, full of week ends, parties, repartee that loses something in the transition to print, anecdote, the world as it was in my spryer days, etc. It is behind-the-scenes with the great, or at least the glittering, world celebrities with their suspenders down.

Sir Edward had a happy life as an efficient public servant (secretary to Winston Churchill and J. H. Thomas), editor and translator, helping hand to innumerable young poets and painters, diner-out, wit, friend of the great and gifted. He pictures "a world of ordered privilege" in England that this war may bring to an end.

J. B. Priestley somehow found time, in between tearing off novels, articles, speeches, making lecture tours, and writing, rehearsing and producing plays, to fling off a book on What I Have Been Doing and Thinking, called *Rain Upon Godshill* (Harper, $3). It consists of splotches of common sense on China, Russia, American universities, Tom Wolfe, the American Southwest, pipe-smoking, reviewing, playwriting, acting, and People Who Don't Like Me, a subject that is close to his heart.

Priestley is not a thinker but an emoter. He has a moral bias on everything and a tendency to go soft. He is at his best in the thirteenth chapter, where he lets go with both barrels at the English Tories. Here are trenchant liberal utterances on the aristocracy, unemployment, the super-usurers of The City, the Monarchy as front for all the rackets of the upper-clawses. He is so much in earnest that for a few thousand words he forgets Priestley the Oracle and drops his irritating manner of arguing with an unseen heckler.

Why is it that so few newspapermen can write a good book or even a good magazine article? Is it that their minds run to stereotypes fostered by the daily grind? C. V. R. Thompson, American correspondent for an English newspaper, does a superficial job on the U. S. in *I Lost My English Accent* (Putnam, $2). It's old stuff even for Englishmen, all that schmus on prohibition, bathtub gin, gangsters, Miami.

While he was losing his English accent, Thompson picked up the lousy habit of the American gag. "I suppose it was called Palm Beach because of the trees. It might have been, though, because it was the easiest place for people to tell your fortune." A man shouldn't write that kind of thing even in a duty letter to his Aunt Matilda. "Boxing was forbidden in the nation's capital. Congressmen were afraid they would lose the monopoly on fighting."

It's a baloney book, and the bookstores are full of them. They're built on a formula. First there's the elaborate build-up of what the author expects to see. Then, blip, he comes up against reality, the opposite of the expected. He goes to Cuba. More superficial reporting. He meets the beautiful bomb throwing senorita. He expected to find a hag, a female dreadnaught, and he found a sweet young thing.

A little too late to save the show, Thompson does a good job on the Hitler-Chamberlain meeting in Munich, the Roosevelt-Landon

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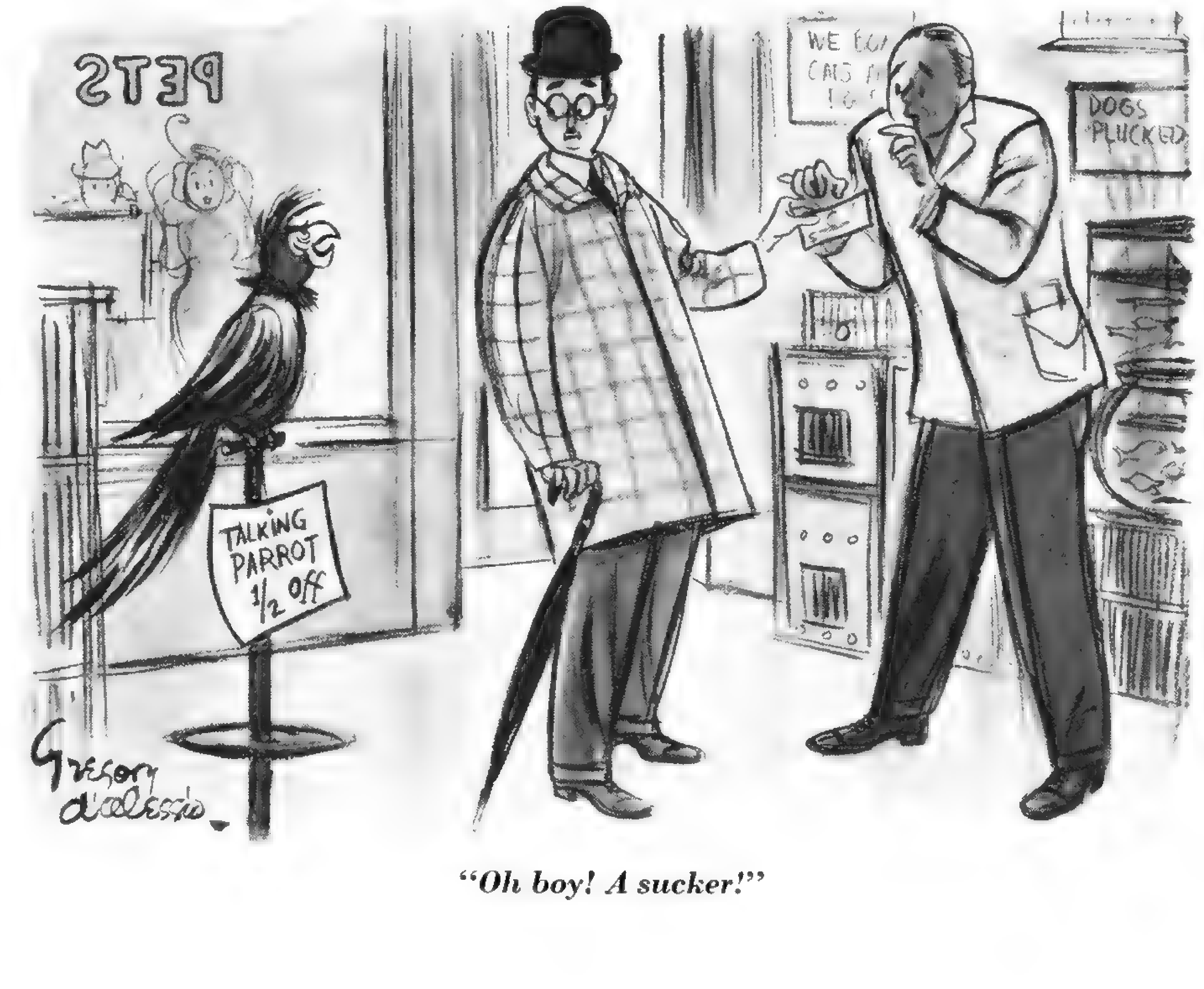
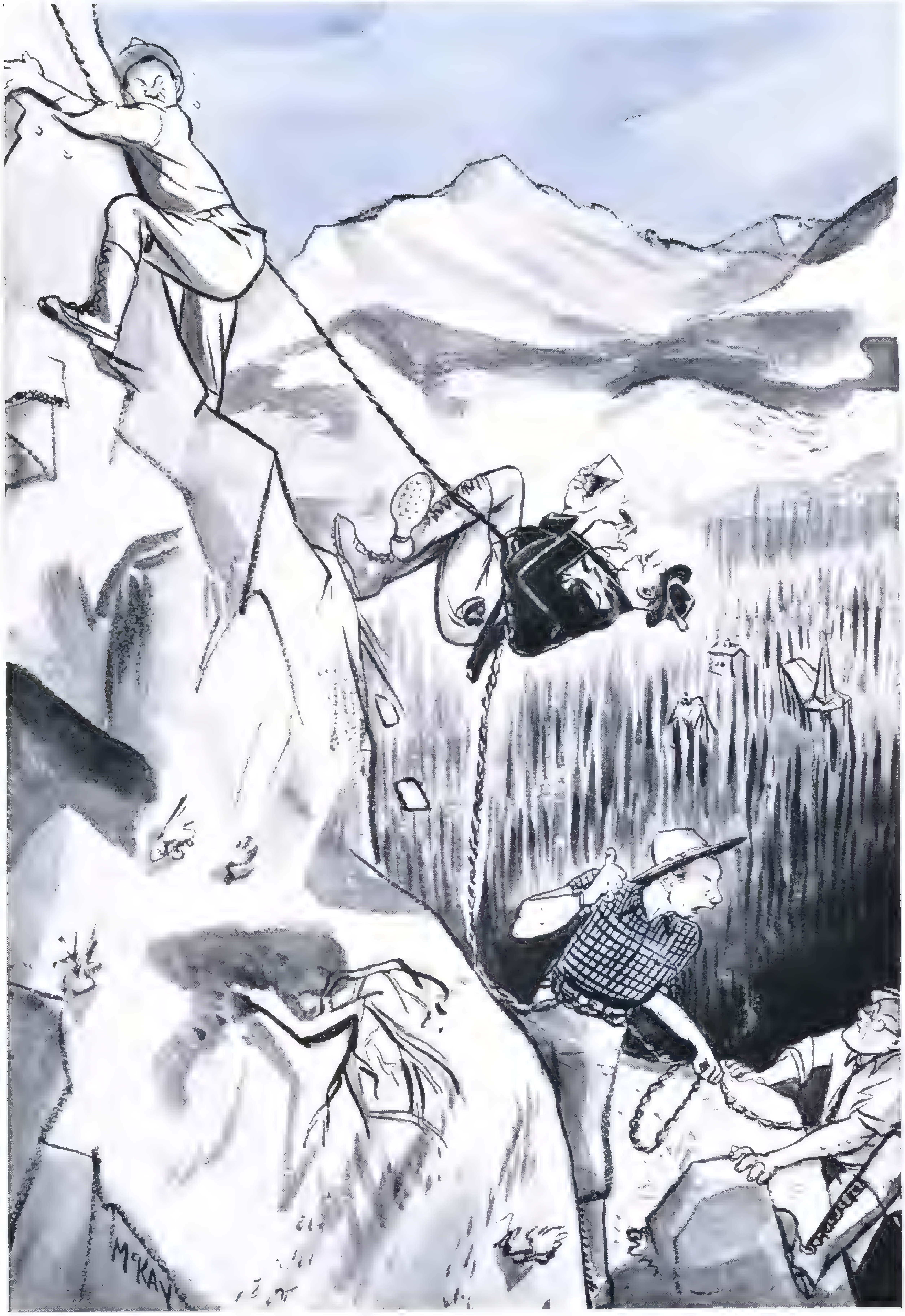


"Oh boy! A sucker!"



"Fentley doesn't seem to have the proper cooperative spirit"

Capping the Climates

If you're in Palm Beach, drink juleps, in Arizona, Tequila, and if you get to Switzerland don't miss the *gluehwein*

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

For anyone so inclined, an old-fashioned rolltop desk is a nice, yawny kennel to hibernate in. With its blinker-like sides, it offers practically perfect seclusion from what's going on in the world, and for diversion the sheltered liver has the pastime of keeping pigeonholes. A rubber band saved is a rubber band gained—while spendthrifts gallivant to Florida, Lake Placid, Havana, and Honolulu, and hobnob over clinked glasses, cooking up deals.

Outrageous, the propensity for detachment from detail that *some* Americans have. It's as though *they* owned their desks, instead of the other way round. And flat-toppers at that, with outlooks which these unglued men of affairs are willing to broaden with the benefit of new horizons personally acquired. Business is in the bean, which they prefer fresh, even if they have to get into slacks, ski regalia, or bathing breeks every so often to keep it so. Indeed, at this time of winter you can pretty well gauge a man's responsibilities by his apparent fancy-freedom from them. (Mr. Bell's wire, with ship-to-shore hook-ons for seagoing hookey-players, serves as umbilical cord.)

Not that such getaways are effected callously. No man with any decency in his system could say *Aloha oë* to the devoted leather-cornered blotter his elbows have caressed, and the long-tailed pen that points him out as its god, without a gulpish feeling in the gullet department. A sort of cleaving together, you might say, with symptoms of fluid deficiency. A jungle animal loping and bashing toward a water hole is no keener candidate for "relaxation and recreation."

At all events, the dodger of city moil and muck is willing to admit the aptness of certain non-primitive accessories in his palm-feather-dustered or snow-draped Arcady. As far as he is concerned, the more cocktail shakers that pick up the rhumba rhythms of the maraccas, with "Paradises" the result (2 parts Gin against 1 each of Apricot Liqueur and orange juice), the cheerier. Highballs have his heartfelt O.K. to rub shoulders with hibiscus blooms, provided he isn't left out. Tom Collinses, tinged with Angostura, have leave to vie with the hue of moon-drenched bougainvillea. And the leis of Hawaii, which cynics have termed mere floral bologna, gain new charm when used for festooning the partaking of Whiskey Sours (1 jigger Rye or Bourbon, juice of 1 lemon, 1 barspoon powdered sugar; shaken lustily with ice; strained into Delmonico glass to meet cherry and slice of orange).

Even a hostelry of the super-palatial sort, lording over gardens and whatnot, has its amenities which the back-to-naturist may nod approval upon, if he so deigns.

For example, aristocratic Whitehall, at Palm Beach, numbers among its household arts and industries the fashioning of masterly Mint Juleps; also a Punch whose success secret, treasured by managing director Marcel Gotschi, I have taken oath not to reveal.

At Miami Beach the Surfside Hotel is held up by King's Pegs. If your lip hasn't yet met this drink, let me say that a King's Peg consists of a pre-chilled Champagne glass (saucer-on-stem style) not quite filled with Champagne so as to permit a jigger of Cognac to be added. With a few of these, Walter Huston's wooden-supported friend Peter Stuyvesant could have jumped through hoops.

Noon swimmers and pool gracers and gazers chez Alfred Barton—that is to say, at his Miami Beach Surf Club of the elect—receive, with Alf's compliments, a before-luncheon ration by the name of Cabaña Cooler. Housed in a slightly undersized highball tumbler with two cubes of ice, it contains some three ounces of Italian Vermouth, a couple of squirts of seltzer, lemon peel and a disk of orange from the nearest grove. The hunger thus piqued is virulent.

Anglers who launch out on the deep in easy chairs hoping that Mr. Marlin will think they're Mr. Hemingway, take along equipment for inner man as well as for finny brute. They may go hours without a bite, but not without a nip. In fact, it's almost rude of a fish to interrupt them. One especially keen sportsman of this sort, conscious at long last that something was trespassing on his line, reeled in—and what a reel *that* was, my countrymen!—bringing to light a conquered adversary, identified by him as a sailfish. Full-rigged. His only doubt was as to the ability of a taxidermist to do justice to such a prize. Where was there a board broad enough for mounting it? Maybe a filet of a California Sequoia Gigantica would do, but would Florida feel sensitive about it?

The difficulty of stating his problem—especially the "broad board enough"—caused him, as he leon-erroled onto the dock, to confine himself loudly to, "Cart that sailfish o' mine to the best first-class taxidopodist you got, and tell 'im I'll go into th' details tomorrow." He felt deeply wounded when, next morning as he was convalescing from his fatigue as a fisherman, a blunt message arrived from the stuff-artist, rejecting the job: "I do not mount smelts." Just an honest mistake.

Ocean depopulators content to stay ashore and do their fishing with a fork, can apply themselves to such provender as Pompano Amandine (the nuts), Pompano in a Bag—both of which glorify, not alter, its melt-in-the-mouth delicacy (Mamma love Pompano?)—and Florida Jumbo Shrimp. And Stone Crabs, not *quite* as brobdingnagian as the whoppers of Puget Sound but good enough to be flown to the Stork Club and there flown

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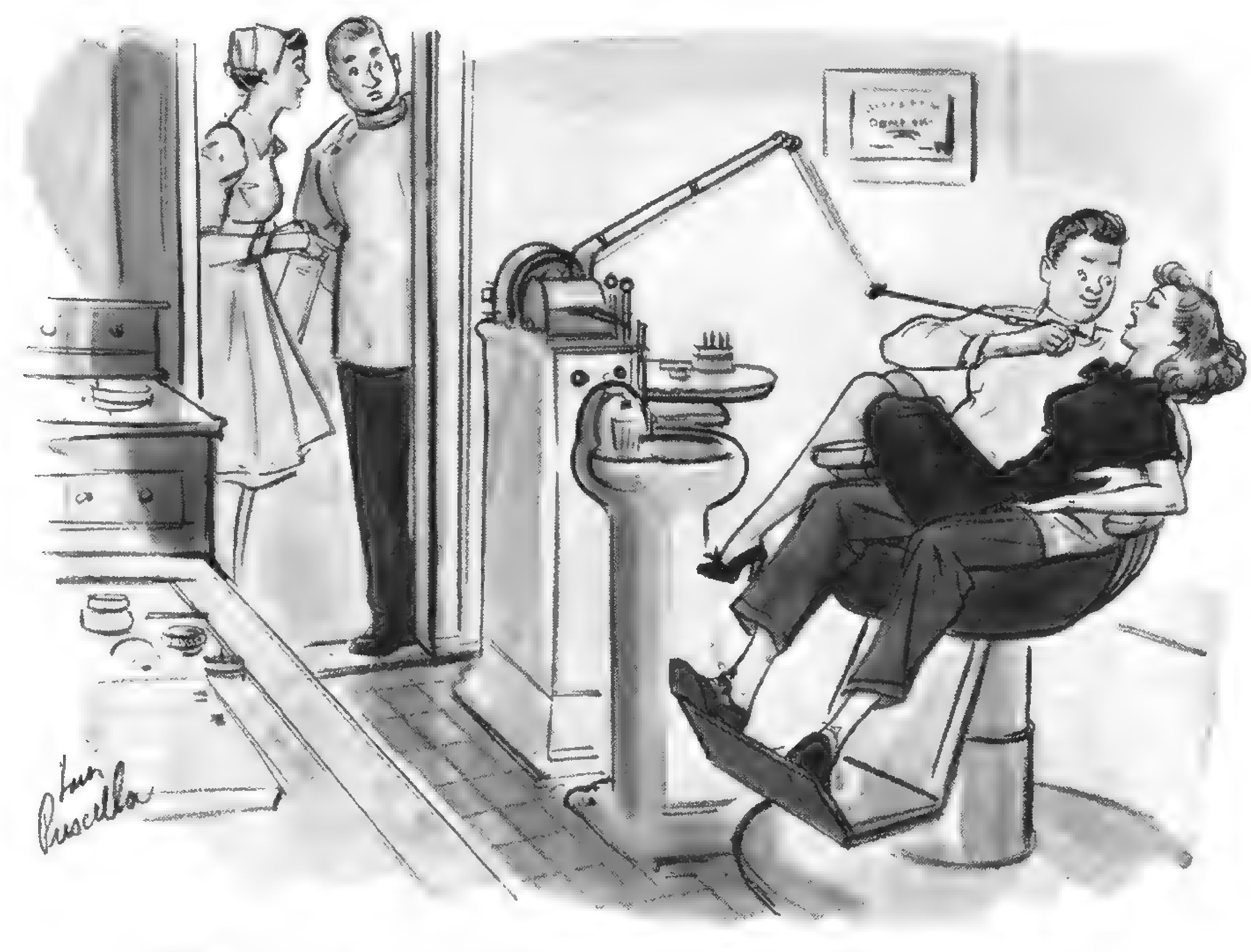
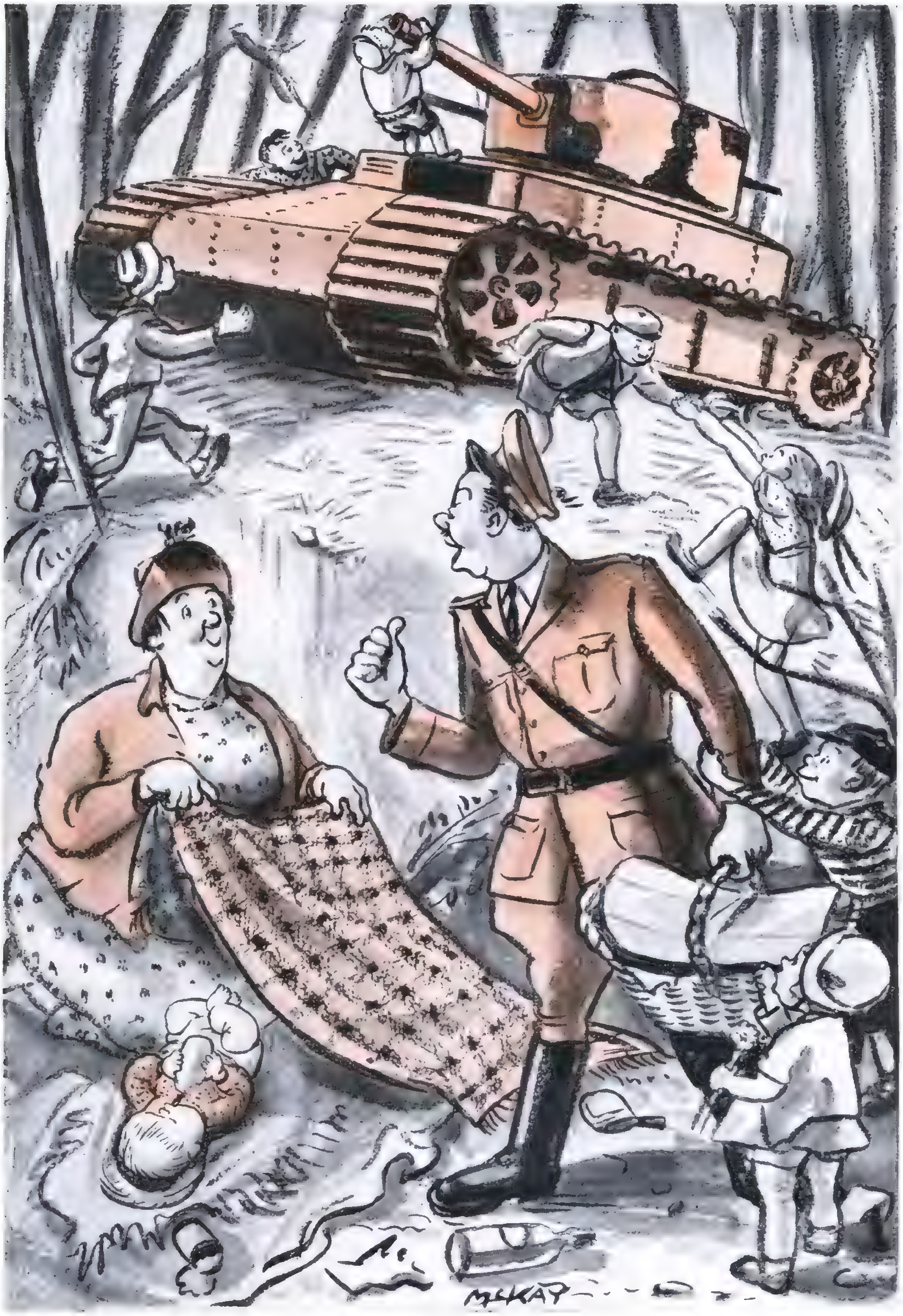


"Doctor Arthur finds that a patient relaxes more that way"



"We'd better hurry, mama—I've got to get it back in time for a major offensive at seven o'clock"

On the Record

Glenn Miller should hold his fans longer than most leaders, for he can give it to them sweet or hot

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

The children of Hamelin are following the new Pied Piper. Jitterbugs, collegians, seedlings, colts and calves, whelps and whipper-snappers, the nymphs, buds and nursery-tots of record-collecting Hamelin-town shout one name: Glenn Miller.

Habitually, they announce the name band of tomorrow before oldsters and hobbling snail-steppers have caught on to yesterday's favorite. Ten years ago they found Lombardo. In '32 they acclaimed Hal Kemp. In '36 they anticipated Benny Goodman. In '37 they took up Tommy Dorsey—in '38 it was Larry Clinton. In '39 they made Artie Shaw. Without fail, the Hamelinites forecast the coming guy, call the card before the turn. Every band they heralded rose to top rank.

For six months they've been on Miller's trail. They followed him to Westchester's Glen Island Casino, took over the place, gave the ticket-takers cramps. At his stage debut in Washington's Capitol Theater, they packed the lobby, ganged the aisles, shrieked and hollered, clapped and cheered. They gave him all-time attendance highs in Baltimore, Syracuse, Hartford, Hershey, Pennsylvania, where he topped Guy Lombardo's top established in 1933. They broke the New York Paramount's second-week record, saw to it that he outdrew Artie Shaw when both bands played Broadway.

They wore out his records, dropped so many nickels into the country's 300,000 piccolos (coin phonograph machines) that rival band leaders found six of Miller's platters to one of their own when they visited keg joints. The moon never set on his *Moonlight Serenade.* Because of Hamelin town's support, he got his first commercial radio program—the chance to follow Artie Shaw at the Hotel Pennsylvania. The kids literally kicked him up the golden ladder.

A year ago he was booted from Paradise Restaurant—Broadway's bald-heads' refuge. Reason: he didn't draw a nickel at the box office. His fee for one-nighters was $200. When he was booked at the Glen Island Casino, the manager's wife gasped: "Do you want to mortgage the place? Who *is* the guy?"

Two years ago his second band was "hungry"—his first lasted only ten months. The panic was on, the loot was light. To keep going, Miller sold pieces of his orchestra—according to informed rumor—to a New England ballroom promoter, a music publisher and a rival band leader. Long-term record contracts were signed for small change. He jumped to fame so quickly, he hasn't yet had a chance to cash in on his disc sales. But if records haven't paid him, they've made him.

* * *

His press agents call him "a young Lochinvar come out of the West in a blaze of glory." To us, he looks like a 35-year-old bank clerk on holiday. He's calm, soft-spoken, unobtrusive, a sedate character. And, as with a bank clerk, much loot passes through his hands but little sticks. The last to join the spectacle-squad—Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, *et al.*—he seems bewildered, bucolic, uneasy, in the wrong world—a Harold Lloyd in a Sears, Roebuck outfit.

He doesn't feature himself. In front of his band, he hides among the trombones. "He should," say his rivals. According to them, his trombone-playing is competent but average commonplace. They say he doesn't send, his solos are dull, ordinary—he doesn't rate the heavy applause. As a virtuoso, he's a journeyman—certainly, not in the boat with Jack Teagarden, Jack Jenny, Tommy Dorsey.

His apprenticeship has been thorough, the elbow-grease plentiful. After college at Boulder, Colorado, he got a break with Ben Pollack's orchestra, came to New York, roughed it at the Little Club, and finally joined Paul Ash's outfit at the Paramount. As a free-lance trombonist, he sat in recording sessions with the top-notchers, including the Dorseys.

"Yes, they fought even then," he nods. "That's natural, they're brothers! They like each other all right except on the bandstands. But I had good fun, made their arrangements until I got the big head, asked for a raise and was fired. After that I played for Red Nichols in *Strike Up The Band* and *Girl Crazy.* Way back then, Gene Krupa was beating on those drums like a madman, though he couldn't read a note. I sang the arrangements for him and Nichols never got wise."

Later, Glenn worked as arranger for Benny Goodman and Glen Gray's Casa Lomans. He made the rounds of Broadway hangouts and Local 802 for Ray Noble, when the union refused permission for the Britisher to bring his own men across. Having built Noble's band, he arranged for it.

The distinctive scoring of his reeds: the clarinet and tenor sax carrying the melody an octave apart, with the two altos and tenor sax filling in between, was actually developed for Noble. Peewee Irwin—the band's trumpeter, now with Tommy Dorsey—asked Glenn to write an arrangement with tough stuff. He did, using the above formula and giving the trumpet the lead. Later, Johnny Mince played it on his clarinet. Miller liked the effect and tucked away the idea for future use.

Always, he's had a yen for a band of his own. "I could have started ten years ago," he says, "but it wouldn't have meant anything and I'd probably still be playing every honky-tonk this side of the Mississippi.

"I began monkeying with arrangements for my band long before I knew what I wanted. I worked out in my head the sounds and finally hit upon the choirs I would use. After that I got hungry for musicians. I had

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"I feel awfully self-conscious playing under Benny Goodman's window like this"

How to Watch Ice Hockey

Explaining how those riots start when both teams go after each other with fists, sticks, anything they can lift

by ROGER TREAT

▪ SPORTS ▪

Now that football is over, a long winter is staring us in the face, and we suddenly remember that we have a whole season of ice hockey coming up. Still a baby in this country, ice hockey has more rabid devotees than any game you can mention. Not just fans, but fanatics who will fight with their fists if anyone suggests that *any* game compares with this for ferocity, speed, and skill both individual and as a team. As each new spectator sees his first game the attendance jumps by at least four, as the hockey follower will not rest until he has dragged at least that many to a match.

But how many really know what is going on? Do they know why those battle royals suddenly break out involving all members of both teams when everything seems to be rosy and the game is going along with only the usual number of crashing blocks by the defensemen that send the attacking forwards sprawling? Those hip blocks are perfectly legal and are expected by any lone forward going down with the vain hope that he may get through. But you will notice that when one man goes down alone against a full defensive setup of two defensemen and a goalie, he will take his shot just before he hits the defensemen. He will try to shoot between the defense to blind the shot from the goalie, and he will try to force them back as far as he can before he shoots. But unless he is over full of beans he will not try to get through himself, especially not between them. For defensemen just love little forwards to try to go between them. All they have to do is put their inside legs close together and let nature take its course. And the course means a sprawl on the face, and if he is going fast he will bump his nose on the backboard before he stops sliding. This leaves him out of the counter attack that by now is winging up the ice, leaves his team handicapped by one man. If he tries to dodge around the defense, he will find the big ogre closest to him can whirl and go right along with him, gradually forcing him further out until the angle of his shot makes it no more than a futile gesture. He also will probably be ridden into the side boards in the corner with a crash that shakes the arena. His forward speed can be used all to the defenseman's advantage. This leaves him out of the counter attack too, but he has the defenseman there with him so one man is lost to both sides.

One of the prettiest combinations to watch is the attack by two forwards on a complete defense. If two get away clean and are not hampered and heckled through mid ice they can raise Cain with those that await them. One of the best, a form of power play, is for the man carrying the puck to head straight for suicide alley—in other words between the defense. Just as he goes in he drops the puck behind him, falls intentionally, and tries to take both defensemen down with him. His partner, in the meantime, circles in from the side, picks up the puck and flanks the defenseman who is down. That leaves it up to him and the goalie and it is just a question of which will outguess the other. A play of the same combination, requiring a bit more finesse, starts the same way. The man carrying heads straight for the defense again. As he reaches the crashing point he stops on a dime, dodges sharply to the side but lets the puck slide slowly straight ahead. His dodge pulls both defensemen after him, and the puck is left sitting just out of the goalie's reach and perfectly set up for the other forward to take a golfing swing at it. And, take it from an ex-goalie, those are the toughest to stop.

But those are plays you see executed, successfully, once in several games. Hockey, unlike football for instance, does not have the advantage of a huddle every few seconds to figure out what to do next. When the two forwards going down are in complete accord with each other, they may try one of these, and if it comes off successfully it seems as if there must be a form of mental telepathy between them. As in close formation aerobatics, when you fly so close that you can read the instruments in the next plane's cockpit, when a fractional slip will mean a wing-locking crash, each man must tune his mind with the mind of the man next to him, so must it be to accomplish the plays described. The usual procedure for two forwards loose is for one to either decoy one defense away to the side boards so that his partner will have a chance to dodge the other, or for them to try a single or double pass to get through. But it so happens that one defenseman can usually take care of one forward. He can spill him with a body check, he can knock the puck out of control, he can slow up the action until one of his own forwards gets back (and that won't be long because all three are coming by now), or if the situation is desperate and the opposing forward does get by he can pull a deliberate trip with his stick and take his two minutes in the penalty box. And even should the one man get through clean, he still has a tough little problem in the goalie. The cage isn't very big, but the goalie is just as big as he can get with all his padding not only to protect him but to spread him out, and he is usually a pretty active cuss, too. He has only to touch about a quarter-inch of the rim of the flying puck to deflect it from the cage. He can use for this purpose his feet, his legs, his hands, his arms, and in emergencies, his head, though this is not advisable. He also has the advantage of knowing just about what the forward will do. Either he will feint to try to draw the goalie out, giving him a chance to dodge around and slide the puck into the empty cage, or he will fake a shot to the far corner then fire it in the short way, or he will drive it with all his force straight for the middle of the goalie's shins, hoping the rebound will come straight back so he can hammer it with the good old golf swing. That is the shot against which the goalie has no chance. Either it hits him luckily, or it goes in, or it misses the cage entirely.

The goalie, though the least spectacular unless you know his problems, is the key man to the success of the team. He has the least enviable job. He gets resounding cheers for long smacking shots that a grammar school goalie could stop with ease. He gets no cheers at all for the brilliant saves he makes. He gets an ungodly booing when some big defenseman sticks his tokas directly in his line of vision and the puck whistles in before he can see it. He is on the ice for the entire period of the game under a nervous tension that would drive any man batty, while he watches the forwards and defense take periodical rests. His main problem is the rebound. Long shots are a cinch if his vision isn't blocked, short shots usually can be saved as most of them come at an angle so that he can cover the inside corner of the cage with his body and worry only about deflecting on the long side, which isn't so hard. But when a long shot comes cracking in from a wing and rebounds out of reach of his stick, and there is another forward charging in from the other side to wallop it with everything he has got, then he feels that he "shoulda stood in bed." He knows the man who shot is coming in from the other side to crash him and take him out of the play if possible. He knows the puck will take any line of flight but the right one. He is in a much worse spot than the relief pitcher who comes into a ball game with the bases full and nobody out. And this will happen thirty to fifty times in every hockey game.

The prettiest mass formation of hockey is the circumstance when all three forwards get a clean jump on the opposing line and go down the ice together against the complete defense. The strategy, maneuvering and teamwork, all going at top speed, is a picture of rhythm to marvel at. I don't know the average speed, but it must be close to forty miles an hour. Notice too, that the man who is stick-handling the puck, going through all that jiggling, feinting and faking never has to look at it once. It is all done by feel, and he has such perfect control you would think it were attached to his stick with a rubber band. When it is passed, the man who receives the pass hardly glances down. It looks like Black Magic. Try it yourself sometime. As the three reach the defense line they have no time to

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

stop and diddle around. Whatever move they are going to make must be done at once or it is doomed to be broken up by the defending forwards who are coming behind with no maneuvering, passing, or stick-handling to hold them back. And Brother, they are really coming. So you have got to pass, dodge through yourself, or crash through a long shot so all three of you can smash in for the rebound, and you have got to do it right now. It is usually the man in the center who takes it down to the scoring zone. The two wing men do their best to decoy the defensemen out. If the defense breaks and goes out to cover one of them, it leaves the other alone with the nasty problem of how to stop the center forward and cover the other wingman at the same time. If the defense stays together the center man can pass to either of his wings, then jump through and beyond the defense and be ready to hammer in the return pass. It is a tough situation and the nearest combination of equality of attack and defense that comes up in the game.

Another very interesting circumstance often comes up when one team has a man in the penalty box. If the other team is behind at the time or if the game is tied, the team with a full roster of six men will pull its defensemen, send in five forwards, and shoot the works for a goal. The five-man team, of course, plays completely defensively. But every once in a while one of the crippled team will see his chance, get away clean, and have no one in front of him but the goalie, who has been expecting this all along and is the most jittery man in the world at that moment. Watch him, don't watch the man coming down. Watch the goalie jump from side to side waiting wide open. And strangely enough you will see him stop four out of five of these solo attacks.

And now what starts the riots? What is it that makes both teams boil over at the same time and go after each other with fists, sticks, anything they can lift? It's the dirty hockey that is going on all the time and you don't see it unless you know what to look for. You will see two opposing forwards bump each other gently, then suddenly drop their sticks and put on a Dempsey-Firpo right there. Why? Not from the little bump, but probably because one has given the other the old "pool" shot in the short ribs. This is done by putting the hand that you hold at the top of the stick up against your friend's ribs and jabbing the stick with the other hand in the same manner you would hit a cue ball only harder. And you never have been poked in the ribs until you stop one of those. It is a lovely little trick. The referee can hardly be expected to see it nor can anyone else. But it is going on all the time, and after a while somebody gets sick of it.

Another cute one is the body block into the sideboards. If the forward is coming fast enough and the 200-pound defenseman plays him just right, he can arrange to go into the forward just as he gets to the back corner where their combined speeds can take action in only one direction and that right bang into the boards. You will see the forward go down stunned as the defenseman skates blithely away with the most innocent expression imaginable. He may accidentally kick the forward's stick further out of reach. But not intentionally, oh my no. That is why so many fights start in the corners.

The goalie can do a lot of damage too, if he feels the boys are charging him a little too hard. He expects a certain amount of smashing in. But if it is carried to extremes he can cure it in a hurry. He can wait for the time when he knows the puck is safe for a moment then casually swish his bludgeoning stick across the instep of the forward who is doing the monkey business. And maybe you think that doesn't hurt. But he can get away with it. Seldom does a goalie end up in the penalty box.

But that part of hockey is all part of the game. Of the professional athletes none is trying harder to win than the hockey player. Most of them are Canadian born, play the game from infancy, and love to win for the sake of winning as much as for the extra money involved. And you can take the word of any hockey addict that you will see more thrilling action, more individual and team-play brilliance in one hockey game than you will in the entire football schedule of any college you care to name. ⧺

The Candid Cameraman

That They May Live was sent from France to America, the last great audience free to hear its message

by PATTERSON MURPHY

MOVIES

A STRANGE and sadly significant thing happened in New York recently. There was a French film that could no longer be shown in France or in England or perhaps anywhere in Europe, a film against war. This photoplay, called *That They May Live*, has in it things as beautiful and as powerful as may be found in any film ever made; and though it is often mystical and sometimes unclear in its story, it is like a poem by William Blake, never bereft of art, and often transcendental in its effect.

This film was brought to the United States shortly after the outbreak of the war, for here, it seemed, was the last great free audience, and an audience ready for the message of this film, an audience to whom this message still could have meaning.

Opening in New York's Filmarte theatre, where some of the greatest foreign productions have had extended runs, *That They May Live* received rave notices, four stars, unstinted accolade from the experts. Writers like Pierre Van Passen were so deeply affected by the film that they adopted an attitude of crusade in making its greatness known to the world.

The American managers, Messrs. Arthur Mayer and Joseph Burstyn, who are in the business of importing choice foreign films not only for the money they sometimes make out of them, but because, too, of what might be called the social reward—these gentlemen outdid themselves in a costly advertising campaign. For the small Filmarte theatre they splashed into the daily papers with ads as large as those used by the Radio City Music Hall.

With all this build-up, a great picture, in tune with the great American sentiment against war, it might have been expected that there would be waiting lines all the way into Central Park.

I went to see the picture on the fourth night of its run, by which time the reviews, the ads, the word of mouth, should have built it into a smash hit. There were perhaps two hundred people in the sparse audience. The scant attendance was so dumfounding that it became a fact of equal significance with the greatness of the film. I spoke to the managers. They were even more dumfounded, and naturally fully as chagrined as myself.

Some experts held the theory that the newspaper reviews, in stressing the overpowering horror of some of the war scenes, had, by what was meant as praise, kept away audiences, for light entertainment is the vogue in wartime. It seemed to me that this alone was not enough, as an explanation for the astonishing lack of attendance. The Filmarte is a small theatre. Surely, the powerful advertising and prestige ballyhoo which the film had received would attract enough people to fill it, even though the squeamish stayed away. Surely, the devotees of art films alone should fill the theatre for several weeks at least.

The cause must be deeper, and more frightening. There can be only one explanation for such unanimity of disinterest on the part of the public. There is a sickness of futility in their attitude. There is a vast weary hopelessness, a fatalistic attitude that war must come. The very thing against which the film speaks, is the thing that keeps people from listening. This is the most maddening and despairing thing of all. Though the dead should rise, people will not listen.

Abel Gance, the French film genius who wrote and directed *That They May Live*, presented his own sentiments, the sentiments which generated the film, in words which he placed into the mouth of his central character. In speaking of the last war, he says, "I accuse the well-intentioned of having failed to learn the lesson of that gigantic cataclysm and of waiting with arms wearily folded until it begins again.

"I accuse the negligent, the unseeing, the selfish and the grasping of having permitted Europe to split up into rival factions, when the blood that has been spilled should have served to cement an indissoluble European Alliance . . ."

His chief character, an inventor who came out of the last war with the vow to make sure that it was the last of mankind's wars, makes this speech in a frenzy of bitterness, to a group of veterans. He has been sitting at the foot of a flight of stairs leading to a meeting hall where his one-time war buddy, now become a potent rabble-rouser, is making a speech calling for more and more armaments, for national strengthening, for democracy through victory. Jean Diaz, the inventor, who has spent years making weird researches under the mass cemeteries of Verdun, is silent when his old comrade, flushed with the success of his speech, comes down from the auditorium.

What is Jean's opinion? his old friends want to know. Why does he never discuss politics? Why is he outside of things? It is then that he bursts out with his pent-up accusations, and their only effect is to make the veterans pause for a few seconds, and recognize that what he says is true. But then they shrug. After all, how can man prevent war?

And their shrug is the heartbreak of the world. For if man cannot learn by an experience within his own memory, if he will not even permit the experience to be recalled to him, where may there be hope?

The peoples of Europe may well feel fatalistic, living under totalitarian governments, with no power to assert their will, they may sense themselves creatures in the path of an inevitable, glacial cataclysm; but this deathly

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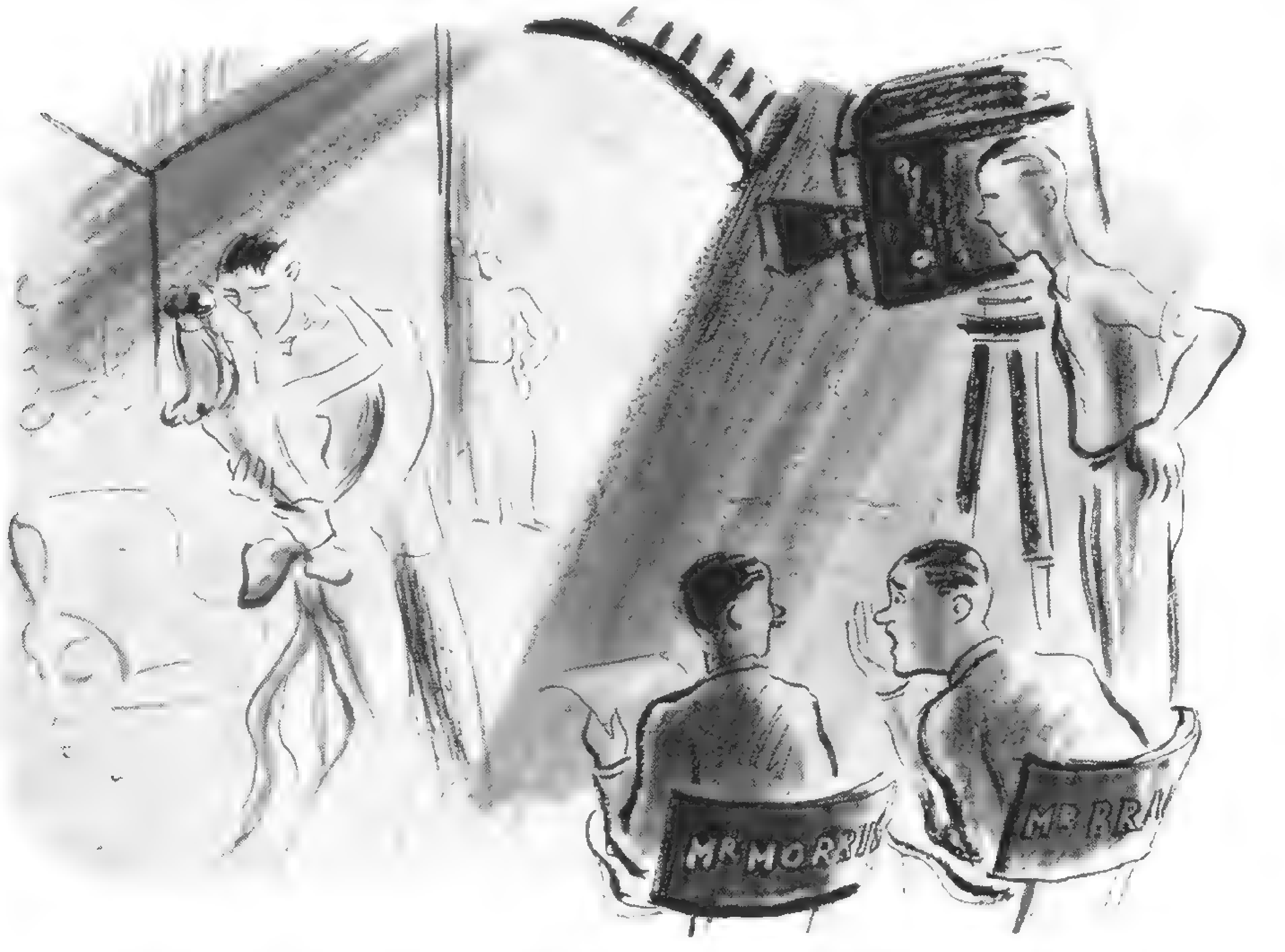


"Say, Walter—haven't we had a scene something like this before in some other picture?"

KAY SUTTON
Hurrell Photograph

CONSTANCE MOORE
Hurrell Photograph

Man the Kitchenette

Recalling the good food enjoyed in an untroubled Poland and offering recipes for *strogonoff* and *sashlik*

by ILES BRODY

EDIBLES

EMOTIONS ought to be suppressed and should not be displayed in public. But I tell you that I do not care if I am criticized for giving way to my sorrow over the passing of Poland, and since this column is concerned chiefly with culinary matters, I mourn on these pages the downfall of that dreadfully tragic country merely from a gastronome's point of view. Even several centuries before the discovery of America, Poland was already a great power and the Polish food was famous everywhere in Europe. Unfortunately the Poles often had to feed themselves like the Centaurs: eating with one hand while brandishing a sword in the other. Where there is no peace there can be no feast . . .

A little over two years ago when I visited Warsaw the last time, there was still peace, or at least so it seemed. There was still superb food to be had. The Hotels Európejski and Bristol which stood opposite each other on the Krakowskie Przedmieščie Street (charred walls today, I fear) were going full blast. The former was a modern hotel, on the Ritz pattern, while the Bristol had an air of Czarist Russia about it. Here, old waiters, remnants of the Romanoff era, brought you a pot of tea no matter how late you returned to your room—a room where the pièce de résistance was a four-poster bed with a bootjack under it and an ikon above.

The menu card in the restaurant was studded with Russian specialities, like *Razsolnyik* soup, a kind of vegetable soup with veal kidneys; *selianka*, heads of fresh water fish stew; *okroshka* with *kvass*, a cold veal, ham, and hard-boiled eggs combination with kvass the national Russian drink poured over it; and *vatroushkis* with curds, a cheesecake which I liked fine and to my regret could never locate in New York's Sixth Avenue Russian delicatessens. Downstairs in the Bristol restaurant you could always find a dark-eyed Circassian beauty or a Botticellian blonde (more likely than not called Jadwiga) from the southern part of Poland, ready to continue her life of adventure with you or at least share a modest *Cotelette Pojarsky*, and a glass of wine or two.

The Európejski constituted the new Poland. Instead of droshkys, taxicabs were lined up before its entrance and two bayoneted guards stood constant vigil at a side door; the Polish Generalissimo had rooms there which he used for some sort of official business as well. There were many more waiters in the Európejski restaurant than in the Bristol, and they were young, like the building. They were condescending in their manner, and this annoyed me at the time; today, after their great tragedy, I forgive them, and I offer belated apologies to a little busboy at whom I shouted impatiently because he took his own sweet time bringing me my favorite vodka.

The card of the Európejski quoted only a few Russian specialties, and consisted mainly of French and English dishes, in addition to the Polish ones. The hors d'oeuvres were superb and really confusingly numerous. I remember a good sauce for boiled fish, which can be very easily prepared by a lone man since all that is necessary is *to melt a half-pound of table butter and mix in with it four hard-boiled eggs chopped very fine and, naturally, salted and peppered.* (Pinch and half a pinch, respectively.)

Poland was a ham country and ham figured in countless ways on the menu of the Európejski. Baked in rye-crust, Burgundy style, and à la Pótócki. The Polish ham was somewhat "heavier" than the Prague one, about midway between the latter and a Virginia ham. But I don't have to introduce Polish ham to Americans; much of the canned variety that we buy here came from Poland.

The Európejski menu contained innumerable very tasty hors d'oeuvres, and all sorts of cold fresh water and deep sea fish, covered with a certain kind of mayonnaise that gave plenty of pleasure to the papillae. Then I would have Borstch, that famous soup, which immediately pleased the eye with its beautiful red color. In addition to the beets, it had onions in it, leeks, carrots, stalks of celery, parsley leaves, vinegar, laurel leaves, butter and salt and pepper. In the Polish way you ate it with small sausages, mashed potatoes and plenty of sour cream, which transformed the red wine color into the enchanting pink of an early sunrise. Color as well as taste is important in food.

One could enjoy mutton and pork and beef in the Polish way, and of course, Boeuf Strogonoff, which figures on the menu of every Polish and Russian restaurant. According to the Princess Gagarin, Boeuf á la Strogonoff must be made like this:

Clean two pounds of fillet of beef. Slice into very thin little bits and mix this with salt, pepper and a dash of flour. Chop an onion finely and fry it in a saucepan in two and a half tablespoonsful of butter. Add the bits of meat, fry altogether, and add a quarter of a cup of bouillon (chicken broth will do if you don't have stocks), one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, and one cup of sour cream. Mix well and cook until deep yellow-brown, but do not keep on fire long enough to dry the sauce. Put into deep dish and sprinkle with a little chopped parsley. Ten mushrooms cut into small pieces and fried separately in butter may also be added.

This is a good he-man dish and very easy to make. The Poles took their Strogonoffs seriously, and the Európejski's was especially excellent.

Warsaw also boasted one of the oldest restaurants in the world. It was the Restaurant Fukier, established in 1590, by the German Fugger family, the Rothschilds of the

Continued on page 123

"Gosh, honey—this tastes just as good as store pie!"

Only Bears Hibernate

Shot in the arm for those people who dig quietly into davenports and vegetate till winter passes

by FASHION STAFF

• WEARABLES •

See America or see your doctor. Take your choice. If it's the former, you will be among those wise souls who have learned the easy secret of year-round fitness by taking their annual earned vacation during the mushy months of winter. Add up the score yourself. In the summer with five-day weeks and sun-basking week ends you are building yourself up against winter. Daylight-saving time lets you live longer days out of doors and even without a summer vacation you're more alert in November than in March after winter's ravages. Doesn't it make sense to punctuate your bleak winter existence with a stimulating vacation that will keep you over till spring rolls around? Get South in the sun or North in altitudes where crisp dry sunlit winter air brushes away the cobwebs of routine and duty.

Casting aside the medical disguise and coming out flatfootedly as advisers on what you'll need to make your winter holiday complete from a wardrobe and impedimenta standpoint, we first refer you to the following pages where basic resort (both North and South) outfits are pictorialized. You don't quite yet sail for the brevity of the Bermuda suit of jacket and shorts? O.K., we won't argue. You'll need, however, a lightweight suit and you can't do wrong on a natural shade such as Colonial Tan. You like the striped beach shirt but prefer more neutral slacks? It's your privilege to choose, but please choose a lightweight, washable fabric for your own comfort and satisfaction. You may not have the hip measurements of the tapered white-trunked bather depicted, so choose a tailored pair of swim shorts, but don't be drab about them this year or you'll be known as the "deacon—beacon" of the beach club. Javanese, Hawaiian, Indian patterns rule the shoreline today and you'll be far from a pioneer in colorful beachwear. Don't forget a terry jacket or a beach poncho of heavy toweling for comfort after a dip. Be sure you have sturdy sunglasses and a Book of the Month for lulls between eyefuls of Petty parades. Have a new camera at hand so you may crow over panchromatic prints around the office when you return. A camera will not suffer beach abuse if you're prepared with a waterproof, slide-fastened beach bag for cigarets, glasses, book, binoculars and plastic, waterproof playing cards. Why not enjoy yourself? On that score we'd also recommend a portable radio in case you want to catch weather reports on how the gang you left behind you are faring or if you want to keep posted for some reason or other on what your broker may be brooding over while you bask. It's always easy to get the time via radio but modern manufacture has also solved the wristwatch problem for those who lead lives near water by perfecting crystal contact and case fitting to a point where absent-minded professors may plunge without upsetting the precision works. Even at play a watch can be very handy at times.

Night time in the South! Take a lightweight white jacket, tropical dress trousers, a soft collar-attached shirt, black bow and a white puggree-banded coconut straw. Tropical nights are part of the relaxation and a blonde or brunette on left arm will blend better if you're at formal ease under moonlight. While on the subject of evening wear the very latest development is abbreviated pajamas, the trousers cut like shorts and the jacket only elbow length.

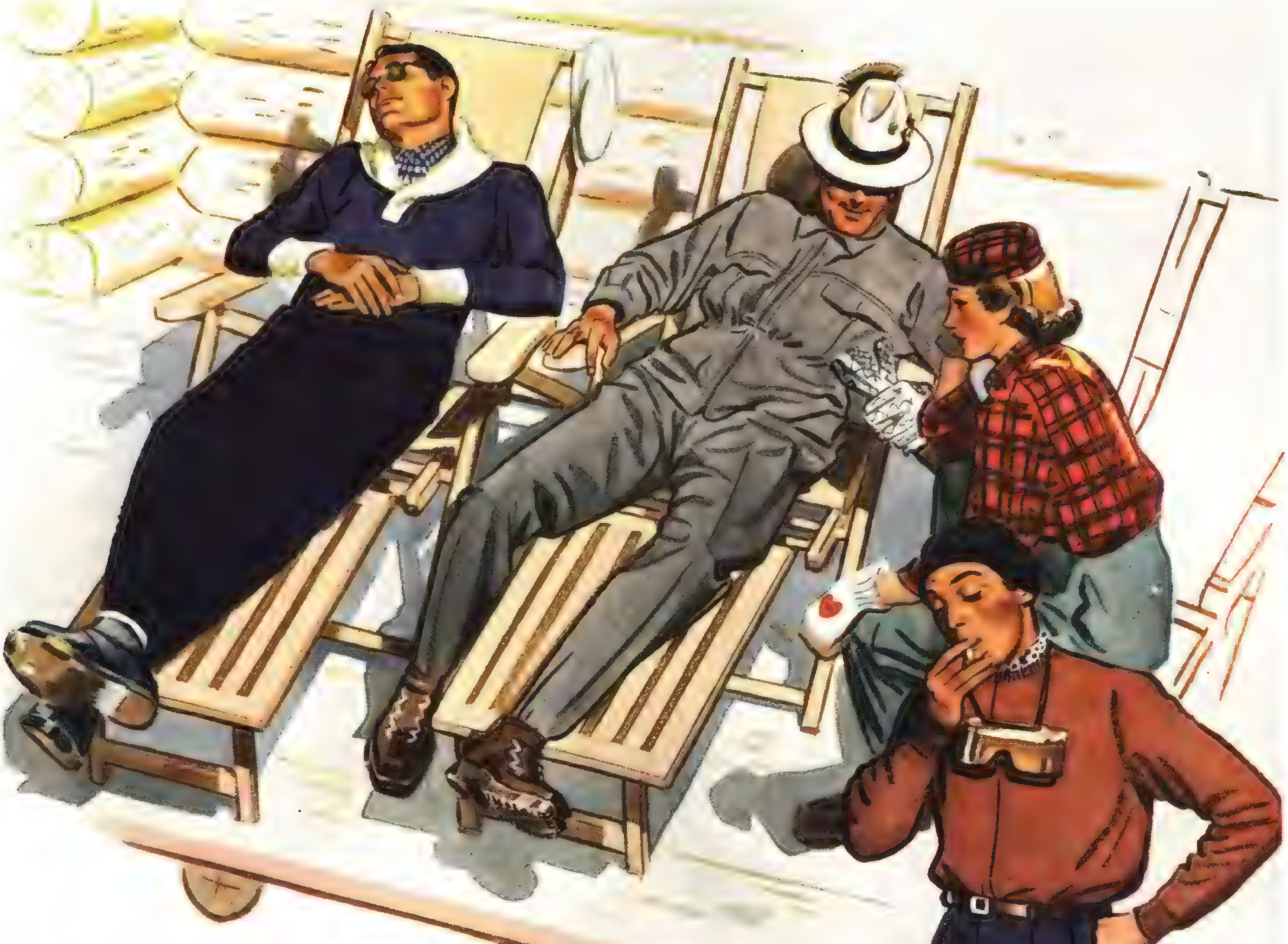
Headin' North? Then the secret of your comfort lies in the foundations upon which you build your apparel. Experience has proved that silk and wool as an insulation in the form of underwear is unbeatable and best preventive against bitter blasts. Cotton and wool, of course, turns the trick for a limited budget. Remember the secret of foot warmth—silk under, wool over. Most Northern Resort wear calls for trousers that allow no breeze. Knickers with long hose or ski trousers that tuck into boots are the only requisites. Glance over the accessories noted above for a Southern sojourn. Many of them apply to the snow climes too. Radio, sunglasses, book, camera, etc., are all-time *passers de rigueur*. Add to them a pipe, man's best companion when the mercury tends to hide, and flask from whose leather-covered interior comes a new lease on life when breath becomes frost. Instead of the beach bag, a snow trail follower finds a haversack haven in a waterproof knapsack that slings over the shoulder much in the same manner as a current London man about town totes a gas mask. Into this hip-hamper a sandwich, band-aid and brandy are tucked away and many a downhill pause may be brightened by its refreshing contents.

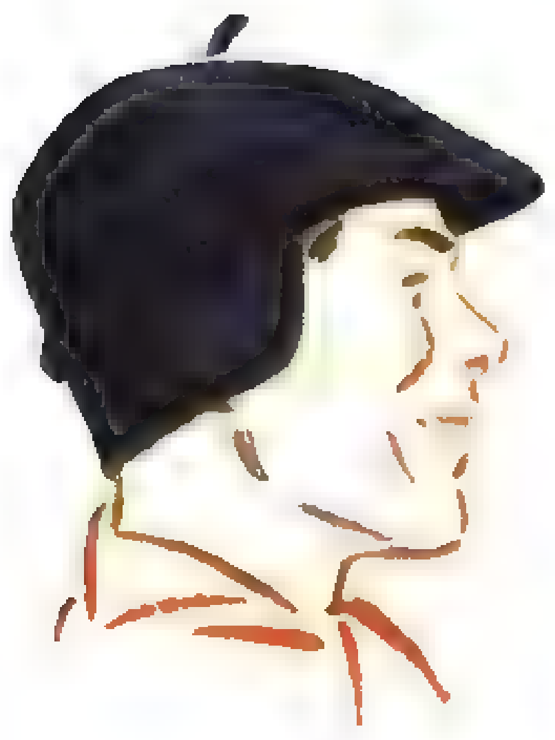
Don't overload when headed Arcticward. Today's magic of manufacture produces featherweight fabrics of tightly woven cotton that, when wind, wet and weatherproofed and snugly slide-fastened, form protection as jackets that defy ninety-mile gales with a modicum of bulk. Take a gander at your leather before you head North—or South. Shoes, luggage and gloves will see either salt air or snow abuse. Treat these leathers with a sulphonated emulsion of animal oils, or if that nomenclature staggers you, ask your local dealer for a prepared leather conditioner that automatically penetrates leather, leaving its natural wearing properties vigorous and able not only to throw off abuse but take a polish as well. Skiboots, skating shoes, beach sandals—all footwear will serve you longer with a bit of this easy care.

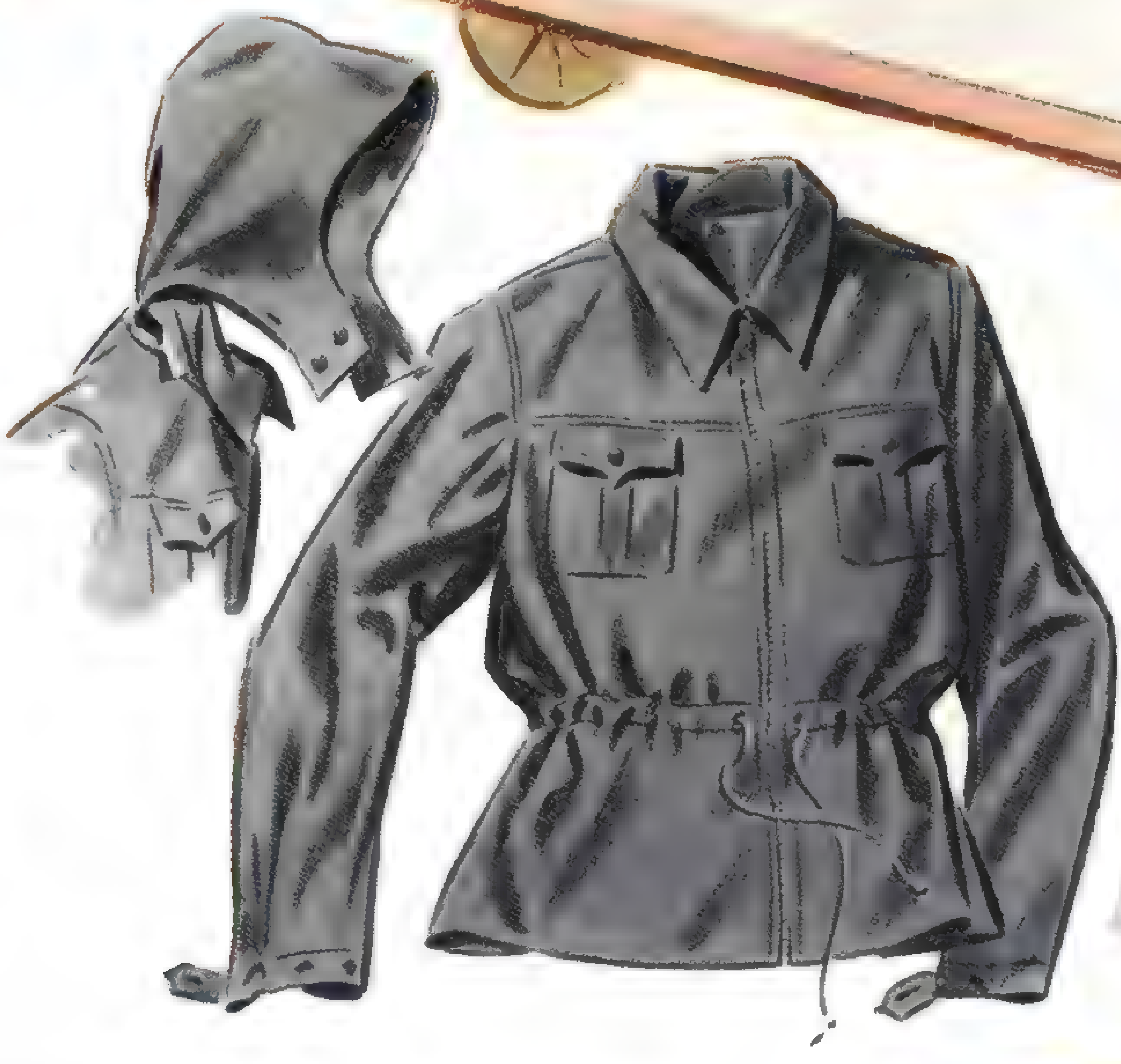
Hop a plane, refuel the convertible or buy a fare on the rattler—but go—have yourself a holiday this winter. We wish we could!

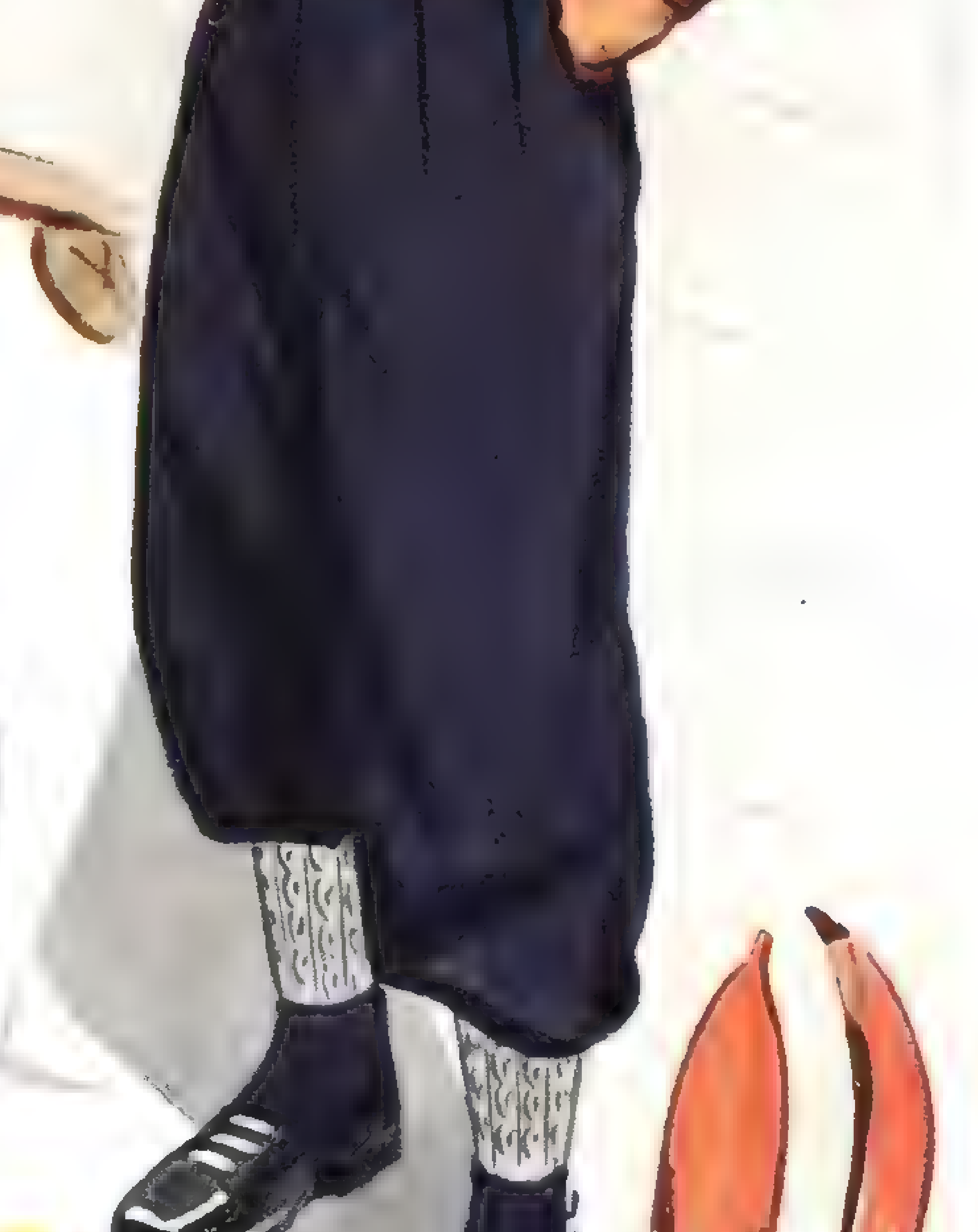
Special
SILK
BLOUSES
½ off

"Isn't it marvelous how each little worm knows just where to do it?"







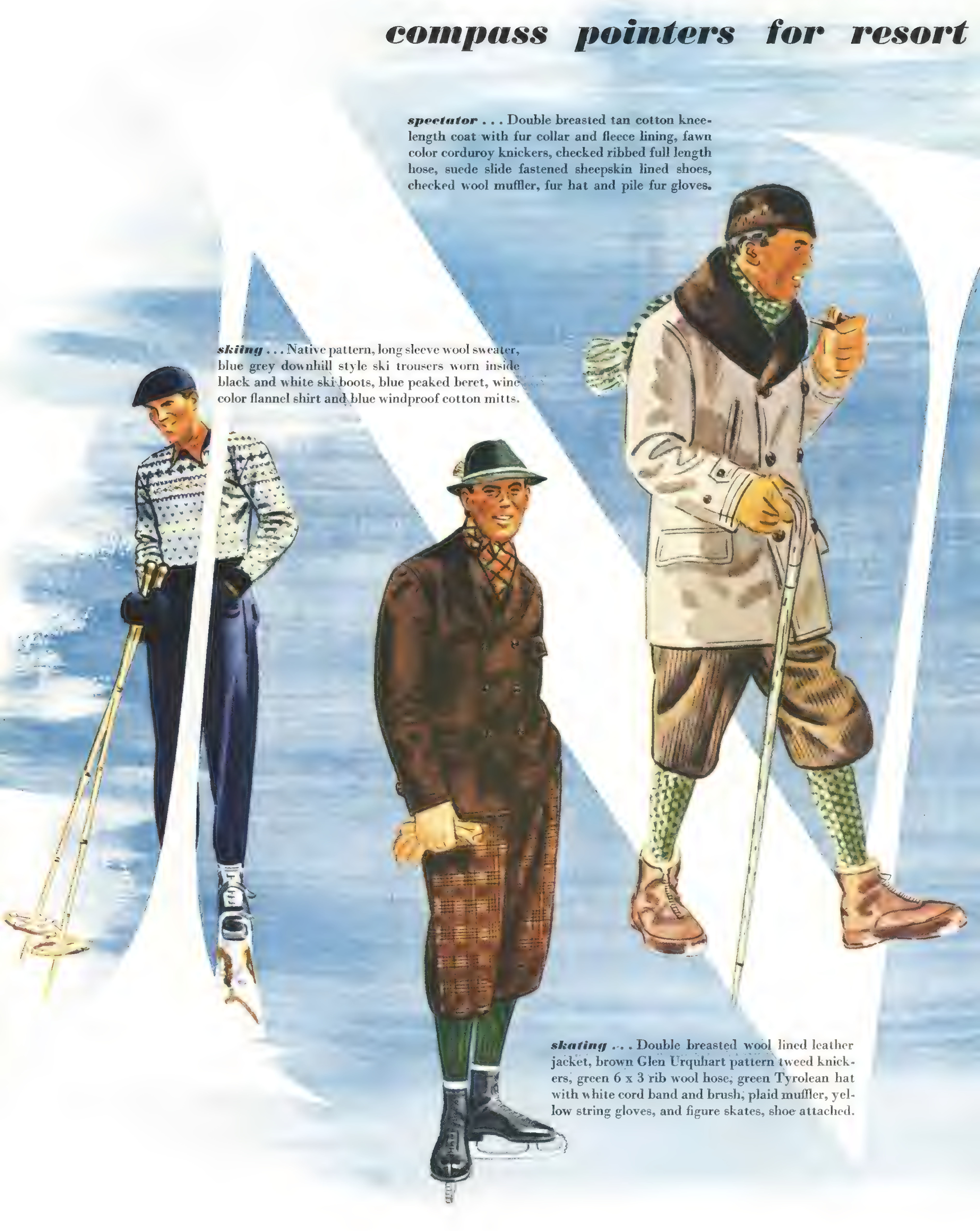


Ski Siesta

Caught napping here are the outfits that ski enthusiasts consider the most practical clothes for their sport. The drowsing figure in the upper left hand corner wears blue downhill ski trousers, black ski boots, navy blue shaker sweater with white collar and cuffs, checked flannel cotton shirt, and when he is more active, a white ski cap. The other lounger wears a grey parka with slide fastener opening, grey gabardine downhill trousers, brown Swiss ski boots and a white Tyrolean hat with colored cord band. At the right is a rust color lightweight wind shirt with slide fastener opening, made in the popular sweat shirt style, worn with blue gabardine knickers, heavy white wool hose, blue anklets and heavy ski boots. Note the knitted headband and the ski goggle visors carried on a thong around the neck. The close-up at the left shows a new type of cap for skiing—a sort of beret-cap combination, with peak inside and convertible earlaps. Also shown is a zipper parka with pocket at back of neck containing an attached hood for bad weather.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

compass pointers for resort

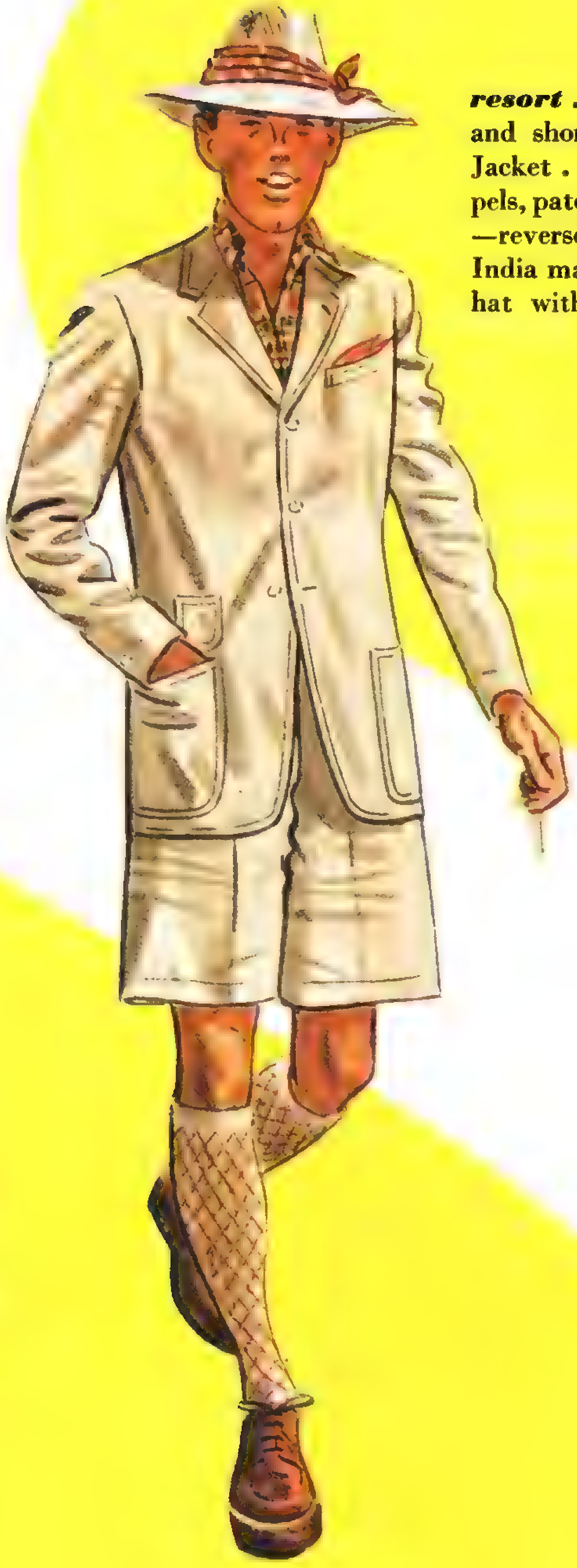


spectator . . . Double breasted tan cotton knee-length coat with fur collar and fleece lining, fawn color corduroy knickers, checked ribbed full length hose, suede slide fastened sheepskin lined shoes, checked wool muffler, fur hat and pile fur gloves.

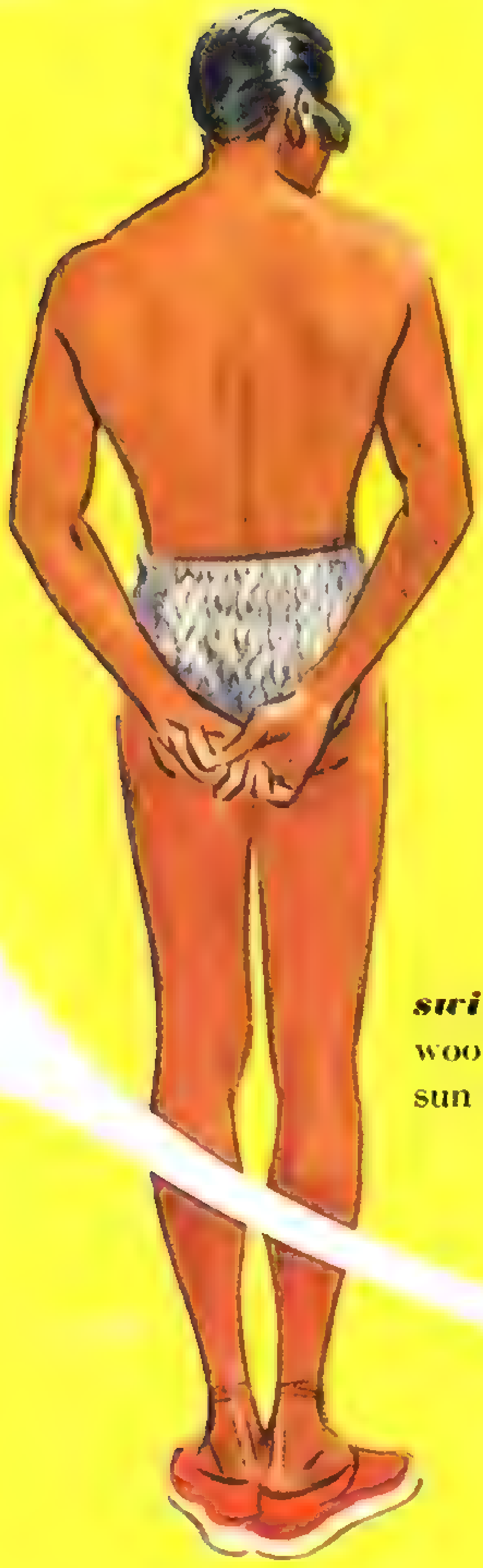
skiing . . . Native pattern, long sleeve wool sweater, blue grey downhill style ski trousers worn inside black and white ski boots, blue peaked beret, wine color flannel shirt and blue windproof cotton mitts.

skating . . . Double breasted wool lined leather jacket, brown Glen Urquhart pattern tweed knickers, green 6 x 3 rib wool hose, green Tyrolean hat with white cord band and brush, plaid muffler, yellow string gloves, and figure skates, shoe attached.

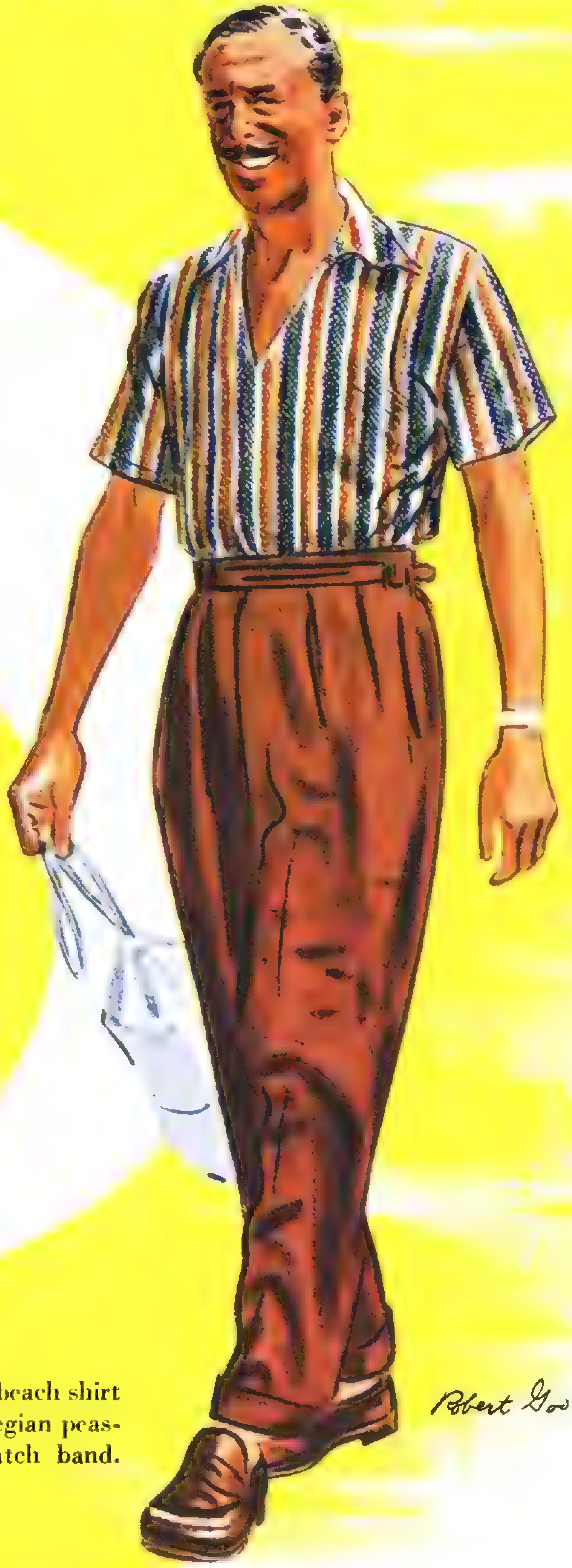
wear . . .



resort . . . The Bermuda suit, matching jacket and shorts of Colonial Tan lightweight suiting. Jacket . . . three-button single breasted, notch lapels, patch pockets. Cuffless wool hose, "gummies" —reverse calf shoes with thick crepe rubber soles. India madras polo shirt, Jippi Jappa native straw hat with hand-tied band, cotton handkerchief.



swimming . . . Abbreviated white cable stitch wool knitted swim trunks, red cotton espadrilles, sun glasses that protect against side glare.

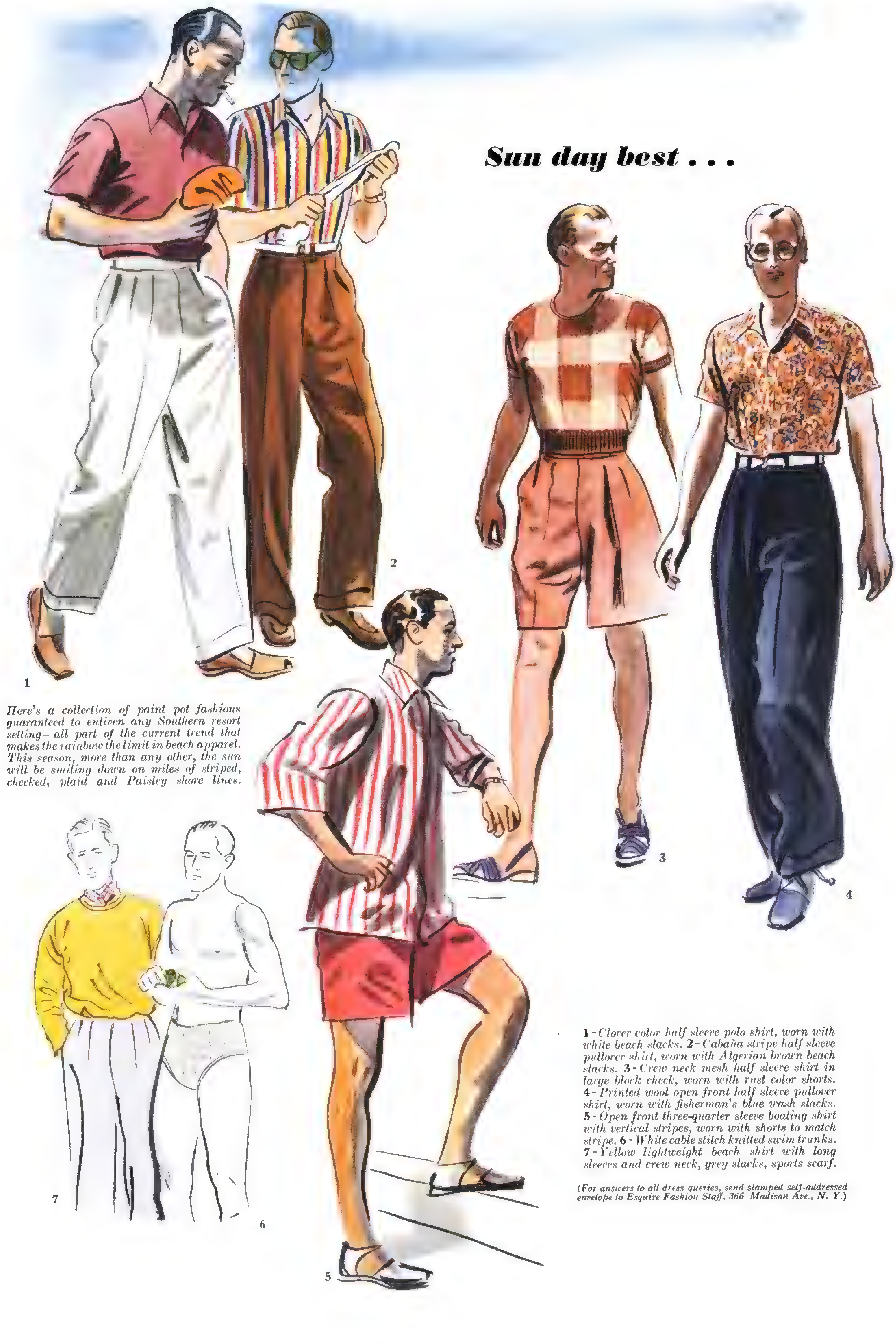


resort . . . Cabaña stripe cotton mesh beach shirt with rust color washable slacks, Norwegian peasant slippers, white washable wrist watch band.

Robert Goodman

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Sun day best . . .



Here's a collection of paint pot fashions guaranteed to enliven any Southern resort setting—all part of the current trend that makes the rainbow the limit in beach apparel. This season, more than any other, the sun will be smiling down on miles of striped, checked, plaid and Paisley shore lines.

1-*Clover color half sleeve polo shirt, worn with white beach slacks.* **2**-*Cabaña stripe half sleeve pullover shirt, worn with Algerian brown beach slacks.* **3**-*Crew neck mesh half sleeve shirt in large block check, worn with rust color shorts.* **4**-*Printed wool open front half sleeve pullover shirt, worn with fisherman's blue wash slacks.* **5**-*Open front three-quarter sleeve boating shirt with vertical stripes, worn with shorts to match stripe.* **6**-*White cable stitch knitted swim trunks.* **7**-*Yellow lightweight beach shirt with long sleeves and crew neck, grey slacks, sports scarf.*

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Tots Save the Show

Continued from page 75

through a doorway and right out of the picture—literally, because the child never appeared again, and no explanation of his disappearance was ever made. It may have been Chaplin's answer to the Kid; it was also a wish fulfillment of millions of adults when faced with other people's children.

With those abominable children out of the way (I wish they were, permanently) it is possible to divide all Hollywood children into easily marked groups: children who can act and actors who are still children. Maybe a third classification: temporary geniuses. Temporary because nothing is more fleeting than the genius of a child; it disappears with the last milk-tooth; it seldom returns. The highways are littered with filling-station proprietors and short-order waitresses who once were prodigious children.

Today, when a producer announces that he is going to do *Hamlet*, he tells the script writer to write in a couple of children: Hamlet as a child played by Freddie or Gene; and the Ghost as a child played by all the Dead End Kids simultaneously. This isn't really satisfactory; the better way is to get a child who continues right through the play. That requires a talent beyond the capacity to gurgle and wear a bib smartly. And the final step is to rewrite whatever script you're working on, so that it becomes a vehicle. (Sometimes the vehicle is a dumpcart, sometimes not.) If you have Jane Withers under contract and the rights to Little Lord Fauntleroy, you rewrite, so that Cedric becomes Cedilla, the tomboy Tootal's Green—and only four old men shoot themselves in protest.

You can amuse yourself, a little, not much—by taking a list of the fifteen most prominent child players of Hollywood and asking your friends to say which are children who can act, which are actors who happen to be children. At the top in each class is a star of the first order; Shirley Temple is an actress of the most amazing talents, who happened to be a child; Deanna Durbin is a child of the most amazing talents among which is the talent of acting. Durbin has been handled several million times more intelligently than Temple and therefore her pictures give far deeper pleasure; but I don't know whether her natural talents are as great as Temple's; I doubt it. Temple is a trouper, an actress who can do anything; she would have played stock in the days of Daly and Frohman; and done one-night stands and come back to New York with tremendous acclaim. I think I have noted once before that she has terrific presence—very similar to the presence of Mae West, who is also an actress of talents. (Maybe it will surprise the admirers of Miss West to be told that while that lady exhibits the graces of her person, she conceals most of her real acting talents. She's got them; but hardly needs to use them. Miss Temple has everything; and uses everything.)

Someone is going to hit me with a loose statistic in a moment, the one about little Miss Temple and the Big Box Office. My only reply is that her talents are so numerous, various, and tremendous that in spite of mishandling, the little girl stays at the top. The mishandling consists chiefly of making every part a one-man vaudeville show with a plot around it. The latest number which I have seen, had to do with the Canadian Mounted Police and only got one dance, as I recall; but the little actress was in there acting for all she was worth—under direction, of course; and always missing one bit of acting—to act like a little girl during an Indian raid, or a little girl with a crush on a handsome grownup man; or a little girl playing with a little Indian boy. Instead we got a little actress doing all these things.

My bet is still about one and a half to one that Temple will survive her management. But when she did *The Little Colonel* the betting was a hundred to one.

All Durbin has to survive is the ravages of time. She's in the danger zone, but Joe Pasternak is a genius for her. If he brings her safely through the next two years or the next three pictures, the betting on her rises to astronomical odds. I don't know whether I shall ever like anything she does as much as I liked *Mad About Music;* I'm not sure whether she will become a great singer or a good actress or a combination of both; but if her employers could afford to retire her for a year or two—and keep her slender—the world would be hers.

Now the oddity is that having set these two in their lawful places, you discover that there are children crawling all over the studio lots, but there aren't any other undisputed, bang-up, surefire individual stars. The Quints and the Gangs are group enterprises; Mickey Rooney is one of the Hardy family and not a carrying-through star in every picture he does; nor is the young Bartholomew; nor is Jane Withers. You find that there are a few grownup players on the lots, too; and if you look hard you can find a few pictures which take the unheard-of risk of omitting children altogether. (That is, of course, in the 1939 lot; what's coming in 1940, no one can say. The report that Tarzan will find a daughter is unfounded.)

What makes the chee-ild so useful in the pictures? Apart from the box-office value of the physical appearance of the infant, there is this, nothing basically grim, harsh, obscene, or tragically important can occur in the presence of the young. (On the screen.) A drunken father may beat the mother; but if the child is there, the rescuing police will arrive sooner than otherwise. The relations between men and women become automatically purified by the presence of the young. We spell out dirty words, maybe, in the home; but on the screen we do not even think a serious thought while baby's eyes rest upon us, searching into the depths of our souls. (Baby wants something unpleasant probably; but the poets have persuaded us that baby knows what's what in Heaven.)

That's fine, for the producer. Everybody will know that if Babykins is there, the whole family is safe; and what's more, Poppa, the wornout thinker, won't have to over-exercise his mind during the entire show. (Saving his intellects for the Mickey Mouse which follows.) Furthermore, the story being what it is, you don't need C. MacArthur and B. Hecht to write it. You don't need to write it. Just take it, anywhere you happen to find it. Your audience knows in advance that if the star or feature player is under the age of connivance, the picture is going to be pleasant. (Heavens knows, most pictures are super-pleasant, but you never can tell. Only last week a picture came out in which all the characters seemed to talk like intelligent human beings and the atmosphere was a little strained.)

So far, so good. But there's more to come. The young, taken in wholesale lots, are the greatest thing in crime since Mr. Zanuck gave up Chicago gangsters. They are young—and yet they're tough! A miracle! A godsend!

Of course if you wanted to go into the morality of the dead-ending of children, you'd come up against a few surprises. Not the least of them would be that tough children do not necessarily congregate in squalid neighborhoods; or the little fact that some children of the ghetto come through and become decent citizens. But looking at the tough-gang merely as actors, your conclusions are different. They are all astounding types; they need direction badly or they will all do the same things in every picture; they grow older, but not different. Each one is an experienced actor now, especially those who are the original tough boys in Kingsley's play, and they'd better strike out and start acting, or they'll be playing members of the Old Gangsters Home in about three years.

These aren't the child-actor type at all. But they can still be miraculously effective. At the end of *Angels With Dirty Faces*, there was a fine moment. Cagney has gone to his faked yellow-streaked death, and the priest has come home to tell the cellarboys about it; they can't believe it; they finally believe it and they start out of the cellar. Leaving the cellar is a sort of symbol of their feeling; they're done with the whole thing. And just as the last boy disappears, he flings the last butt of a cigarette with a backward motion, down into the cellar. It's a gesture worth half a reel of the usual film. The boy did it, but who invented it, who figured out exactly the moment and the angle of the gesture and all the other things which made it masterly? A deadender or an old director? I vote for the director; and the director is the lad who makes children into actors. And grownups, with luck.

My scouts say the deadenders, the original ones, are going on a personal appearance tour, and so to bed, meaning, no contract is in sight. Even if their immediate luck changes, they must know that they've run their time, and have done better than a lot of other people. They didn't have to steal scenes—the scenes were written for them. They didn't talk the sickening mush most children are asked to talk—they were meant to be tough, and the mush they talked had vinegar for seasoning. And they met a lot of nice people: Cagney, Roland Brown, and the Warner Brothers, among them.

Somewhere scattered through these pages you have probably run across a few vital statistics. One thing you haven't found is the list of the actors and actresses who jump with delight when they hear that there's going to be a child in the picture.

There are few directors and producers who like children; and Eddie Cantor, they say, is a pushover for boys. A perfectly good actress once got several thousand letters calling her vile names because she had been cruel to Shirley Temple in a picture—the part calling for nothing less than the traditional cruel stepmother of melodrama. And other players have received less numerous, but more biting notes from directors reminding them that it isn't fair to steal a scene from a baby; baby does all the stealing. No matter how good an actor is, he falls into support when a toothless babe crawls before the lens; and he can't walk up-stage on a minor.

The pickets have yet to start around with placards "This maternity ward unfair to adult actors"; but when a player sees a baby approaching, the first reaction is to say, "Guess I'm slipping." The next one is to look around and see whether any producer is working on a B picture and with adults only.

Still I wouldn't forget that there have been ten thousand pictures, without an adolescent among them, which should have been condemned under the Pure Food and Drug Act. The absence of the young doesn't in itself create an adult picture. The presence of the young, as problems, especially if crime is the subject, can actually give bite and point to pictures otherwise pretty tepid. It is only when the young are thrown in as masters of the revels that things get a little insufferable. #

Going Native Nearby

Continued from page 56

graduate of an American university. The house is near enough the sea for bathing with a large plantation of coconut palms around it. There you will find a cordial welcome and good entertainment for the very reasonable sum of $2.50 a day. (It may be a little more now, owing to the war.) But you would not ask for a pleasanter place. Its name is Bacolet House. The Mendes' are good friends of Commander Alford, a British naval officer who was badly knocked about in the last war and has docked permanently at Tobago. He is a delightful chap, always ready to give tips to visitors which are valuable since he probably knows more about the island than anyone living.

It's no use going to Tobago for the kind of life you get at Palm Beach and Nassau, and it's no good going for a few days. You need to stay there. For this purpose a bungalow is desirable, but unluckily there are very few available and they are mostly preempted by regular visitors. I was lucky enough to find one about five miles from Scarborough, about six hundred feet above the sea, with stupendous views and no mosquitoes. (We didn't even have screens and were never bitten; nor, incidentally, did I discover any tarantulas or snakes or similar horrors.) I had forty acres of land, with unlimited oranges, lemons, limes, tangerines, bananas, grapefruit, star apples, papaws, shaddocks and others I've forgotten. It was a sight every morning to see Salomon, "de yard boy," bringing in a gigantic basket of fruit for the day's consumption—you need a whole lot of fruit juice for planter's punch.

It was a fine big house with two large porches, and I paid for it—all of six dollars a week furnished. Often I think what a goddam fool I was ever to give it up. I had three colored servants who cost eighteen dollars a month for the three, plus some extra sugar and bread. Rum, the best Barbados rum, was a dollar a bottle, and there were good Jamaica cigars at sixpence (about ten cents) each. Honestly I don't believe I spent more than forty dollars a week, if that, including auto hire. There was a huge saman tree by the porch and you could look out on the bananas and the orange and grapefruit trees covered with globes of fruit, and hibiscus flowers and humming birds and gorgeous jacamars, and there was always a breeze and a steady temperature of about 80°, and a ruffled blue sea with nothing on it but an occasional fishing sail, and a blue sky with now and then a white squall, and no sound but the wind and the birds and the swift patter of a passing storm . . .

Now I've made myself homesick for it.

I think of the palms and the gigantic bamboo groves and the dark cocoa plantations with their strange purple and green and red fruit, and the tall flowering coral trees and the tangle of lianas and the processions of tree-cutting ants and how the darkies came up at night and played and sang on the back porch and how I found the nest of a humming bird and how we used to sit after dark and look at the stars and drink rum punch and there was no telephone and no radio and no cable and mail only once a week, and there were bigger and better fireflies, and I used to drive down and go in bathing in the lagoon from a sandy bay where you just undressed and got in the water because nobody was around, and if you liked you could go and pick up all the lobsters you wanted from the coral reef, and the crabs lived on land and the oysters on trees . . .

And I wonder why the devil I'm in New York.

Of course, I do know why. I had spent about four months of that enchanted life, doing some writing but rather less each week, bathing and strolling a little as my broken leg mended, loafing and liking it, vastly entertained by such simple events as "de wash girl" sending up her two eldest children for presents because she was going to get married, when I got some mail from London and New York. London wanted to know where in blazes was the Ms of the book I had promised, and I realized that although the thing had been done nearly two weeks I hadn't bothered to correct it, let alone wrap it up and mail it. New York said much the same, and added peevishly that I had said I'd turn up two months ago, and what the hell did I think I was doing? Going native?

I sat on that sunny silent heavenly porch, looking over the palms and fruit trees to the enormous sea, tearing open letters, reading them fretfully and throwing the envelopes in a waste basket. I knew that the moment was what scientists call "crucial," and I didn't want to face up to it. I didn't want to face the fact that I'd either have to catch the next ship from Trinidad to New York or probably stay in Tobago for the rest of my life, doing less and less each year, dropping out of the literary world, knowing little and caring less what went on outside one small Caribbean island, but perfectly happy and contented.

I don't know whether it was my good or evil genius which suddenly made me yell for "de butler" and give him orders which sent Salomon scuttling to the village nearly as fast as a slow motion picture, which was hustling on his time scale. Why did I wait in such a fever for that car, and hurry the pop-eyed driver to the Government radio station with half a dozen cables, and get myself all packed up two days before I could possibly start? And why did I wander about restlessly for those two days, feeling like a man who's got to marry the wrong girl because she's in trouble and pins it on him? I know the reason well enough. I had heard the sirens singing and I was mortally afraid, afraid that if I stayed a month, a week longer I would never have the guts to get out. You'll admit it's a grand sweet world I came back to.

And, as always happens after irrevocable decisions, I wake up at night sometimes and wonder what would have happened if instead of telling "de butler" to send Salomon for a car, I had said:

"Michael, fix me a long planter's punch with plenty of ice, and have them come and sing on the back porch tonight."

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 83

campaign, and especially on the American visit of the English king and queen. C. V. R. was well on his way to losing that accent and becoming one of us when the pathos of the British monarchy cast its shadow across his path. Rubbing elbows with their majesties and finding that they were just folks, he decided to stay English.

I have been busy for a couple of years reviewing other men's and women's baloney, missing chances to slice my own. Look at Maud Parrish's *Nine Pounds of Luggage* (Lippincott, $3). The woman has been around the world sixteen times but it hasn't done anything to her, not even made her dizzy. She skates thinly over the exotic places, the ego always so fixed on itself that it absorbed nothing but "happenings" from these bumming tours. Maud and the rest of the vagabonds and armchair travelers should read a really good book—*Sinabada*, by Elinor Mordaunt.

Another travel baloney is *Fun Where I've Found It*, by Francis Woodworth (Appleton-Century, $2.75). California lad out of Yale tires of business grind, wants to write, has feeling writer has to see world, sample emotions, trots off to Hawaii, Japan, China, Russia, Spain, on two-year jaunt. Ordinary—some drama, not much penetration.

Some day I'll toss off my own baloney book about what I failed to see in England, in Russia, and on my own Thirteen Bus back home. Some day I am going to write my reminiscences. I'll record the brilliant repartee I've heard, and how instead of going half a mile across the barranca to meet Vincent Sheean I stayed home and curled up with a review copy of a baloney book.

Maybe it is time to tell the panting world how I worked up to be book reviewer on Esquire.

If I have in this job done nothing to bring the blush of shame to my cheek, it is because of certain experiences as an apprentice reviewer.

There was the day that I, an undergraduate, went timorously to the *Daily*, let us call it *Bladder*, to wangle my first review copy from the literary editor. When I came upon him, he was caressing the knees of a girl. He waved me to the bookcase and went on caressing. I got away with half a dozen good books.

Another time—I was a graduate student now—my friend Butch suggested we go downtown and hit Harry Hansen, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, for some books to review. On the way, Butch stopped at a store and bought a copy of *Midwest Portraits*, Hansen's literary potpourri which had come out a few months before.

In the office, Butch begged Hansen to autograph the book, which he exclaimed he had read goggle-eyed. He handed Harry Hansen the crassiest blarney I ever heard a man swallow, and walked off with the two volumes of Sam Gompers' life and letters, while I, nauseated, folded my tent and silently stole away.

Then one time I went to that office and was fended off by the literary editor's assistant, a young squirt just out of college named John Gunther. From John I got a fishy eye and a limp chest-high handshake.

These experiences made an impression on me. I may since have failed to get an author's drift, may have damned with faint praise tomes for which I should have made the welkin ring, or cried up cheap wares. But I have never made my right hand into a piece of raw liver, or tried to seduce a girl with a review copy, or handed out books in exchange for applesauce.

It all reminds me that Sterling North, who now occupies the distinguished chair of letters at the *Chicago Daily News*, has authored *Seven Against the Years* (Macmillan $2.50), a novel which follows the careers of seven college men, class of '29. The basic idea is good: what do these expensively educated gentlemen make of their learning? North has written a pleasant book about it, doing an extra-good job with Dardanus the eccentric Greek (I seem to identify the original), but not going as deep as the thing demands.

Still another book-man has written a novel—Christopher Morley,

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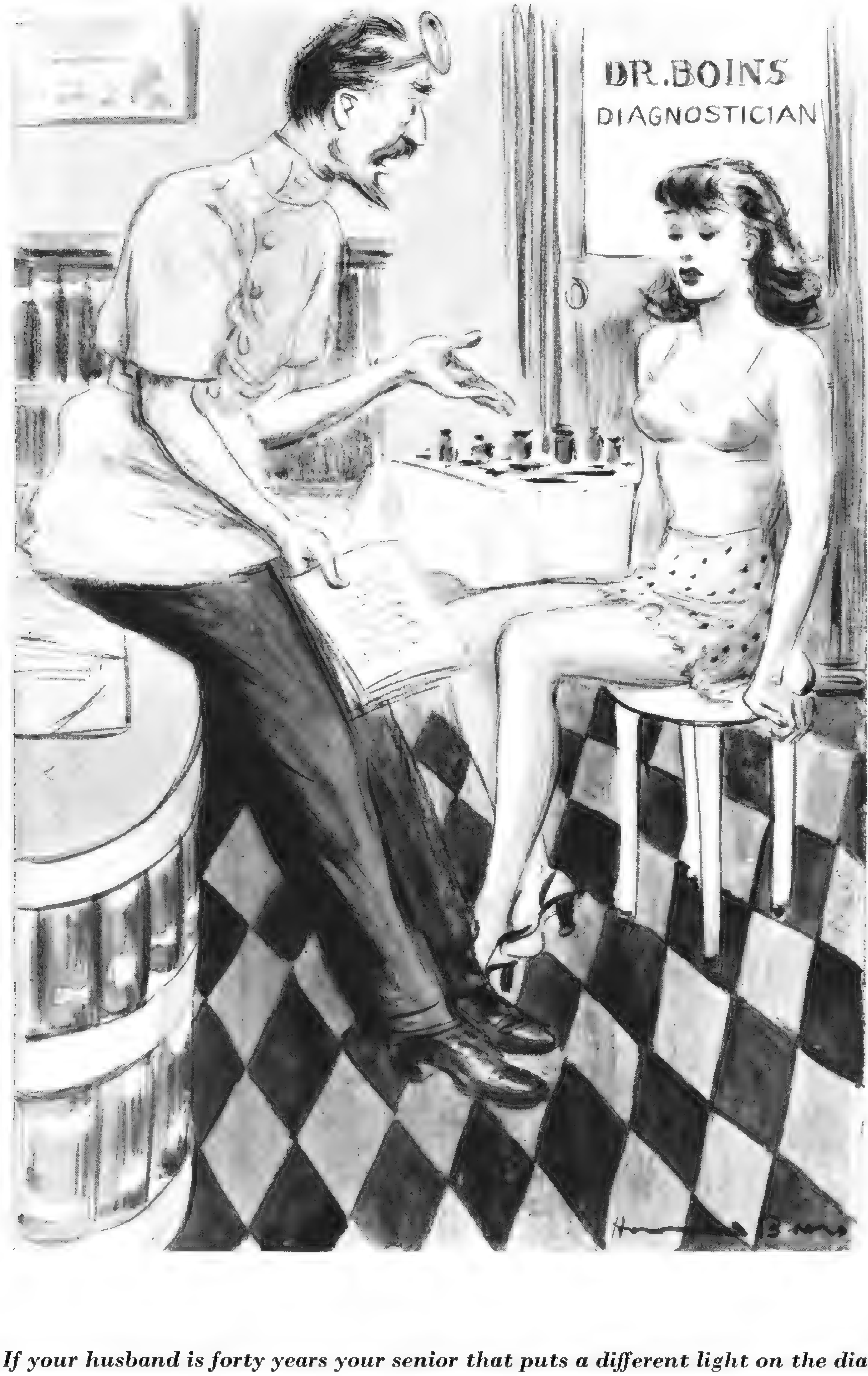

DR. BOINS
DIAGNOSTICIAN

"Well! If your husband is forty years your senior that puts a different light on the diagnosis"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 83-100

who has probably interested the public in more books than anyone, except perhaps that hardy perennial, Billy Lyon Phelps. Morley's *Kitty Foyle* (Lippincott, $2.50), is an understanding story of a plucky Philadelphia-Irish girl whose love affair with the upper-class cricket gent went floppo. The essential Morley crops up all through it, but the girl stands up and lives; so do her brothers and her pa and the outspoken colored maid Myrtle.

* * *

The outpouring of historical fiction is considerable enough to be labeled a movement or at least a tendency. Why this over-concern with the past? Is it that the present is too damned much with us? Is it that *Gone with the Wind* rang a big gong? Is it that writers have become interested in yesterday to help explain today?

A good historical novel is hard to write. It demands much research with dates, names, social fixings, what people wore, the songs they sang, how they talked and thought, what they ate, how they traveled—the stuff history books leave out as secondary to politics and war. And it demands further a good story, something to make the old parlor or the great plains as alive as today's street scene.

Whatever the cause, in a month's time I have received eight historical novels:

Strife Before Dawn, by Mary Schumann (Dial, $2.50).

Hawk of Detroit, by Arthur Pound (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50).

Michael Beam, by Richard Matthews Hallet (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50).

Lightwood, by Brainard Cheney (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50).

The Torguts, by W. L. River (Stokes, $2.50).

The City of Gold, by Francis Brett Young (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.75).

Queen Anne Boleyn, by Francis Hackett (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75).

Tiffany Thayer's Three Musketeers (Dial, $2.75).

Maybe it means something that, with the exception of the *Three Musketeers* and *Queen Anne Boleyn*, all are concerned with the fate of underdogs—Indians in *Michael Beam, Strife Before Dawn*, and *Hawk of Detroit;* the southern squatter in *Lightwood;* the Boer in *The City of Gold;* a tribe of Mongolian nomads in *The Torguts*. Thayer's musketeers differ from Dumas' in revealing a soft spot for the arch-villainess, Milady de Winter, and in showing what Dumas was not so well aware of—that D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramais were only brave, slashing pimps for Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham.

Today's historical novelists, in short, know something about the world that you can't find in Walter Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, and G.P.R. James. None of these tales betrays any nostalgic yearning for a lovelier period of history.

Each of these novels, in one way or another, is the story of a fight for land, in which the winner is Might, not Right. The Indians, and in Africa the black tribes, were overpowered by the rum, guns, and trickery of the settlers. The settlers in their turn were bamboozled or wiped out by bigger shots who owned the courts, the politicians, and the troops. If I were Chairman Dies, I'd examine this historical fiction to see if it doesn't by implication propagandize against the sacredness of property in the hands where we find it.

If communism can be shaken out of testimony involving Shirley Temple's golden curls, it's just as likely to be lurking between two juicy love passages in a costume piece.

Most powerful is Cheney's *Lightwood*. As if the carpetbaggers weren't curse enough to the post-Civil War South, Northern business interests began to prey on it. One company took over the pine barrens of southern Georgia and began to cut timber. In its way were the squatters whose fathers had fought the Indians and whose sons had died in the War between the States. They held the land by Georgia law, which said that seven years' occupation gave clear title. This meant nothing to the New York company, and blood flowed again.

Not much love interest in *Lightwood*, but that loses it nothing. The characters and the fight will haunt you. It must have hurt Brainard Cheney to write it.

Hallet's *Michael Beam* is a rollicking yarn about the beginnings of Illinois. Michael Beam, brave and brawny, at home with whites and Indians, made the town of Sorry Crossing spring up overnight at the point where the citizens of Ribtown and Troublesome came together to decide which of the two towns should be the county seat. The vote was a tie. "Then Michael Beam rose: 'Gentlemen', he cried, smoothing down his auburn bang, 'Troublesome is too high up for the brag-boats of the Ohio to come to . . . But then, Ribtown is too low . . . Why, Sorry Crossing sits here with her feet in the river, pretty as a girl on her way to church.' "

But Tom Goad, boss of Troublesome, didn't like that. " 'As for Crossing, I'll take and grease the little thing with a piece of bacon-rind and let the first Indian dog that comes along swallow it whole.' " So Michael fights him. "Quicker than hell could scorch a feather, Michael picked his man up and dashed him down and fell on him again and clutched his Adam's apple." And Sorry Crossing became the county seat.

This book has more flavor, more friendly and picturesque humor, than any in the group, which makes it probably the most enjoyable to read.

At this writing, *Strife Before Dawn* is already climbing into the best-seller lists, and rightly so. It covers 1764-82, when French and British were urging the poor duped Indians to wipe out frontiersmen, and frontiersmen were cheating them out of land; when white scalped white and the lust for killing caused such a slaughter of innocents as was not to be seen again until the 20th-century mechanized wars. History doesn't draw these things graphically enough, and it's time a lot of super-patriots knew what their country was really made of.

In *The City of Gold* Francis Brett Young continues his saga of South Africa with a story linked to the beginnings of Johannesburg. He chooses a large canvas—the struggle of the early individualistic settlements toward economic and political equilibrium—and he's done well with it. The family of John Grafton is involved in all the currents of the day—politics, diamond digging, frontiering, empire building, gold-mining. Mr. Young has written 658 pages of story, and there was no reason for him to stop where he did. I'd have been with him for another 658.

Of the rest, *Hawk of Detroit*, by Arthur Pound, concerns the founding of Detroit, and is a light work, confused in purpose.

The Torguts, by W. L. River, reconstructs the flight of four hundred thousand Mongolian nomads in Asiatic Russia from the heavy hand of Catherine the Great. Mr. River has a hard time making it significant instead of just interesting.

Hackett's *Queen Anne Boleyn* has an old-fashioned flavor, for it's concerned of course with people in high places—a meticulous, literary study of politics and court intrigue in the troubled beginnings of England's rise to nationhood.

I might include Clemence Dane's *Arrogant History of White Ben* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), as a historical novel of the future. This fantasy about a scarecrow who came to life and to power as dictator of England in the 1950's is a magnificent story, a rare story—a bit of stark realism on the dream level. You might take it as a commentary on Hitler and Germany, or a warning to England, and to all nations who value democracy. More than anything else, *White Ben* is a study of an uneducated, uninhibited man of single purpose, half-barbarian, half-fool, who becomes a leader because a desperate people is eager to be led.

Finally, let me here mention still another type of novel. I read Rex Ingram's *Mars in the House of Death* (Knopf, $2.50) in the house in Mexico where it was written—which failed to help. It's about a great bullfighter, with emphasis on his youth and later on his women—a jerky novel, which succumbs to melodrama. Ah, glamorous Spain, exotic Mexico! *Por favor*, pass the frijoles.

* * *

As I pound away, the war proceeds discreetly, punches are being pulled, London, Paris and Berlin are still intact. Compared to the 1914 free-hitting fracas, this one is a series of clinches. Almost the only thing that has gone true to form is American neutrality.

On the broad subject of the war there are several good books. Capt. Liddell Hart's *The Defense of Britain* (Random House, $3.50), written before the hostilities there broke out, is strangely prophetic of England's strategy. In it you will find the detailed military explanation of the waiting, defensive war.

On American neutrality, C. Hartley Grattan's *The Deadly Parallel* (Stackpole, $2) is a strong argument against the Roosevelt policy. Grattan sees the country all ready to hit the greased slide into war. He damns the Democracy vs. Fascism issue as a fake, and arraigns American pro-war interests and British propaganda.

American businessmen with a private admiration for Hitler (if such there be) might invest $3 in a copy of Guenter Reimann's *The Vampire Economy: Doing Business Under Fascism* (Vanguard), which is replete with case-histories, documents, confidential letters, and the dope from German and Italian bankers and industrialists showing that even if the totalitarian countries aren't bothered by a C. I. O., business is in one hell of a jam. It takes a German auto manufacturer more than five months to put through an order for tires, and then he has to take four ersatz tires for every rubber one. He must hire a special contact staff to put through the hundred and one bureaucratic deals involved. In fact a new professional man, an in-between or contact man, has arisen—a right guy with connections in the Party. The sanctity of private property has had the stuffing kicked out of it. This Reimann writes like a man who has the goods, and he makes out that business in Germany gets carried on in an environment of fear, cross-purposes, and general insanity. A proletarian like me can only chuckle.

On the other hand, here's a pro-Soviet book, *Russia Without Illusions*, by Pat Sloan (Modern Age, $0.75), which is one of the best defenses of the U.S.S.R. I have yet seen. Sloan worked in Russia for many years. He has little respect for the foreign correspondents, who he says never get down off their perch to see how the ordinary citizen lives or what moves him, and less respect still for the Eugene Lyonses who come to the country all starry-eyed and dewy-lipped, and retreat to weep.

Tracing the road to war, two veteran journalists have republished their day-by-day interpretations. Raymond Gram Swing has collected his radio broadcasts from the Prague crisis to the Danzig crisis, and from "10 p.m. Aug. 21, to 9:45 p.m. Sept. 3," in a volume called *How War Came* (W. W. Norton, $2). Dorothy Thompson has a selection of her syndicated columns from March 1936 to the end of July 1939 in *Let the Record Speak* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.75).

You may be as tired as I am of books about dictators, but here is one that has the merit of handling them wholesale, and not specializing in the Big Three: *Juggernaut: The Path of Dictatorship*, by Albert Carr (Viking, $3). Carr studies the careers of twenty dictators all over the world and all through history. He also has an excellent discussion of the fascist trend in America.

* * *

On the home front the star items are *The Pressure Boys* (recommended in the first paragraph) and Alfred Lief's life of America's No. 1 statesman, *Democracy's Norris* (Stackpole, $3.50). These books complement each other, because one is the dirty side and the other the clean side of American national politics. I notice the reviewers on conservative newspapers are playing down both books, and especially pooh-poohing *The Pressure Boys*. Read these books, learn, and weep. Drop a tear for the way democracy functions, with Joe Doaks being sold down the river by respectable crooks, and the occasional fighter on Joe's side finding the going so tough that week in and out he is on the verge of throwing up the sponge. That is why the Norris book is subtitled *The History of a Lonely Crusade*. George Norris' is a great story. When you stack it up against Moley's *After Seven Years* you understand Norris' bigness, Moley's pettiness.

Another book that won't be welcomed by salvos from the reviewing guns of the press is Secretary Harold L. Ickes' *America's House of Lords: An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Press* (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). Will Frank Gannett and Bertie McCormick (the *Chicago Tribune*), those great keepers of freedom, even allow it to be reviewed? It should be read by everyone who reads newspapers.

John Norton Leonard's *Three Years Down* (Carrick & Evans, $2.75), graphically pictures the big depression years. You may remember Leonard as the author of the very readable *Tools of Tomorrow*.

Samuel Hopkins Adams recreates the age of Warren Gamaliel Harding and his gang in *The Incredible Era* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3). The incredible thing is that after all the numbskullery and staggering thievery recorded in these two books, the country still remains solvent.

Mark Van Doren's *Shakespeare* (Holt, $3), which examines the Bard's works one by one, is a sound and readable guide to the beauties and crudities therein. *Last Lectures by Roger Fry* (Macmillan, $5), with introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark, is an important book for the artist and the art-minded layman. Fry had a very definite art bias, at the other end from the social-significance school. He makes that esthetic plain here, in a number of lectures lucidly and agreeably presented, and backed up by 320 illustrations of art objects analyzed in the text.

Carl Crow's *The Chinese Are Like That* (Harper, $3) deserves to do as well as his *400,000,000 Customers*. I think it is, if anything, better. A wise and tolerant book, full of fascinating anecdote, humor, and keen insight. The Chinese are fortunate to have such an interpreter. Now the same job needs to be done for Negroes, Jews, Russians—and maybe even Germans!

If Carolyn Wells' *Gilt Edged Guilt* is rated at zero, and four stars are given to *Thin Man*, *Death in a White Tie*, *Four of Hearts*, *Fast Company*, and *Murder Must Advertise*, then these current productions get the following deserts:

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MYSTERIES

Name and Author	Locale	Sleuth	Characters	Plot	Corpses	Style	Rating	Remarks
The Clue of the Naked Eye, by Charlotte Murray Russell (Crime Club, $2)	Middle-west town	Spinster Jane Amanda Edwards	Stockholders in newly formed oil co.	One oil firm head is found shot through in town square and Jane's brother is a suspect, so she goes on warpath.	3, one very bloody	Humorous, homey	☆☆☆	Jane is nice.
The Chiffon Scarf, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Doubleday, Doran, $2)	Pre-wedding house party	P. A. Sloan, professional 'tec retired to ranching, comes out of retreat	Three beauteous girls, and members of an airplane co. trying to sell new engine to mysterious buyer.	New plane crashes in demonstration flight and inventor, thinking it shouldn't have done that, takes whole party to Sloan's place for a going over.	4	Clear, and cool, and fast	☆☆☆½	Mrs. Eberhart at her best.
The Girl in the Cage, by Cortland Fitzsimmons and John Mulholland (Stokes, $2)	Mainly a night-club, den of magicians	Triple-threat: priest, magician, young inspector—mostly magician	Assorted magicians and crooks.	Knifed man is discovered in theatre during Peter King's sleight-of-hand act, and Peter helps a girl escape through his magic cage.	5, one for every 60 pages	Tends to sweetness and light	☆☆	Anyone might be guilty, and who cares?
Red Gardenias, by Jonathan Latimer (Crime Club, $2)	Native haunts of rich March family—or what's left of it	Bill Crane and Ann Fortune, members of a 'tec firm	The Marches—papa, sons, daughters-in-law—and friends.	When first Richard, then John March, are found dead in their cars from carbon-monoxide, papa March decides it wasn't accident.	3, all carbon-monoxide	Terse	☆☆☆	It isn't that Crane drinks too much; it's that Latimer keeps making a point of it.
The Dragon's Teeth, by Ellery Queen (Stokes, $2)	Mansion on the Hudson, where a lot of funny "accidents" happen to a beautiful girl	Ellery Queen, of course, and a new partner, Beau Rummell	Mainly two honeys, made newly rich by an odd will.	Just before eccentric Cadmus Cole dies, he engages Ellery for an unknown task, which turns out to be finding missing heiresses. But complications ensue.	Surprise! only one	Brilliant	☆☆☆	Routine ending.
Dead and Done For, by Robert Reeves (Knopf, $2)	New York apartment holding a corpse, theatre backstage holding another	Cellini Smith, straight guy playing with crooks	Cops, crooks, theatre folks.	Gangster Tony Moro had an alibi for the wrong time when play-backer Griswold was found dead, so pal Cellini tries to clear him.	3 extra-legal, 2 legal	Hard-boiled	☆☆½	Cellini is weak on reasons.
Mooney Moves Around, by Kerry O'Neil (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2)	New York and environs	Jerry Mooney, private 'tec	Dress designers and crooks.	When Zinsky's partner Goldfeather is kidnaped on a joke that turns out to be no joke, Zinsky calls in Mooney.	1	Hard-boiled	☆☆½	Not altogether fair to reader.
The Case of the Rolling Bones, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow, $2)	Here and there with rich Leeds family and hangers-on	Perry Mason—what'd you think?	Millionaire Alden Leeds and family, plus the shady Milicants.	Two Leeds try to pop old Alden in nuthouse when it seems he'll marry. So one fair-play Leeds pages Perry Mason, and pretty soon there's a murder.	2 in 1	Kittenish still, but a little better	☆☆	Won't Perry and Della Street ever get married?
Too Like the Lightning, by Dana Chambers (Dial, $2)	The spy world	Jim Steele, whataman!	FBI men against "Coalition Powers."	Jim, U. S. spy, has trouble telling friends from foes when he looks for human reasons behind series of airplane crashes.	About 4. Doesn't matter much in this sort of thing	Shallow but lively	☆½	On the kid side—bang! bang!
Liar Dice, by J. S. Mosher (Simon & Schuster, $2)	Tientsin, China, on heels of Jap occupation—especially American consular world	U. S. consul	Consular officials, Japs, Chinese, Germans, Italians.	Double killing of American and Chinese involves consulate in Sino-Jap trouble complicated by beautiful sinful halfbreed.	4, not counting Jap bombing casualties	Rapid dialogue full of cracks, good character work	☆☆☆	Swell first novel; Mosher has stuff for bigger things.
The Double Shadow Murders, by Allan McRoyd (Greystone, $2)	Commutes between N Y. and a Crestview girls' school	Inspector Franklin Brady, N. Y. Homicide Bureau	Aunt and Uncle Stirling, two lovers, a professor, two private sleuths, etc.	Runaway schoolgirl asks Brady to arrest man who's going to murder her; but she won't prefer charges. So she's murdered.	3, one without a face	Competent, not outstanding	☆☆	Good complicated plot; too many vague characters.
The Golden Swan Murder, by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House, $2)	Dizzy Hollywood	Spinster Aunt Susan Page, blueblood from Philadelphia	Susan and movie star niece, niece's fiance, butler, associates.	Susan comes to Hollywood on niece's plea in time to discover body of niece's ex-husband, and help her remove it.	2, and a suicide	Smooth, sober	☆☆☆½	a. This girl can write. b. a handsome book.
Dead Man's Shoes, by Evelyn Cameron (Crime Club, $2)	Three Oaks, rich Parminter estate in Texas.	Jake Thompson, hick sheriff who always gets his man	Heirs of Russell Parminter, who's been a very nasty man.	After the will is read, Russell disappoints by popping up alive. He threatens to change will, and next night dies for keeps.	2	Cool, neat	☆☆☆	Better than promising 1st novel.
This is What Happened, by Tod Claymore (Simon & Schuster, $2)	English countryside	Tod Claymore—and good old Scotland Yard	Kind who live or dine off English country estates.	Tod pulls a murdered man from a burning house, to discover shortly that the man for whose house he's really bound has also been murdered, and with same kind of dagger.	2	Lively	☆☆☆	Let's have a second helping.
The Crying Sisters, by Mabel Seeley (Crime Club, $2)	Minnesota summer resort, Crying Sisters lakes	Guess again	Resort vacationers who are other than they seem.	Small-town librarian looking for adventure finds it when strange man asks her to be nurse to his little boy and gets her involved deeply in strange doings around the Crying Sisters.	4	Dramatic	☆☆☆	Highly ingenious plot.
Dividend on Death, by Brett Halliday (Holt, $2)	Rich Brighton estate	Private 'tec Michael Shayne, redhead and very he-man	Brighton menage, including beautiful Phyllis, shifty sec'y, ditto doctor.	Phyllis hires Mike to keep her from murdering her mother. Mama is killed anyway, and Mike has to show it isn't Phyllis.	4	Hard-boiled	☆☆	Mike is unconvincing.
The Town Cried Murder, by Leslie Ford (Scribner's, $2)	Williamsburg, Va.	Commonwealth Attorney John Crabtree	Lucy Randolph, yankee Bill Haines, and the Yardleys.	Ancestor-ridden Yardleys are suspected when fiance of pretty Faith Yardley is found murdered.	2	Bright	☆☆☆	The honor of the South is saved.

Saint Karl Marx

Continued from page 65

the coming of the revolution. He saw the revolution bound close to factories, organized labor and great industry. Therefore he concluded that the revolution must first take place in the most industrialized nations. This proved just the opposite, for when the revolution did occur, it took place only in agricultural lands such as Russia, Spain, Mexico and China. Of course when I heard Kelly speak against this doctrine back in 1913, none of these revolutions had yet taken place. While he did not name the countries, he did come out and say he was certain they could not occur in modern England or Germany . . . the countries that Marx asserted would be the first to throw off their chains.

As for that great theory called "surplus value," in which wealth made on labor today is compared to wealth made by slave owners or by a feudal baron forcing labor on his serfs, this theory was hailed by Engels as one of the two most important discoveries of our age upon which modern scientific socialism is based. Alas, this theory of "surplus value" was not very original.

In recent years the social historian, Max Nomad, and I consider him the ablest and best equipped of all modern historians working in this field, has devoted a good deal of research into Marx's sources. Regarding this special theory of Marx he writes: "Some critics have pointed to the fact that Marx's 'original discovery' of the concept of the 'surplus value,' that is, of the exploitation of the workers by the capitalist, had been anticipated by nearly half a century by William Thompson in his *Distribution of Wealth* (page 166 of the first edition, 1824). Which shows that Marx was not the only radical economist bent upon proving the obvious . . ."

This important "discovery," one of the two upon which "scientific socialism" is based, belongs to Thompson and not to Marx. The other great discovery is the famous "Materialist interpretation of history." This is a conception the merits of which are hard to deny. Certainly history has been greatly influenced by economics. But as a working revolutionary theory its value to man has very great doubts. I cannot accept the theory fully for I can visualize important historical movements that had very little to do with economics. The figures of Christ and St. Francis of Assisi were certainly of historical importance and yet had little or no economics to prompt their movements. The Renaissance of Italy had some economics but not enough to account for this great esthetic liberation. The vast Crusades were not prompted solely by a thirst for gold. The Black Plague was not the result of money. The French Revolution certainly had an underlying economic basis but so far all attempts to write the history of the Revolution from the side of economics with little regard for the burning passion have, to my mind, failed. Napoleon loved gold but personal ambition was supreme.

At any rate this great discovery of "economic materialism," hailed by some disciples as equal to that of Copernicus, was certainly not originated by Marx. "A whole line of eminent French socialists," writes Rudolf Rocker in his enlightening volume *Nationalism and Culture*, "like Saint-Simon, Considérant, Louis Blanc, Proudhon and many others had pointed to it in their writings, and it is known that Marx reached socialism by the study of these very writings."

One must remember that Marx was born in Germany and German ideals of that time were greatly under the sway of Hegel's philosophy. His logical contortions pleased all parties—conservatives and liberals. The conservatives saw in Hegel's words "what is rational is real and what is real is rational" a justification for Imperialism, and the liberals hailed his whole philosophical labyrinth of fraudulent logic as a new form of evolution. (Alas, Darwin and Wallace were British and Germany was not to be left out.)

This official philosopher of German Junkerdom, the "philosopher of the absolute," the inventor of obscure phrases such as "historical necessities," and that "each phenomenon was necessary and inevitable" was the early inspiration of Marx's International Socialism. And almost the first words Marx wrote according to Max Nomad's recent investigations were: "The emancipation of the German is the emancipation of the man. The head of that emancipation is *philosophy*, its heart the *proletariat*." Heavy German patriotism remained with Marx to the end. Marx believed, as Nomad indicates, that the Revolution was to be directed by philosophers and instead of joining the workers the workers were to tie up with his doctrines of revolution.

You can see also how easily Hegel's mystical philosophy lends itself to the deification of one of his disciples. It has in it all the earmarks of a manufactured religion.

It is upon these main theories, half of them wrong and the other half forced and unoriginal, that the world of the Marxists is built.

Several years ago Professor Charles A. Beard made a plea for a new life of Marx that "would forever dispose of the myth that the poor world did not know anything at all about its history and driving forces until Marx delivered the one and only revelation." On reading this my friend Robert Allerton Parker, who has to his credit two modern studies in American history, dug into his files and drew forth a whole sheaf of notes on the personal life of Marx. He had been quietly doing some biographical detective work. These notes are now before me as well as the recent studies of Max Nomad. Although the words that follow may be my own and without quotation marks, most of the ideas come from these two sources and the astonishing discoveries are due entirely to Parker and Nomad.

To begin with Marx was a gifted youth with great talent for leadership. He had, however, no oratorical ability, he lisped and his German dialect was Rhenish, the dialect from which Eastern European Yiddish takes its origin. This sense of deficiency made him suspicious and contributed greatly to the bitterness in his nature.

It must be recalled that Marx's father was a successful and cultured lawyer in the German Rhine district. He belonged to what is called the "better class of Jews." But he was an ardent Prussian patriot and to escape ostracism he joined the Protestant Church when Karl was seven years old. In the words of the poet Heine, this was their "admission ticket to European civilization."

The youth Karl, although he had in him the blood of many generations of rabbis and talmudists, the listfulness of the impractical, quibbling religious scholar, tried hard to turn this heritage into political and revolutionary activities. He resented his Jewish origin and lost few opportunities to cry "Jew" against his enemies and those he did not like. In his early work *Jewish Question* he practically blames the evils of capitalism on the Jews and believes that the base qualities of wealth spring directly from the Jewish religion. The Finance Minister of France he calls "the Jew Fould" (in his book *Eighteenth Brumaire*). However, General Bem, a Galician Jew, he calls "Slavonian" and the Hungarian Jew Frankel, Minister of Labor of the Paris Commune, he calls "German" (in his *Civil War in France);* but as Nomad discovered, "a year before in his private correspondence he had called him 'the little Jew.' "

Class hatred in him went even further. He resented Russian revolutionists and their activities in Europe. He often referred to the German workers who were members of the Communist League in Paris and London as "bums," or those he thought inferior and not worth bothering with he called *exstudiosus*, a term contemptuously meaning former student of incompleted classes. He spoke of Bakunin's followers, a handful of starving intellectual Russian exiles living in a wretchedness that he himself had never endured, with great contempt. And he even criticized his own son-in-law because of his mulatto mother! He writes: "Lafargue has a bad scar from the Negro race; *no sense of shame* (underscored by himself), I mean the fear of making himself ridiculous."

In other words the great founder of International Brotherhood did not like Negroes and he did not like Jews. And the man who would rub out class distinctions encouraged his wife to sign her name "formerly Baroness von Westphalen," and he who wanted to destroy capital was ever on the lookout for well-to-do husbands for his three daughters. Is this the great Messiah Marx or merely a plain snob!

During the Franco-Prussian War, Marx, the great internationalist, became an ardent German patriot. And this was not unlike the Marxists of recent years who under the slogan: "Workers of the world unite," in all countries encouraged their fellows to kill each other during the World War. Marx had hoped that a German victory over Napoleon III would unite his beloved Germany. He wrote to Engels: "The French need a licking. If the Prussians win, then the centralization of *state power* will benefit the centralization of the German working class . . . From the point of view of theory and organization the German working class is superior to the French. Their preponderance on the world stage over the French working class would at the same time mean a preponderance of our theory over that of Proudhon." Marx had taken much from Proudhon but he did not like his economics and therefore to prove that the French economist was inferior he desired a defeat of the French workingmen and a victory for the Germans! A German victory meant a victory of his theories. Could this be the author of such burning phrases as: "The workers have nothing to lose but their chains; they have a world to win," and "the workers have no country?"

The above slogans, which today embroider the crusading banners of the communists as well as many more fine phrases, come from the *Communist Manifesto* prepared by Marx and his lifelong friend Engels. But most of those burning phrases were borrowed and I certainly agree with Max Nomad's view: "In short, the great theorist of the expropriation of material goods of other classes, was an unconscious practitioner in the appropriation of other men's ideas.

"In fact, most of the ideas expressed in the Manifesto had been either the common property of all socialist schools of the time, or the specific attributes of particular sets or individual scholars."

From the very start Marx divided the whole world into two distinct categories, the "bourgeoisie" and the "proletariat." You were either of the landlord or coupon-clipping class or you were a worker. No middle ground existed in his scheme. That whole middle class of professionals, technicians, office holders, skilled artisans and intellectual workers was completely left out of his design for the new world. Their rising importance was not foreseen by the great prophet of labor.

And all his life, this champion of labor who called upon the workers of the world to unite, never for a single day did any manual labor. He would not even take the light exercise recommended by his doctor. He ate lots of highly-spiced food—smoked fish, caviar, pickles, sausages—and washed it down with much good beer and stout. He enjoyed the good wines and liqueurs sent him by his faithful and flattering rich friend Engels. He grew fat and flabby and would not accept the simple idea of a doctor's diet. As a result of this self-indulgence he developed a bad liver and every spring his complexion grew yellow. He entered upon long sieges of boils, carbuncles and hemorrhoids that proved so painful that he was unable to walk about or even sit.

In recent years, to help build the myth of this Messiah of labor, we hear a good deal about his martyrdom and his terrific struggle and heroism to produce his great work in the face of poor health and poverty. This is only part of the process of deification and is not confirmed by any facts. It is true that after moving to London the Marx family suffered several years of poverty. The eight thousand *thaler* left him by his father was used up publishing a liberal daily paper, the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung.* This paper, edited by Marx, though liberal and ardently supporting the revolution in Germany and France, made no mention of the labor movement, nor does any issue of this paper present any of the ideas put forward in the *Communist Manifesto* which he and Engels prepared only a few months before. There were too many middle-class shareholders who had money in the newspaper and who might have objected.

Marx blamed the failure of the German revolt of 1848 on world prosperity which he believed was the direct outcome of the discovery of gold in California. The middle classes put aside those far-off democratic ideals for immediate economic advantages.

When Marx fled to London, Engels went to Manchester where his father was part owner of a large cotton mill which was financed by German capital. During those years Engels was unable to aid his friend financially. And Marx, thrown on his own resources, was unable to support himself and his family. It never occurred to him that he might cast his lot with the working class. He did for a time serve as correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, but his writing was awkward, involved and "the great philosopher" proved himself a wretched journalist. These first few years in London did much to give Marx a contempt for the human race. His great ego was wounded and he could not endure discomfort any more than he could endure losing a game of chess.

Not only was Marx a bad loser but other trivial things can be charged against his character. The man who built a world of strict materialism, himself sought refuge away from reality in the reading room of the British Museum. He also intercepted a letter sent to one of his young daughters from her aunt in Germany containing a small birthday gift. These few pounds sterling he pocketed and used for his own personal needs. And yet in strict honesty it must be recorded that he was a devoted father and husband. He loved his wife and adored his children. They suffered through his carelessness with family funds but they forgave him everything and loved him.

As soon as aid arrived from his friend Engels, the family moved to better quarters and Marx was free to devote himself to his work and set himself up as dictator of the proletarian party. He and Engels, he claimed, had their mandate from the workers themselves. Their credentials consisted in the hatred bestowed upon them by all parties.

The first book of his great work *Capital* did not appear until he was forty-nine years old. As Havelock Ellis says in an article he once wrote on Eleanor Marx, the youngest daughter, ". . . it was mainly on Engels' capital that *Das Kapital* was written." How strange it seems that this work, which in language and ideas is beyond the reach of the average worker and even most of the organizers of the Socialist Party, should have been financed by profits derived from a Manchester cotton mill supported by German capital! I have never heard a Marxian complain about the miserable working conditions in the Manchester mills nor resent the fact that Engels' income came from the sweat and toil of wretched British mill-hands. This is accepted as all part of "the system."

The first few years after the birth of the International, labor activities used up a good deal of Marx's time. But unless he himself could be the prime mover and chief dictator he did not want to play. He considered the revolution a "powerful engine," and feared losing control, although physically—his lisp made him a poor orator in days when oratory meant much—and spiritually he was poorly equipped for leadership. This led to his great battle for control with the powerful Russian rebel Michael Bakunin. The details of this involved struggle are well known and much has already been published in defense of both rivals.

The methods used by Marx have already had universal disapproval. He once charged that Bakunin was a paid agent for the Czar. This statement he was forced to retract when Bakunin was put in prison by the Czar. Later, when Bakunin escaped from Siberia and arrived in London to cast his mysterious shadow over European unrest, Marx sent his son-in-law on a little trip to Spain where the International was to be held and got the names of all those favoring the Russian anarchist. Those names he threatened to publish in London, thus giving the police of every land a list of Europe's foremost rebels. But in reality this was only a list of his personal enemies.

Later he succeeded in bringing charges against Bakunin and a private court trial was agreed upon to decide the truth of the charges and consider the expulsion of the Russian. The great Russian revolutionist, who three times had been condemned to die by three different governments, who had in one prison been chained to the wall for six months, who was hunted and spied upon by many European powers and who had lived a life of great danger and privation; this glamorous person who was the heroic inspiration of Wagner's *Siegfried*, was tried in the bourgeois drawing room of Marx's home in Maitland Park Road. The three Marx daughters served refreshments from time to time during this "secret" trial, and Engels, now the retired capitalist from the cotton mills, sat in the background. Marx acted as chief witness, judge, jury and prosecuting attorney. He did not conceal his personal hatred for his rival. The result of this mock trial was that Bakunin was expelled from the Communist party. He was expelled by the International at The Hague but the convention was "packed" by Marx who took a high hand in giving out credentials. Dishonesty triumphed.

"Can you change a twenty?"

But not for long was Marx able to hold control of the party and the danger of "undesirable" elements was soon again apparent. The new disrupters were the Blanquists. They were exiles from the Paris Commune and could be called the Bolsheviks of their day. But they did not come in line nor accept the Marxian terminology. The General Council of the International could easily have fallen into their hands. "Heroic measures" were needed in Marx's opinion, "to put an end to the endeavors to make the International responsible for futile insurrections." The situation, he thought, was dangerous on the Continent and therefore, Marx reasoned, the International had best be moved to New York. This "heroic measure" was to prevent power from falling into other hands. Max Nomad calls it "An American Burial" and the end of the International. So great was the leader's love for the brotherhood of man that he would much rather destroy the whole movement than let it out of his hands!

The two old gentlemen, Marx and Engels, now settled down to a quiet life in London. Marx received from his friend three hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year. This was sufficient to secure for him all the comforts of a good middle-class family and this is far from the misery and suffering he was supposed to endure for the working class of which he was in his long life never a part.

He died in 1883 leaving books two and three of *Capital* unfinished. These works were completed by Engels and it must be admitted that while many of the doctrines have since proved false and most of the theories are quite unoriginal, still the effect of the work as a whole did much to upset the notion that the rule of private capital was legitimate.

Engels tried to take an upper hand after the death of Marx but he was unfortunately by nature overbearing and spoke to the "comrades" as a Prussian military officer would address a private. I believe Engels had for many years taken a special interest in military tactics and had on several occasions been consultant to the British War Office. At any rate the domineering Junker was strongly set in his nature and this trait was heartily disliked by British labor. As a spiritual leader he proved no better than his friend Marx.

It is upon these facts and events that the strange myth of Marx has been built. Such is the spirit of the great Messiah of Labor. This is the flesh of the idol worshiped by several hundred million people. This is the man whose image is painted on a new ikon and is already worshiped as saint and prophet of the vast proletariat. ###

One on the House

Continued from page 45

drinks in the meanwhile. "Who's acting funny?"

"That guy Arthur Fay. That one who pulled the big steal in that Apperson bond case that they never managed to convict him on."

"Oh, him. He was guilty as hell too. Somebody was telling me a story about him only tonight. Seems he was cleaned out—"

"You told me this," said McAnaney, watching something in the game room.

"Did I?"

"He was cleaned out just now, too. He made a big shrug about being brave and taking it like a gentleman and so-forth, but nobody paid much attention to him. I guess nobody likes him much."

"No wonder. He was guilty as hell in that Apperson business."

"He went wandering around, jerking his head this way and that, as if he thought somebody was following him. And a little while ago he ducked into the writing room. Here he comes now."

McAnaney yawned not too convincingly, and went back into the game room, passing Arthur Fay. "A straight rye, please," he heard Fay say. "A big one." McAnaney sauntered into the writing room.

* * *

People who had cards to Braddock's were either rich or friends of the rich. It was no hall, no tourist hangout, like the casinos of the Riviera. It had no *salon publique* filled with gimlet-eyed, twitchy-fingered hags who could make forty francs last all day. It was swank; and it treated its customers right. For more than eight years it had been operating in bland defiance of state laws and municipal ordinances, and it was an institution, a good one too. You might lose your shirt at Braddock's, but at least you could be sure you'd lost it in one of the finest, cleanest, most luxurious and best equipped gambling houses in the world.

Take the lavatories. Everything in them but sunken baths, which would probably have been instantly installed had some querulous client demanded to know where they were. Take the library. Nobody had ever been known to do much browsing there, but the magazines were strictly up-to-date, and the books, even though the pages weren't cut, were real ones, not artificial. Take the writing room—

Everything. You could have written a book there, though nobody ever did write anything but checks and I.O.U's. There was even a handsome if dumb attendant.

"The man who was just in here? Why, he sat at that desk."

McAnaney studied the desk. Two blotters, four different kinds of pens, three stands for inkpots.

"Isn't there supposed to be a bottle of red ink here too?"

The attendant blinked in bewilderment.

"Why, there is—Why, it *was* there just a few minutes ago!"

McAnaney did not loiter in the bar. There were vertical lines either side of his mouth, and his eyes were as hard as glass marbles.

"Did he come through here?"

"Who?"

"Fay. That guy Arthur Fay."

"Oh, him. Yeah, he was here just a little while ago. Had two straight jolts of rye, fast, as if he was bracing himself for something, and then he went out into the garden. You know, somebody was telling me a funny story about him—"

The garden was very beautiful, and the shot was no disturber of its tranquillity, being a petty sound, not a roaring explosion, not a sharp crack, but a silly little pip. If it could be heard in the house—and this was not likely—it would seem the backfire of a car the other side of the garden wall.

McAnaney went immediately to the spot and started to kick Arthur Fay.

The man looked tolerably grim in the moonlight, there being a lot of red on his shirt front, an empty red-ink bottle in his left hand, a revolver in his right. He lay on his back, spread-eagled, very melodramatic, and did not stir when McAnaney kicked him. His eyes were closed, his mouth open. McAnaney smelled the sharp smell of gunpowder.

"Come on, come on, get up! You're not fooling anybody!"

Feet scurried along a path, a sort of smallish scampering White Rabbitty sound, and Dr. Swift appeared, bending forward from the waist, peering, his glasses aglitter in the moonlight.

"What's this? What is this? I thought I heard a—"

"You heard a shot all right, but it was a blank cartridge," explained McAnaney. He felt embarrassed at being found kicking a prostrate man. "This guy's just playing dead."

"Playing dead? Playing—Well, see here: Perhaps I'd be a better judge of that than you, eh?"

He was small, nervous, amiable, in his upper fifties, retired, a year-round resident of Palm Beach. Everybody knew him, and practically everybody liked him.

Now he knelt by Arthur Fay, and his small pale hands became busy.

"Save yourself the trouble, Doctor," McAnaney suggested mildly. "I happen to know that this man—"

Dr. Swift pushed up his pince-nez.

"Playing dead, eh? Playing—Why, you fool, this man *is* dead!"

All the little sounds continued to be blended and in impeccable taste—the slap of wavelets, audible even out here in the garden; the click of the balls at the roulette tables, and the murmur of voices; the impersonal and very lovely waltz melody the musicians impersonally played; even a thin tinkle of ice in glasses, from the bar.

"But he—Why, he went and—He *can't* be dead!"

Dr. Swift was dry, reproving.

"I haven't practiced for more than seven years," he said, "but I think I still know death when I run into it."

McAnaney put his feet apart, as though he had suddenly found himself on the deck of a tossing schooner.

"Listen, Doctor, maybe I ought to get—Listen, will you wait here a little while? I'll be right back, absolutely."

He hurried away, and Dr. Swift stared after him, nodding.

Arthur Fay, not stirring, not opening his eyes, scarcely even moving his lips, whispered, "He gone?"

"He's gone," said Dr. Swift.

Then Fay opened his eyes, and grinned. He did not otherwise move.

"You were right, at that. He tumbled like a load of brick. I didn't think it was possible, but it's happening. I hope he brings a lot. Half for you and half for me—right, Doc?"

Dr. Swift did not answer at once. He had taken something from his coat pocket and was doing something to it, but he held it low, near the ground, so that Fay could not see it. At last he said:

"Cheating comes easy to you, doesn't it? It would, of course, after that Apperson bond business."

"Hell, am I never going to hear the end of that!"

"There were a lot of people affected, you know. A lot of people lost everything they had."

"Don't tell me *you* did?"

"No. I lost a little, not much. But my brother lost his last cent. You may remember him. Harry Swift, of New York. A lawyer. Went into the bathroom and knelt in front of the toilet seat and leaned over it, and cut his throat from ear to ear with an old-fashioned straight razor. I saw him less than an hour afterward. In fact I was the one who pronounced him dead." Dr. Swift added in a whisper, "I was very fond of my brother."

"Oh well, now look here—After all, you mustn't blame me for that. After all, a man is supposed to be innocent until he's proved to be guilty, and I was acquitted of that Apperson charge."

"You were not. You had three trials and three hung juries, which means three bribes. They must have cost you plenty, too, if you're reduced to picking up money this way."

"Well now, let's not mind about all that. What we're here for—"

"But I do mind about it. You see, as I told you, I was very fond of my brother. If you'd been sent to jail, as everybody expected, then there was nothing I could do about it. But since you're free to move around while you raise more capital for another skin game, then I figure I'm free to give you just exactly what you deserve."

He was quiet, mild-mannered, almost apologetic. Fay lifted his head and saw what his companion had been doing. He had been coupling a silencer upon the muzzle of a .22 caliber single-shot target pistol. The barrel was 6 or 7 inches long, and the silencer as long again, which made the whole thing seem clumsy and not at all lethal. Dr. Swift shook it to make sure the silencer was firm.

Fay's eyes were enormous.

"See here, you're not going to *shoot* me?"

The little doctor for the first time showed irritability. He shoved the glasses back up on his nose and they shivered there as he snapped an answer.

"Why, of course I am! What did you expect?"

Then he did. The pistol made never a sound, not even a "pffumff," and the only thing that moved was Fay's dress shirt, a stiff one, which was depressed and then returned to place precisely as though somebody had pushed a finger against it. This was about three inches from the top stud, on the left side. Presently blood began to appear there. Arthur Fay went backward without a word. Except that his eyes were open now, he looked exactly the same as he had looked before. He landed in the same position.

Dr. Swift unfastened and pocketed the silencer. He took the revolver from Fay's right hand, holding it by the barrel, and tossed it over a hedge. There was a small pool of water the other side of that hedge, and this, assuming that the revolver was ever found anyway, would eliminate possible fingerprints. He put the single-shot pistol, without the silencer, into Fay's right hand.

There was the danger, of course, that when he returned McAnaney would notice that the dead man held a target pistol, not a revolver. Dr. Swift did not think it was a very considerable danger. McAnaney was much too perturbed to notice details like that.

He sighed, and got to his feet. He could hear somebody coming up the path.

When the preliminary questioning was finished and the body had been photographed and removed, Dr. Swift went into the bar and ordered a stiff Scotch-and-soda. He had needed this for some time but had not dared to demand it. He got in a corner, not talking to anybody, not looking up, just drinking.

The organization at Braddock's was a thing to admire. Some stir there was in the garden, some slight bustle, and then all was serene again. The body was removed by way of a small garden gate, so that it was not necessary to carry it through the house. None of the guests knew what had happened. Most of the attendants and croupiers didn't either.

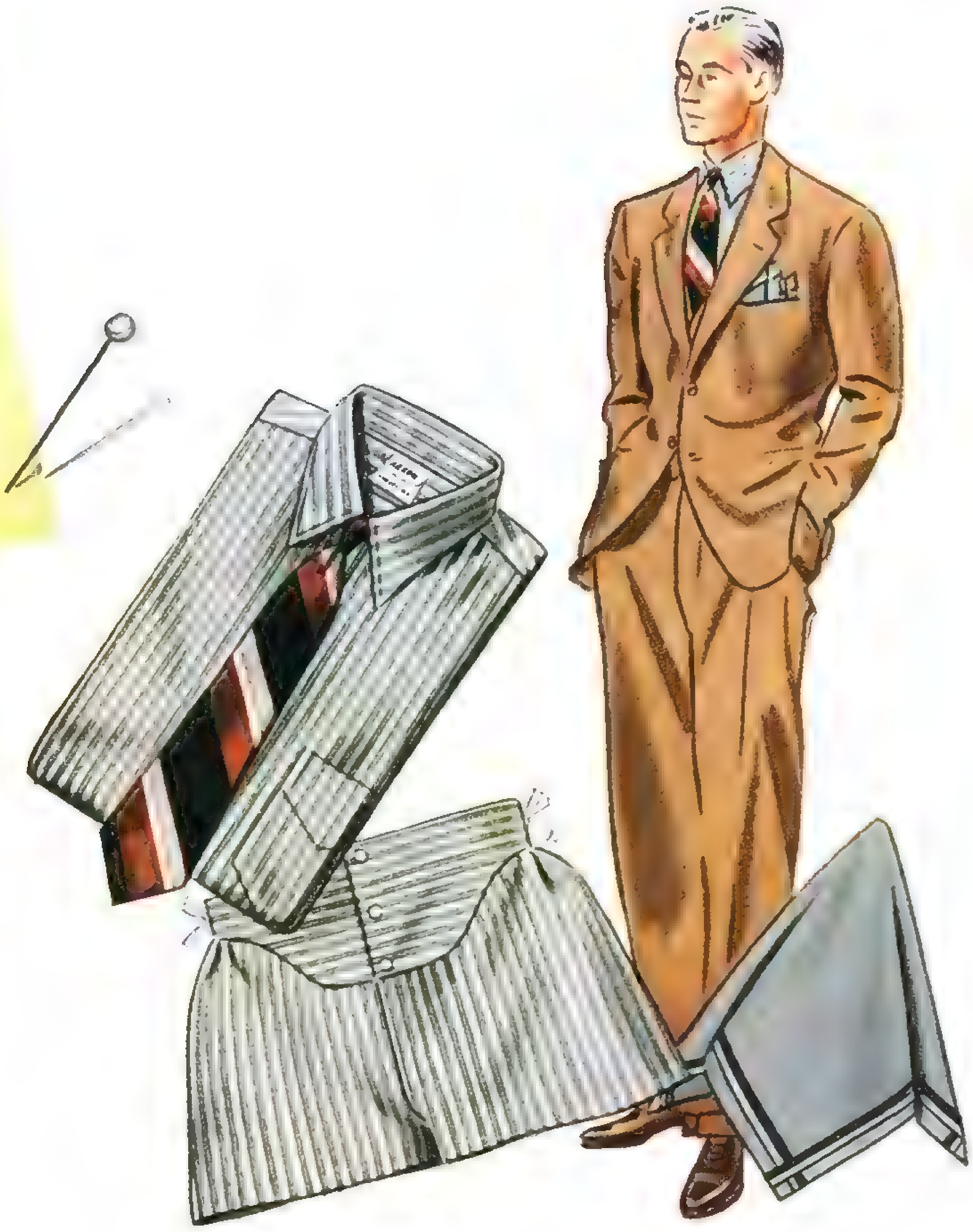
It was a little after midnight

Continued at top of page 108

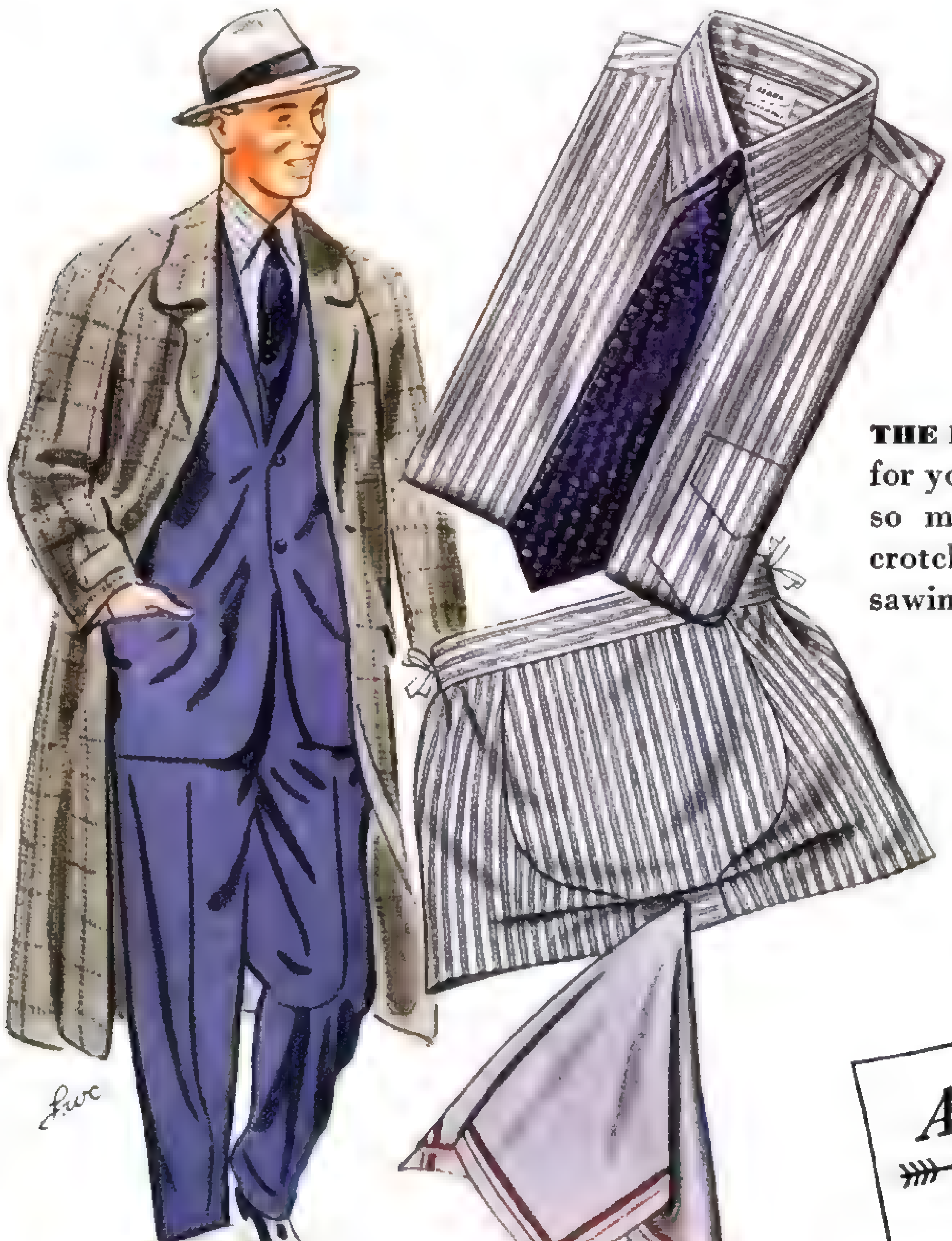
Arrow's choice for this month... Band Stripes

SHIRT COLORS THIS YEAR are, though fuller in tone than previously, still quiet as a mouse. And the smartest stripes you can have them in are *stripes of equal width* set side by side.

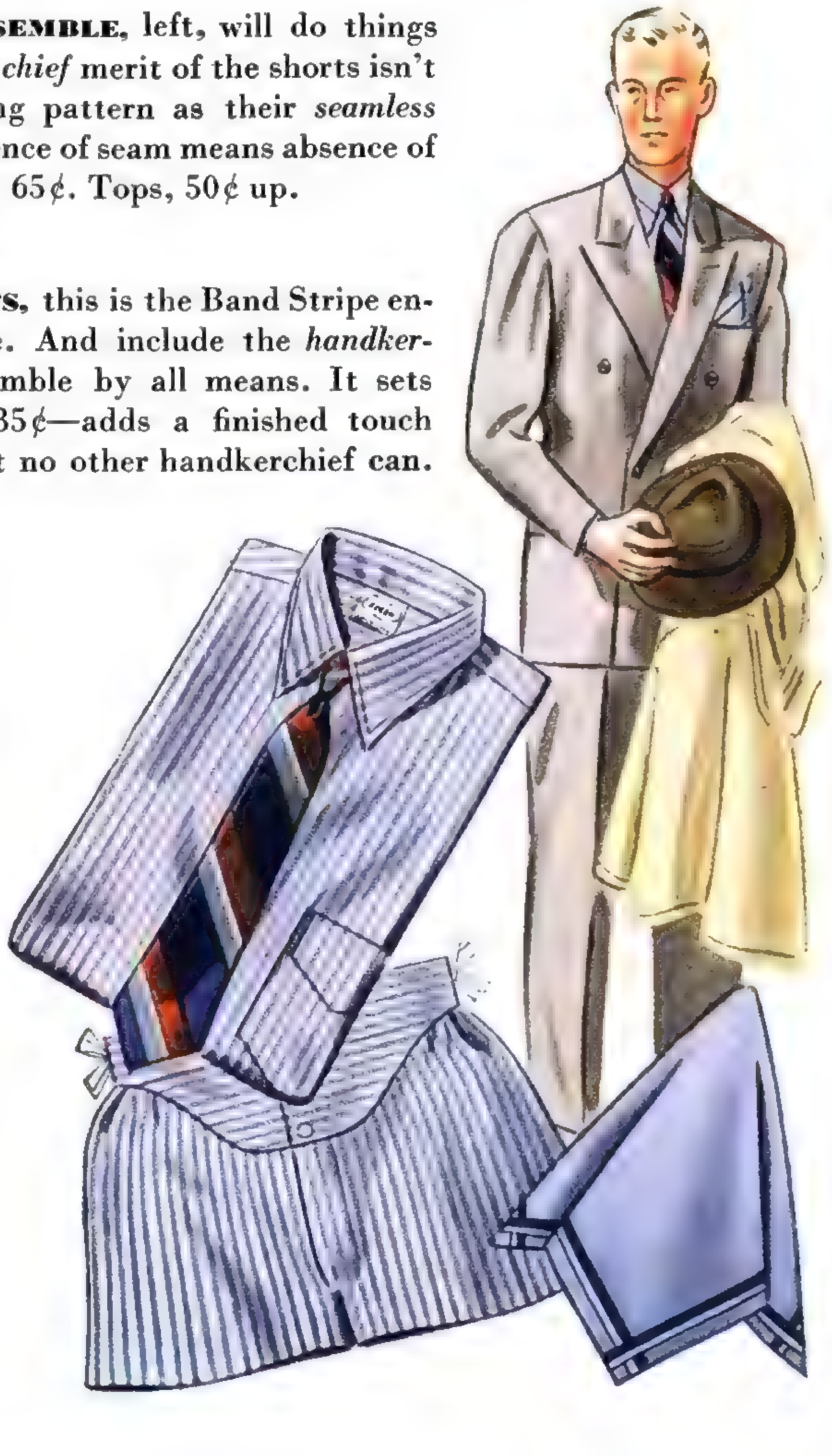
Arrow has combined these two high-styles into an unusually pleasing shirt, *Band Stripes*. Band Stripes are crowned with the faultless Arrow collar—cost just $2—and have ties, handkerchiefs, and even shorts designed specially for them.



WITH YOUR BROWN SUIT, wear this Band Stripe ensemble. The Band Stripe tie, besides being styled specially for the shirt, has Arrow's *bias-cut* that keeps it from twisting out of shape. $1.



THE BAND STRIPE ENSEMBLE, left, will do things for your blue suit. The *chief* merit of the shorts isn't so much their matching pattern as their *seamless* crotch (patented). Absence of seam means absence of sawing, hiking, chafing. 65¢. Tops, 50¢ up.



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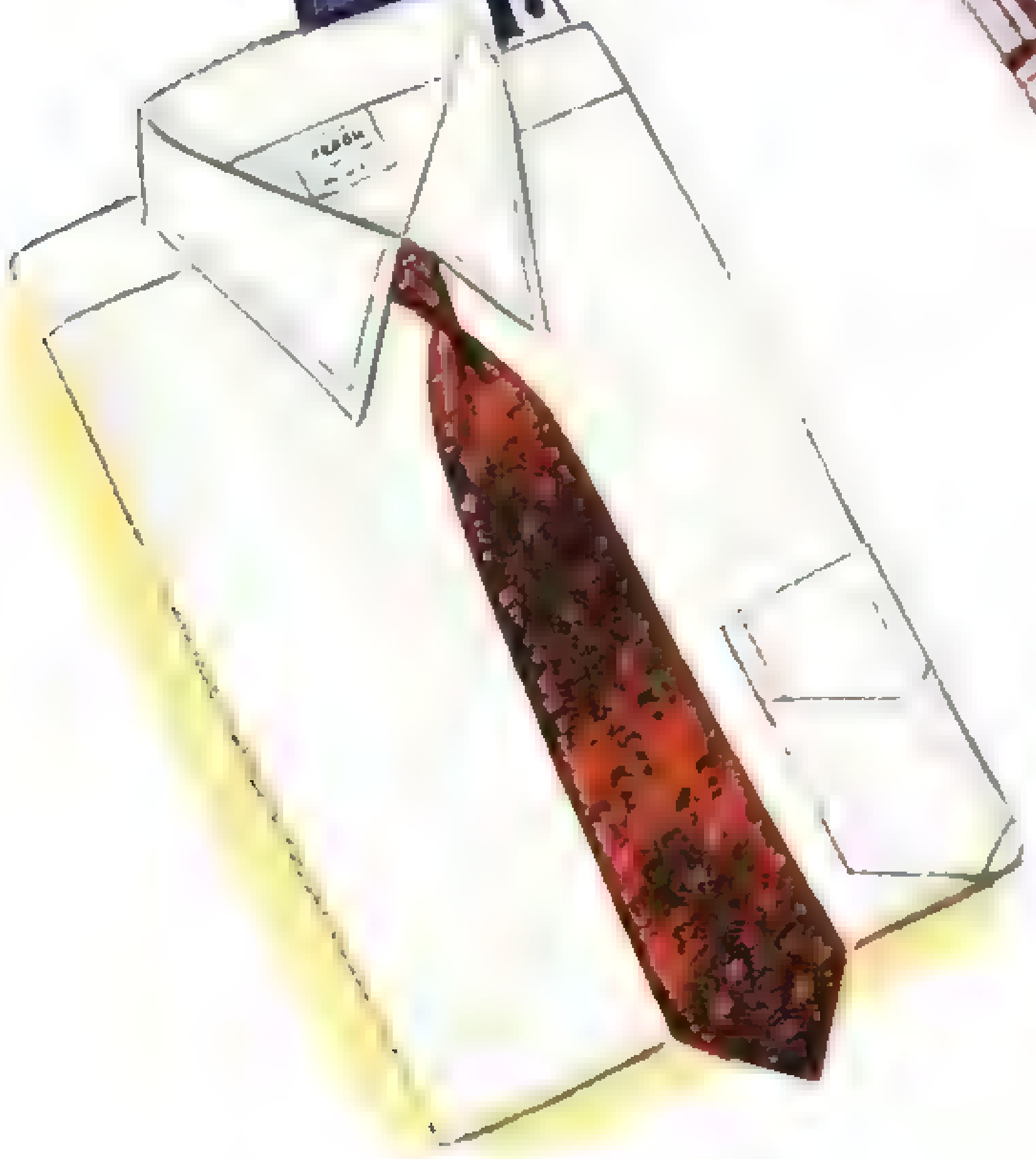

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Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

One on the House

Continued from pages 45-106

when Captain Cox Maguire ranged himself up at the bar alongside of Dr. Swift.

"Funny case, Doc."

"How?"

"Lot of red ink on his shirt. Bottle of red ink in his left hand. He'd stolen it a little while before, from the writing room."

"It wasn't all red ink."

"Oh, no! There was plenty of blood too. Funny case." He looked at Dr. Swift, and then looked quickly away. "I got out a warrant. I took the trouble to do that because I want to search you."

"Search me? What for?"

"For the silencer."

Cox Maguire, Captain of Detectives, was no fool. It was not a large city he worked for, but it was a rich one, and it was willing to pay for good police protection. Maguire could easily have held that same rank in New York or Chicago. He knew his business.

Now he said, "You see, we did not find a silencer, though there's marks just back of the front sight of the gun that make it look as if one had recently been fastened to it. What would Fay be doing with a single-shot pistol, anyway: That's only for sportsmen, like you, say. And of course it's the only kind of pistol you can safely fasten a silencer onto and then fire it, without getting your hand half burned off.

"We did find some things. We found three fragments of a small circular piece of cardboard wadding, and we found that the tattooing on the shirt was made with E. C. powder, which is a kind of powder that burns very fast under low pressure and it's only used in blank cartridges where there isn't any bullet resistance to hold back the hot gases. The slug they fished out of Fay at the hospital was real enough, but though there was a good bit of fresh grease around the edges of the hole, which made it look as if the shot had been fired at close quarters, not even with a magnifying glass could we find any traces of any other powder except this E. C. stuff, which couldn't possibly have propelled that bullet out of a gun. So that was another reason why we were looking for a silencer. A silencer would stop those flakes of unburned powder just like it would stop the noise. The baffle plates would hold 'em back."

"And you didn't find it?"

"No, we didn't, Doc. But just the other side of that hedge from Fay's body we found a small .22 caliber revolver with an empty blank cartridge casing in one of the chambers."

He had taken a phial of white powder and a tiny camel's hair brush from his pocket, and with an elbow hooked on the bar, so that the others present couldn't see what he did, he dusted this powder on the outside of Dr. Swift's glass. The doctor watched him closely, utterly fascinated.

"You see, I knew about your brother, Doc, and I could understand how you feel. And then when I got asking this dumb inspector McAnaney questions I learned that it was through the bartender here that he'd heard Arthur Fay had once been successful in pulling that fake suicide stunt in Europe—as a matter of fact, of course, Fay had never been in Europe—and the bartender, after he thought it over, remembered that it was you who told him that."

The patterns of fingers were very clear on the glass now. The thumb and forefinger were what interested Maguire most.

"High tented arch and an ulnar loop with a count of five. Sure."

"Don't try tricks on me, Cox," the doctor said wearily. "You and I know one another too well for that."

"Doc, I swear I'm not—"

"If the gun was found the other side of that hedge it would be in the pool there, and the water would have washed off any fingerprints."

"That's just what I was trying to tell you, Doc. They drained that pool today. It was getting kind of slimy and smelly, so they drained it to clean it out."

"Oh."

Maguire wiped off the glass and put away the phial and brush. He seemed to be embarrassed.

"So you see how it is, Doc."

"O.K., O.K.," he finished his drink. "You say you got a warrant? Do I have to go to the police station? Do I have to be locked up?"

"I'm afraid you do. Murder isn't like other crimes, you see. It's pretty serious."

"All right."

"You see how it is, don't you? I don't think you'll ever be convicted, Doc, but I just *had* to arrest you."

"O.K., O.K.! Let's go. I'm not kicking, am I? It was worth it."

The barman came along, saying. "Captain, do you know that man Arthur Fay, the one that was mixed up in that Apperson case?"

Maguire looked at him and said, "Yes."

"Haven't seen him around here lately, have you?"

"Well . . . why?"

"He owes me for two drinks, that's all. He went out into the garden, saying he'd be right back, and knowing there wasn't any other way to get in or out except that wall door which is always locked, I didn't think anything of it. But I haven't seen him since."

Dr. Swift actually chuckled.

"A chiseler right up to the end, eh?"

"I think," said Maguire, "that you'd better call those two drinks on the house. Coming my way, Doc?"

"Why not?" #

Our Dwindling Press

Continued from page 35

news, had gone highbrow on us. Instead of standing eagerly on the sidelines, vigilant to snare a hunk of life in the raw against the next edition, editors shoveled in a quire of preachments ranging from the women's page sages to the Olympian Walter Lippmann, the hortatory Dorothy Thompson, the elemental Westbrook Pegler, the callithumpian Hugh Johnson, as well as the assorted wisdom of Washington, Broadway, sports and Hollywood commentators. Such space as the editor had left, after allotting their due to ads, box scores, recipes, social items and market tables, he grudgingly yielded to the news. This news reached him from one or more of the three great services, which indiscriminately spear the event of the moment, scarcely tarrying to give it body, background or dimension—and from that corps of neglected workers known as reporters.

The reporter, once the essential man of journalism, ain't what he used to be. And it ain't his fault. Almost as ornery and competent as Hollywood once imagined him to be, the reporter rides the back elevator these days. The essayists have put his noise out of joint. He is no longer the No. 1 boy on the papers. Reporters, in truth, are becoming as scarce in many city rooms as they are on the Hollywood lots. I refer, of course, to the old-fashioned star reporter. If he hasn't cozened the boss into giving him a cushy, sedentary job as columnist, he probably is writing sappy serials for the radio, broadcasting news comment, dwelling in Hollywood's spangled obscurity or starving on a chicken farm—and longing piteously for a chance to work on a good story.

Walter Winchell relegated the reporter. Time was when Richard Harding Davis set the pace for the country's bloods, tourists asked to have Frank Ward O'Malley pointed out to them in the Knickerbocker bar and Herbert Bayard Swope fanned New York like a giant breeze.

In fact, the stirring tradition adorned by Henry M. Stanley, Walter Wellman, Dick Davis, O'Malley, Swope, Floyd Gibbons and Frazier Hunt went out the window soon after Winchell quit hoofing, for journalism. A sound tradition, based on a respect for the actualities, its discipline conditioned Winchell himself for several years. He began his journalistic career as a reporter of a primitive kind by hustling local items for the paper. As others have pointed out, Winchell introduced country journalism to the big time. More pertinent, Winchell showed the publishers they could make money by syndicating columnists. You can't syndicate a reporter.

The afflatus communicated by the "think" columnists, such as Broun, Thompson, Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, Frank Kent, Pegler *et alia*, soon swept Walter into the depths of ratiocination. Discovering the Bill of Rights, he found the temptation irresistible to report Winchell's patriotic aspirations and forebodings ahead of the impertinent observations on behavior which had lengthened his fame and purse. As Winchell declined into prophecy, his contemporaries likewise relaxed. Other Broadway columnists began sniffing at Wall Street, listening at political keyholes, misunderstanding most of what they overheard. Ed Sullivan, a Hollywood gossip, struck the homiletical note, rehearsing his kid readers in copybook maxims. Only Lucius Beebe remained true to the trivial.

The newspaper began as a pamphlet circulating the opinions of an umbrageous printer—or a self-serving group. News was incidental, being used chiefly as a peg on which to hang a political moral. In maturing, the newspaper branched away from opinion, holding an objective mirror before the world we live in. Seldom a pretty reflection, it was real, recognizable, often heroic and as noble as it was petty. The essence of news, as of life, is conflict: man against man for money or women, man against his environment, the State, the stars. Before the press went fancy, it rejoiced in conflict; creating as well as recounting it. The press, in short, was combative, vulgar—and vital.

The elder Bennett, Pulitzer and Hearst kept journalism's feet on the ground—or in the mire, as you like. Pulitzer hired no columnists to think for his readers, haranguing them only on the editorial page. With Pulitzer it was first the deed, then the word. Upon Pulitzer's death, his successors and assigns loaded the *World* with phrasemakers. Reporters edged into literature, forsaking life, and before long the surrogate was carting the cadaver of a great newspaper over to a converted car barn where Roy Howard published a hopeful, rather frail small town paper that had stumbled on the formula of printing news the reader couldn't find anywhere else. The Hearst newspaper empire sagged when Mr. Hearst, musing beside the Pacific, began stuffing his papers with opinion—his own, mostly.

Don't misunderstand me. The newspapers still print news on page 1, often trailing it around the inside columns also. But their attitude, in contrast to the old time, is passive. In the words of a parlor joke current in my youth, they accept news with "dignified acquiescence." There are, of course, many exceptions, two of which quickly come to mind. The massive *New York Times* and the tabloid *New York Daily News* alike maintain a genuine respect for the deed. Each pursues the news with a deadly enterprise, careless of cost. Neither is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought qua thought. Both are enormously successful. The *News*' two million daily circulation was built, largely, on the principle that people care little what other people *say*, but are endlessly engrossed with what people *do* in terms of money, sex and politics.

In minimizing the facts of life in favor of intellectual exercises, the press committed what should have been an obvious box office fault. Outside New York City, where papers are almost altogether sold at newsstands, it is the women who buy the newspapers. Housewives tell the carrier to start, likewise to stop, the paper at the door. And women, as the magazines published for the sex well know, are allergic to abstractions. They want news, definite, concrete, fundamental—boy meets girl, they marry, girl has baby, boy divorces (or slays) girl. In those preoccupations women are rather like men. But women also wish to know about clothes, cosmetics, who in Society is snubbing whom. The press satisfies those wants with cynical skill.

In listing the sources of their headaches, the press lords commonly overlook the periodical press. I'm not sure the magazines, especially the weeklies—general, news and pictorial—aren't crowding the newspapers both in news technique and in competition for the consumer's small change. When the papers began to slight the job of informing the public, the magazines moved into that field. Not for years have the *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's* or *Liberty* printed an essay on, for example, *Why I Don't Like Music.* Instead, they print articles that seek concretely to illuminate the world we live in, leaving subjective disquisitions to the dailies. Even the quality monthlies are topical. New periodicals have sprung up, catering to the public's low desire to know what their fellow humans look like, how they act under certain circumstances—and not how they cerebrate. Recently, *Collier's* published Dixie Davis' version of his life with Dutch Schultz. Only a few years ago the diversion of that kind of hot stuff from the papers to a weekly would have led a half-dozen city editors to the nearest North River pier.

It has come to pass that if you want the lowdown on Washington, Hollywood, Broadway, or Wall Street you have at least as good a chance of getting it in the magazines as in the dailies. Moreover, many newspapers have lost their irreverence—a quality precious to journalism. Where the *New Yorker*, *Time*, the *Post* and others pry amiably into the repute and record of the country's worthies, part of the press walks humbly into the public relations counsellor's office.

This journalistic retreat from life has been happening in a factual period. There never was a time—I haven't Dr. Gallup's word for this, but I base it on what seems sufficient evidence—when the people have been more eager to soak up information. The movies sugarcoat biography and history, quiz programs clutter the radio, magazines and book publishers seek to halter the event as it passes, but many newspapers, like Ferdinand, prefer the whiff to the heat of battle.

Last September's crack of doom posed a dilemma in many a newspaper sanctum. If the hostilities were to develop into a first-class war, how would the editors find space both to tell what was happening and also publish the rationalizations of the pundits? Were we to go to war, I suggest that one or other would have to give way—news or comment. It is just possible of course that good reporters, restored to their dignities and agreeably compensated, might be able to effect a synthesis, *i.e.*, combine description with exposition. It is being done, but rarely, now.

As a veteran reporter, I lift a lone cudgel in defense of the passing craftsman. At his best, he enlivened the scene. He made, as well as depicted, history. He solved the torso murder, exposed the Klan and the Bund each in its time, led relief expeditions and plagued evildoers in public office as well as private thieves. Socially useful, he was personally honest. One day some bright young men will arise to stand the newspaper business on its head. That happened to the periodicals. The reporter may then come back into his own and newspaper wakes be less frequent.

Until that happy day, I have a proposal calculated to spare the press further casualties. Briefly, I would re-employ the undoubted talents of the pundits. Separating them from their warm chairs, I'd make reporters of them, plunging them elbow deep in the facts of life so that it would no longer be necessary for them to make up pieces out of their heads.

Were I the Grand Exalted City Editor of the American press, I should hurry Miss Thompson to Europe, assigning her to the devastated regions in the hope that her powerful dispatches might make the horror of war real to us. General Johnson would go to the wars also, strictly as a military expert with orders to avoid politics as he would a hand grenade. Lippmann would find himself in Washington, gleaning, from Corn Belt senators, insight into how the other half of the country thinks. Pegler would draw all the dramatic homicides, such as lynchings and race riots; Broun a swing beat alternating the Stork Club, the race track, CIO headquarters and a cloistered monastery. I would set Mark Sullivan investigating life in the Dust Bowl and amongst the migratory workers of California. Winchell and Sullivan would be instructed to eschew the cosmic.

The schedule is running too long, but let me add that I would keep Mrs. Roosevelt on her beat. No one ever has covered the whole country so minutely.

A Man in the Way

Continued from page 40

he went in and fell asleep on the couch.

II

Late that afternoon he returned to Jack Berners' waiting rooms. He had an idea about a man who meets a girl in an office and he thinks she's a stenographer but she turns out to be a writer. He engages her as a stenographer, though, and they start for the South Seas. It was a beginning, it was something to tell Jack, he thought—and, picturing Pricilla Smith, he refurbished some old business he hadn't seen used for years.

He became quite excited about it—felt quite young for a moment and walked up and down the waiting room mentally rehearsing the first sequence. "So here we have a situation like *It Happened One Night*—only *new*. I see Hedy Lamarr—"

Oh, he knew how to talk to these boys if he could get to them, with something to say.

"Mr. Berners still busy?" he asked for the fifth time.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hobby. Mr. Bill Costello and Mr. Bach are in there."

He thought quickly. It was half-past five. In the old days he had just busted in sometimes and sold an idea, an idea good for a couple of grand because it was just the moment when they were very tired of what they were doing at present.

He walked innocently out and to another door in the hall. He knew it led through a bathroom right in to Jack Berners' office. Drawing a quick breath he plunged . . .

". . . So that's the notion," he concluded after five minutes. "It's just a flash—nothing really worked out, but you could give me an office and a girl and I could have something on paper for you in three days."

Berners, Costello and Bach did not even have to look at each other. Berners spoke for them all as he said firmly and gently,

"That's no idea, Pat. I can't put you on salary for that."

"Why don't you work it out further by yourself," suggested Bill Costello. "And then let's see it. We're looking for ideas—especially about the war."

"A man can think better on salary," said Pat.

There was silence. Costello and Bach had drunk with him, played poker with him, gone to the races with him. They'd honestly be glad to see him placed.

"The war, eh," he said gloomily, "Everything is war now, no matter how many credits a man has. Do you know what it makes me think of. It makes me think of a well-known painter in the discard. It's war time and he's useless—just a man in the way." He warmed to his conception of himself, "—but all the time they're carting away *his own paintings* as the most valuable thing worth saving. And they won't even let him help. That's what it reminds me of."

There was again silence for a moment.

"That isn't a bad idea," said Bach thoughtfully. He turned to the others, "You know? In itself?"

Bill Costello nodded.

"Not bad at all. And I know where we could spot it. Right at the end of the fourth sequence. We just change old Ames to a painter."

Presently they talked money.

"I'll give you two weeks on it," said Berners to Pat. "At two-fifty."

"Two-fifty!" objected Pat. "Say there was one time you paid me ten times that!"

"That was ten years ago," Jack reminded him. "Sorry. Best we can do now."

"You make me feel like that old painter—"

"Don't oversell it," said Jack, rising and smiling. "You're on the payroll."

Pat went out with a quick step and confidence in his eyes. Half a grand—that would take the pressure off for a month and you could often stretch two weeks into three—sometimes four. He left the studio proudly through the front entrance, stopping at the liquor store for a half-pint to take back to his room.

By seven o'clock things were even better. Santa Anita tomorrow, if he could get an advance. And tonight—something festive ought to be done tonight. With a sudden rush of pleasure he went down to the phone in the lower hall, called the studio and asked for Miss Pricilla Smith's number. He hadn't met anyone so pretty for years . . .

In her apartment Pricilla Smith spoke rather firmly into the phone.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but I couldn't possibly . . . No—and I'm tied up all the rest of the week."

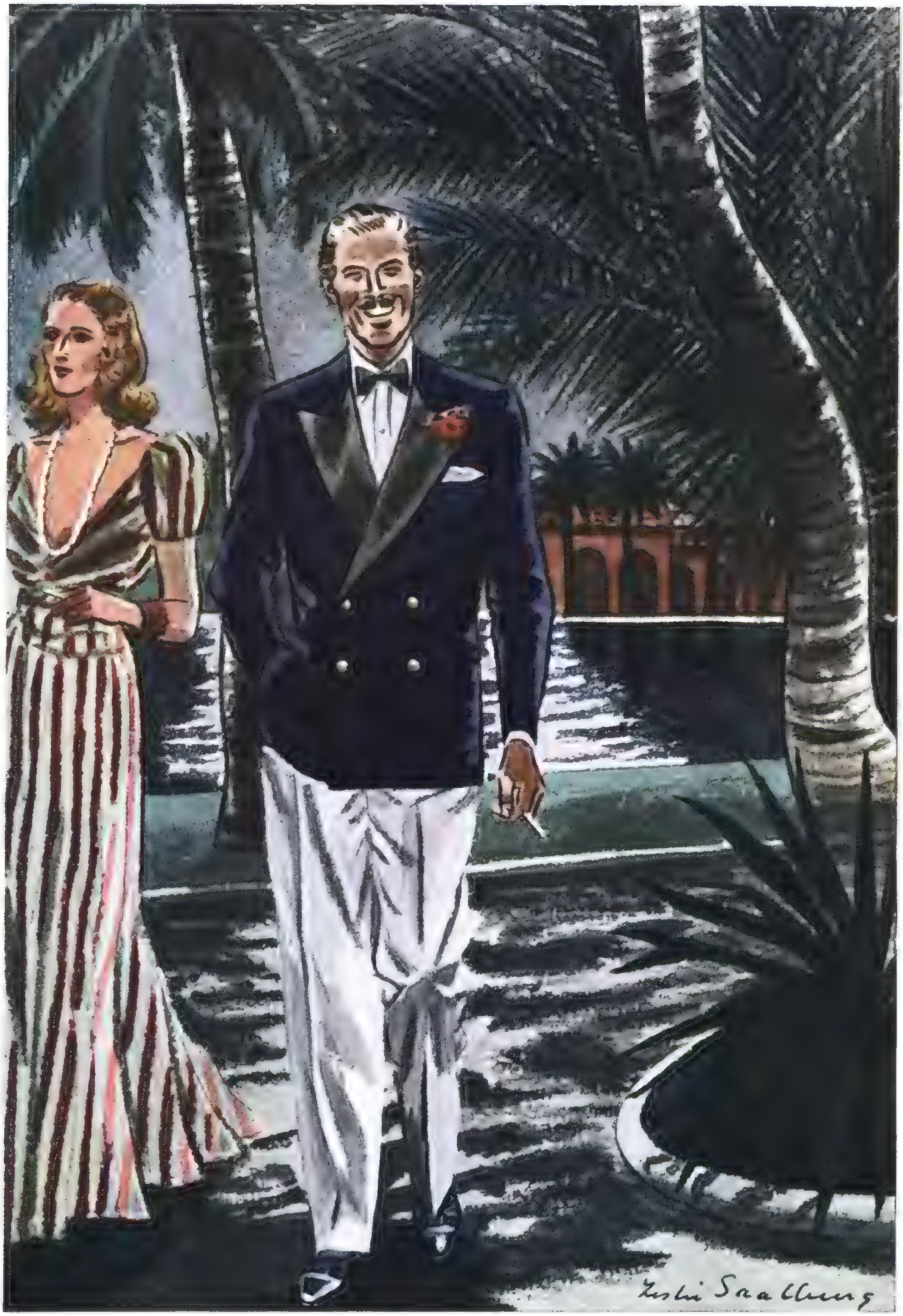
As she hung up, Jack Berners spoke from the couch.

"Who was it?"

"Oh, some man who came in the office," she laughed, "and told me never to read the story I was working on."

"Shall I believe you?"

"You certainly shall. I'll even think of his name in a minute. But first I want to tell you about an idea I had this morning. I was looking at a photo in a magazine where they were packing up some works of art in the Tate Gallery in London. And I thought—"



Good-bye, Riviera! Hello, Palm Beach!

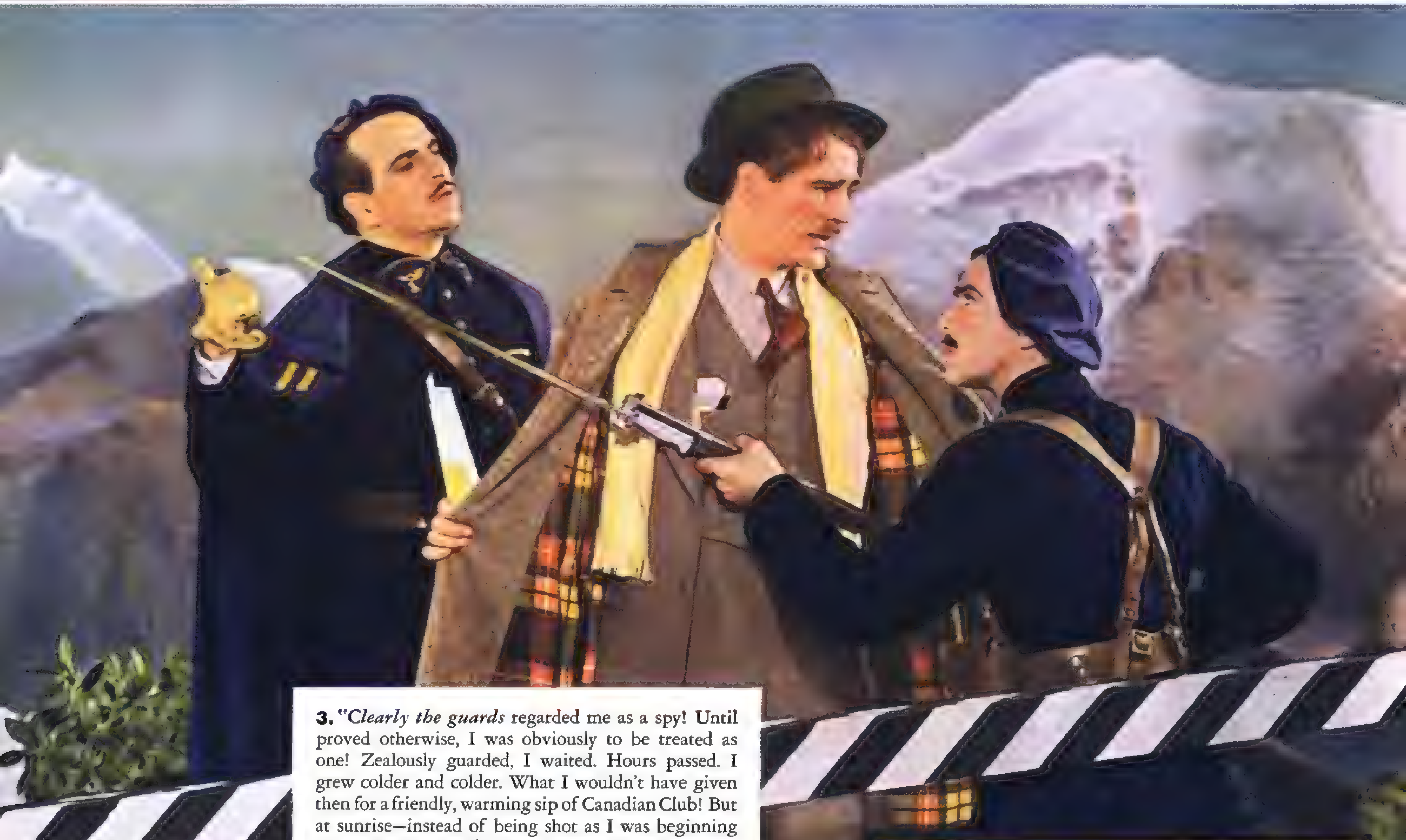
It's fashion-picking time down South in a big way. What with the Riviera blacked out, the former internationally circulating social set has concentrated its forces along our Southern shores. Here's a fashion first that beat the gun, so to speak, originating at Monte Carlo and subsequently cropping up all on a moonlit night at Palm Beach. It's a formal outfit with a flair, consisting of white tropical weight dress trousers with a midnight blue double breasted dinner jacket of the same lightweight fabric. The gilt buttons, nautical but nice, are a pleasant surprise, while the lapels and tie conservatively hew to the standard satin. The soft white silk shirt, black silk socks and patent leather pumps are all easy-going accessories. It's none of our business, but our artist is correct. The ladies will wear stripes this year.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Spine-chilling STORY FROM FRANCE

1. "*Being without* a passport these days is far more serious even than not having a bottle of your utterly distinctive whisky handy," an American businessman tells us. "Not long ago I had to dash from France to Genoa to catch a ship to the States...

2. "*Five minutes* before I started, I found that my passport was missing! I wired ahead to our Geneva office for someone to meet me with an emergency visa at the border, and started off... But at the border I learned to my horror that no one had arrived to claim me!



3. "*Clearly the guards* regarded me as a spy! Until proved otherwise, I was obviously to be treated as one! Zealously guarded, I waited. Hours passed. I grew colder and colder. What I wouldn't have given then for a friendly, warming sip of Canadian Club! But at sunrise—instead of being shot as I was beginning to imagine I might be—my messenger finally arrived with my visa. I forgave him the delay when he also produced a bottle of Canadian Club as a peace offering! I don't know which was most welcome after a night of freezing temperatures—my visa, or your fine whisky!"

Change today, as thousands have, from Scotch, rye, or bourbon to this, America's favorite Imported Whisky

YOUR first delightful sip of a delicately rich Canadian Club highball or smooth Manhattan will tell you why so many Americans who formerly preferred Scotch, rye, or bourbon have changed to rare, imported Canadian Club!

Treat yourself to Canadian Club's utterly distinctive flavor, light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet with an instantly recognizable deliciousness all its own. Try your usual drink with this unusual whisky and you'll understand why twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did three years ago!

Remember, too, you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long, in cocktails before dinner and "tall ones" after. Start to enjoy the luxury of mellow Canadian Club today! 90.4 proof. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

HW
1934
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

You Can't Have Everything

Continued from page 55

moved over to make room for him.

"We was talkin', Pete," said John Sumner, who had worked side by side with him in the old sawmill so long ago, "about how they was goin' to widen the road through here."

"Half to be paid by the town, an' half by the federal government," said Paul Sample. He was thin and white and fretful, but Pop could remember when Paul had been gay and darkly handsome and a heller with the gals.

"Don't see as how they can use government money," said Sam Johnson, who fancied himself on law, having once, thirty years ago, run for town councilman and been defeated.

"What you know about it, Pete?" asked John Sumner.

It was good to be called Pete; to be asked his opinion, even about something he knew nothing about. These were the only folks who called him by his given name anymore. Purposely, Pop waited, enjoying to the full the respectful silence they tendered him.

Then he said slowly, wallowing in his listening audience, "Well, from what I hear, it's goin' through. They say they have to have a bigger road on account of the tourist trade." He laughed. "Guess that's so's they can go right on through town faster'n they do now."

The men all laughed, and it made Pop feel good right down to the soles of his feet. Talk became general. The doctor had been up yesterday to take a look at John's sciatica. His friend went into detail. Pop started a long saga of his own, about his arthritis and the efficacy of his own homemade mudpacks. From the house came the clang of the breakfast bell. The men arose and began to move slowly, two by two, toward the building. As they went they called back over their shoulders to him: "See you tomorrow, Pete."

In his mind Pop entered the house with them, sat down at the long table with the clean white cloth, listened to the familiar talk, and maybe talked a little himself. Then later they would all go out on the back porch, where the shade was heaviest, and John would offer him his plug of tobacco, knowing as he did that Pop hadn't smoked or chewed in all his life. And later yet, after dinner, there'd be talk around the big fireplace and maybe cribbage.

For a long while Pop stood alone on the little knoll while his mind went through the day with the men inside the building. A breeze sprang up and rippled the grass of the lawn and stirred through the tops of the elms. The little sun patterns on the seats of the benches quivered and were still. An empty rocker creaked and rocked for a second by itself. Slowly Pop turned away and started walking toward the entrance gate.

A voice stopped him: "Good morning, Mr. Jeffers." It was Mr. McKinley, the director. "Been visiting I see," he said, and fell into step with the old man.

"I took that up with the committee again," said the director, and shook his head. "They turned it down."

Pop said, "The dog?"

The director nodded his head. "That, and the property. This is a home for people without anything you know, Mr. Jeffers."

Pop looked up eagerly. "I could give it away. I'd do it in a minute if they'd let me bring Wolf in."

The director shook his head. "It's no use, Mr. Jeffers. They say it would establish a precedent and the place would be overrun with dogs in no time. They were very firm about it."

The light died in Pop's eyes. He dropped his head. "Well, if that's the way it is—then that's the way it is."

"I'm sorry."

"No fault o' yourn, Mr. McKinley." They had come to the entrance. Wolf was standing under the pine, his eyes pinned on the men's faces, the plumed tail moving slowly from side to side, white against the dark green. Pop shook the director's hand. "Thank you kindly, Mr. McKinley, anyways, for tryin'," he said and turned to go.

"Couldn't you see your way clear, Mr. Jeffers, to—"

Pop shook his head. He was standing with his back to the man, looking at Wolf. "No," he said quietly. "Either it's both of us or—or nothin'." And he went over to where the dog waited.

* * *

They took the other side of the road. The dog moved on ahead. On the left the tall trees marched down in dense, uneven rows to the lake front. Their interlaced branches made deep pools of shadow and quiet. A stream came out of a culvert under the road and ran noisily down into the shadows.

A path led off from the road, down under the pines. The dog took it, but the man stayed on the road and did not join him. In a little while the dog came partly back up the path and sat down. He cocked his head to one side and looked inquiringly at the silent man.

"Come on out o' that, Wolf," Pop called. The dog stood up and barked once, sharply. "I know—I know," the man said. "I promised you a run, but we ain't goin' now. You can't have everything you want. Nobody can."

The dog took a few tentative steps down the path, glancing back over his shoulder. Pop whistled and the dog raced to him and looked seriously up into his face. The man sat down on a stone.

"No, boy—we gotta go home," Pop said. "We gotta go home an' sweep out the room." The dog whined and the man put his hand under his neck and started kneading the loose flesh. Wolf closed his eyes.

"Seein' as how you'll never git to be seventy-two," the man went on, "I don' expect as how you'll understand these things. But it's hard for folks, married folks, to live with anybody else in the house." Wolf opened his eyes to slits. "Yes it is. I know. It ain't that I'm afeard"—he put the dog's head in his lap and looked earnestly into his eyes—"You don't think I'm afeard, do you boy?" Wolf placed a clumsy paw on his knee. "Seein' as how it's all for you, you should oughta understand. I gotta do everything she wants. Every little thing." The dog wriggled his head from the man's grasp and backed away. Pop stared down at his empty hands for a long minute. "It's just that women folk don't understand dogs," he said, "an' they hate 'em because men folk do."

He stood up then and brushed the hairs from his trousers. "Your sheddin'," he said. "By rights I oughta make you do the sweepin'."

As they approached the house, the dog ceased to run on ahead and followed close at the old man's heels. The white plumed tail drooped between his hind legs.

In the yard Pop said, "Might be a mite smarter if you stayed out here," and Wolf gave him a look full of understanding before he turned and went around the corner of the house.

Bella heard him as he came into the kitchen. She stood in the doorway of her own room, her face greasy with cold cream, a dirty, faded pink kimono wrapped tightly about her bony frame. In silence her cold eyes followed him as he walked across the floor, took the broom from against the wall and went into his own room. As he closed the door behind him Pop caught the quick snort of her triumphant laugh.

Methodically he shook out the blanket and placed it on the floor and swept the dog hairs from it. Then slowly and carefully he swept the entire room, working the litter into a small pile near the door. He even got down on his knees and worked the broom under the cot and the rickety old dresser. With the tail of an old discarded shirt he rubbed the dust from the one window. At last he was through, and sweeping the little pile of dirt onto a piece of cardboard he went into the kitchen.

He stopped as he crossed to the dust bin. The house was strangely quiet. The slow drip of water from the faucet was the only sound. Bella's door stood half-open. As he listened he thought he could hear her breathing, but no movement, no other sound came from her room. Then even the sound of her breathing ceased and it was as though she was sitting in the dark, holding her breath and listening. He shrugged his shoulders and emptied the dirt into the bin and went outside.

The yard was empty. The sun was directly overhead and objects stood out in sharp outline. Wolf was nowhere in sight. Pop whistled and called "Wolf!" once but there was no answering bark to be heard.

He went around the back of the house and looked under the porch where the shade was heavy and the dog loved to lie. It was very dark. Pop called, but nothing moved or answered from the gloom.

Up over the hill, past the rotten, neglected fruit trees to the stone wall. There was the long row of holes that Wolf had made in his frantic chase of hedgehogs. But no Wolf. A strange, unknown panic seized Pop.

He scrambled hastily to the top of the stone wall and turning slowly about in a circle he kept shouting, "Wolf! Wolf! Here Wolf!" over and over again. Behind him the wind rustled through the leaves of the apple trees. From an adjoining field a single crow rose with a raucous cry. The sun beat down on his bald head, but from nowhere in the surrounding countryside came the familiar bounding figure.

With one last cry of "Wolf!" Pop slid down from the wall and ran clumsily downhill toward the shed.

Sometimes the dog hunted rats under the mildewed hay. He stood in the door and yelled the dog's name, but his voice only bounced about the walls of the empty shed and thundered back about his head. He thought he saw the straw move in one corner and ran to the place and began to dig frantically, saying, "Here boy—Here boy," with a choking sound. But there was nothing under the hay.

Coming back around the house on the far side he noticed the fresh scratches on the paint up under his window. With stumbling haste he parted the high weeds and grass beside the house.

Wolf lay there, under his own window, on his side, his head in a pool of vicious white scum. There was no need for Pop to touch him. He knew that he was dead.

Near the dog's head was a small piece of disgorged meat. The old man dropped to his knees and sniffed at it. The sharp odor of poison assailed his nostrils. Slowly he rose to his feet and stared at the wall before him. His eyes were wide and glazed and not a muscle of his body quivered. Then, jerkily, he stepped back and the high grass sprang forward and hid the dog's body completely. The man turned and walked toward the kitchen.

Bella was at the sink. She whirled about at his step. For a long minute they stood, the old man in the doorway, the woman at the sink, while their glances locked and held each other. Then very slowly the woman turned her head.

Without a word the man turned and went out to the shed. It was dark in there, and quiet too. Through the chinks in the roof the sun came and touched the silver cans on the shelf. It touched also the gleaming silver of the ax head on the woodpile. The old man stepped forward and grasped the ax. He turned and took a step toward the door, then stopped and stood for frozen minutes and stared out of the door at the house. Finally he moved. He lifted the ax high above his head and sunk it with all his might into the splitting block. So deep it went, that he would never be able to move it.

Then one by one he took the cans from the shelf and put them in a burlap bag. Heaving the bag across his shoulders he moved out into the sunlight and across the yard. As he went through the gate, he saw a flicker at the kitchen window as though a curtain had moved.

* * *

It had been a long two miles into town. The bag was very heavy, and Pop was glad that it was so. Somehow the long trudge, the ache in his back, the sweat that ran into his eyes and made them burn, the sharp bite of the can edges against his skin, somehow that was all part of it.

He climbed slowly up the three steps to the store and walked to the counter. One by one he took the silver cans from the bag and piled them neatly on the polished wood.

Les Allen came down the aisle behind the counter. "Hello Pop," he said. Then he saw the cans. "What's all this? Anything happen to—" and he broke off as he looked up into the old man's set face.

"Ain't got no more use for this stuff, Les," Pop said. "I was wonderin' if maybe you'd buy them back from me?"

"Sure. Glad to, Pop. Only—" he broke off again as he looked into the man's eyes. He dropped his eyes and counted the cans. "Four seventy," he said and put the money on the counter. "There you are, Pop."

The old man didn't touch the money. He fumbled in his pocket and produced a worn pocketknife. "Maybe, Les, you could let me have thirty cents on this?"

The grocer stared at the knife in the palm of the white hand. Then he said slowly, without looking up, "Ain't no cause for you puttin' up your knife, Pop. I'll loan you thirty cents."

The old man shook his head doggedly. "I want for you to take the knife, Les. An' if you got it in one five-dollar bill I'd be most obliged."

Pop took the bill, folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. Then he went over to the desk alongside of the post-office window. For a long while he stood there, chewing the end of a pen, then he wrote swiftly on the back of an old envelope, finished, and put it in his pocket.

"Goodby, Les," he called to the grocer as he went out the door. "An' thanks."

* * *

Bella was sitting in the kitchen when he got back. She looked up quickly and Pop could see that there was fear in the cold blue eyes. He walked across the room and stood directly before her.

"This here is for Sam," he told her and tendered the old envelope.

The woman took it and read: "For the sum of one dollar, I, Peter Jeffers, sell my house on the corner of Main and Charles St. to my son, Samuel Jeffers." And as the woman read her eyes began to shine again.

Bella looked up and there was such a light of greed in her eyes, that hate, welling fierce and hot in the old man, forced him to close his own eyes. He said tonelessly, "An' this is for you, Bella. For your hair," and he held out the five-dollar bill.

Slowly the light in the woman's eyes died. She stared transfixed at the bill. Slowly her hands crept out of her lap and over her thighs and around her back. She sat like that, staring at the bill, her whole body rigid as though hypnotized by it.

Pop put the bill down on a corner of the table and crossed to the door. As he went out he looked back, and as he did the bill fluttered to the floor. The woman never moved, only the eyes in the white mask of her face followed the bill as it fluttered across the floor. #

The Man Who Was Loved

Continued from page 77

in the back of the car and myself were at the Major's side. We had to run to keep up with him. The other three natives followed behind at a trot. As we passed the wagon I noticed that the whole span of sixteen oxen was drawn in as far as was possible to one side of the road, and that the leaders were so far off the beaten track that they stood belly-deep in the long grasses. Then it struck me that one and all were gazing in front of them, staring towards the center of the road, their necks arched away from what they saw, stamping with their forelegs, whipping their tails over their backs, and snorting as cattle do when scenting danger.

I saw all this at a glance; and when I turned my own eyes in the direction of those of the oxen, I stopped, and stood very still, hardly breathing. At the same moment I was aware that the Major and all four natives were standing motionless beside me. There, ten yards in front, in the middle of the road, its sharp and venomous-looking head pointing towards the terrified oxen, lay the shining coils of the longest snake I had ever seen.

Now, my fear of snakes is incurable. The fact that I had seen hundreds in Africa lessened not at all the horror in which I held them. At a fairly safe distance I had shot and killed them, but even their dead bodies I left for someone else to dispose of. And I knew enough about them to realize immediately that this living rope on the road was a Green Mamba, the most deadly reptile in Africa.

When at last I turned and saw the Major with his coat off, his sleeves rolled up, rubbing the palms of his hands together, his little eye fixed in glee to the hateful object on the ground, I stepped back with a cry.

"Major!" I yelled. "You're mad! It's a Mamba! We've no serum—nothing! You're crazy!"

I retreated further into the bush, and the natives, wide-eyed, frightened, yet hypnotized with curiosity and admiration, only too willingly followed me, but without taking their eyes from the snake. And I felt only relief when they did: with them around me perhaps I should look less of a coward and a fool.

The Major took not the slightest notice of my cries of warning. I dare say he was too much absorbed to hear them, and I knew that further words would be wasted. By now he was on the road beyond the snake, whose head was still raised in vicious anger towards the terrified oxen, its two long fangs slipping silently in and out of its mouth. I held my breath and wished that I were in the car, aware that the speed at which a Mamba can travel is so great that the human eye can hardly follow its lightning progress as it rips along over the surface of the ground.

The Major had now bent himself almost double; his left leg was stretched straight out behind him, and he moved towards his poisonous prey by pressing the foot of his stiff leg into the ground to steady himself, while his right foot in some extraordinary manner moved silently forward, inch by inch. His right arm he held out, only a yard from the snake, whose entire attention was still occupied watching the antics of the frightened oxen, and his open shirt hung so loose from his shoulders that I could see his bare chest and the red hairs growing down near to his navel.

Suddenly, with a bound, and a cry like that of an animal as it leaps upon another in fury, the Major had snatched the snake from the earth and was whirling it round and round his head at such a speed that it was unable to coil itself, and the sound it made whistling through the air was like that of a strong wind whining through the rigging of a ship. Then, as I saw the snake's head droop on its wild circuit through space and cease to make another effort to coil, the Major seemed to lift the whole weight of his body on to his right foot as suddenly he changed the course of his whirling —and, as a huntsman wields a long-lashed riding crop, he cracked the length of the reptile above his head in the air. No sooner had we witnessed this than he uttered a low whoop of triumph and let go the tail-end of the snake . . . I watched it soar into the sky, and then, though obviously headless, saw it coil itself in the air, to fall yards away into the depths of the bush.

I had just taken a breath of relief and was about to clap my hands with joy at the Major's fantastic performance, when I heard an awful scream; and, looking up, saw him clutch his stomach as he dropped like a falling tree to the ground.

With the natives I rushed to his side, and in a strangled voice heard him cry: "A knife! Quick! For God's sake! It's got me! It's . . . *got me!*" And with the last word his hand fell away from his stomach and his head rolled back upon the ground . . .

In one quick and feverish moment the Major's boy tore away the shirt from his master's body. An instant later, uttering a sharp scream, he jumped back. We all jumped away from what we saw. For lying on the Major's bare stomach was the bleeding, fangless, though not yet lifeless head of the Mamba!

With the toe of my boot I kicked away the head, and a native cut a hole in the white abdomen where the two fangs I could see, only too plainly, embedded in the flesh. But the Major's boy groaned and shook his head, as, with tears in his eyes and his throat full of sobs, he gazed into his master's face, which was now so horribly contorted and his neck and eyes so swollen that he was hardly recognizable as the man who, only a few minutes ago, was sitting beside me in the car.

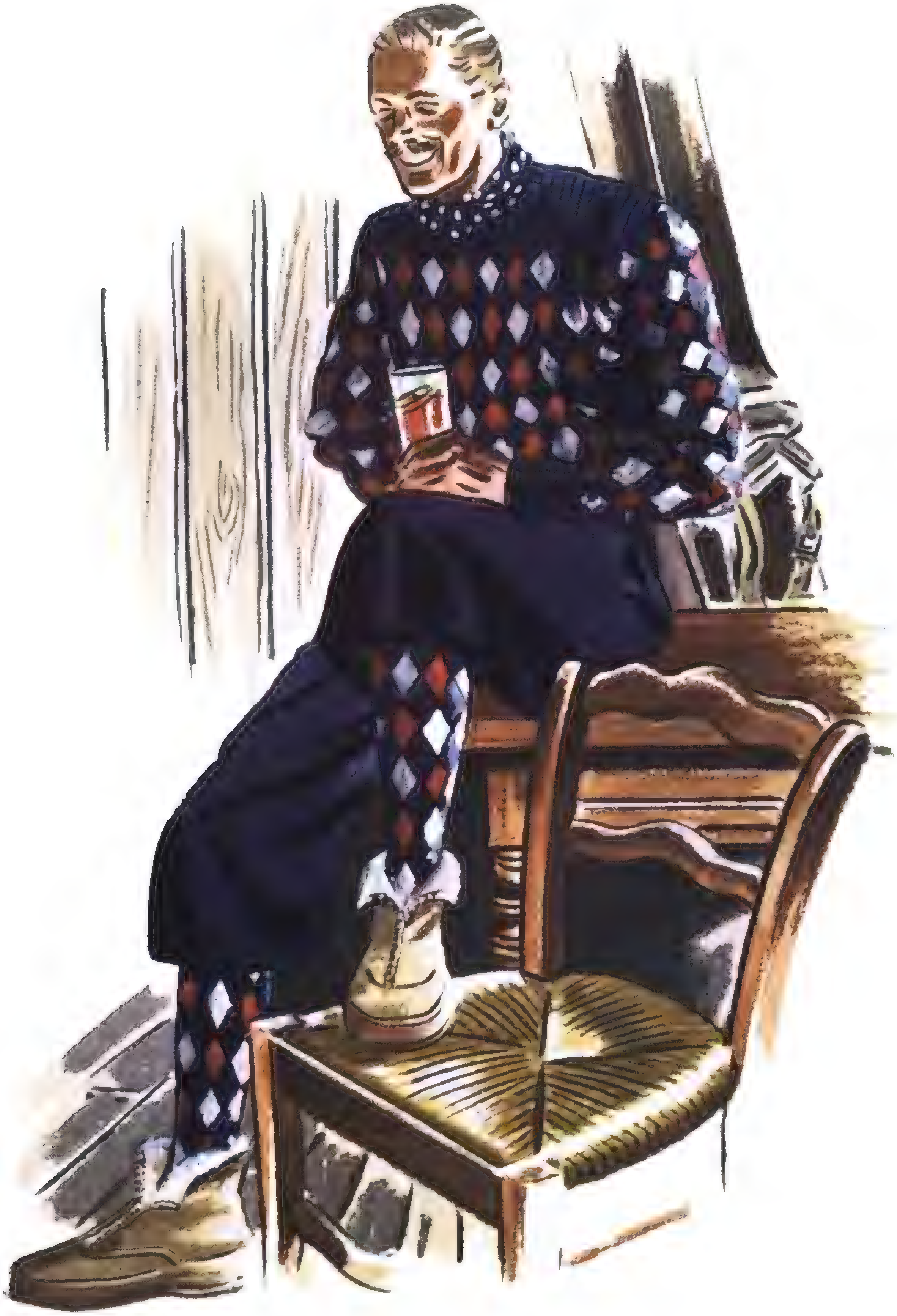
There was nothing to be done. As the four of us lifted the great weight of him and placed it on the back seat of the Ford, and I jumped into the driver's seat and started the wheezing engine, both the native and myself knew that hurry was in vain.

Before we had covered two miles of the return journey, the life went out of the unconscious man as he lay in the arms of his servant. Negroes weep easily, but I, thinking of all the enjoyable hours I had spent in the dead man's company, hours that thus I should never spend again, found tears in my own eyes too.

II

Seldom have I known a man's death cause so much universal consternation and genuine grief

Continued on page 116



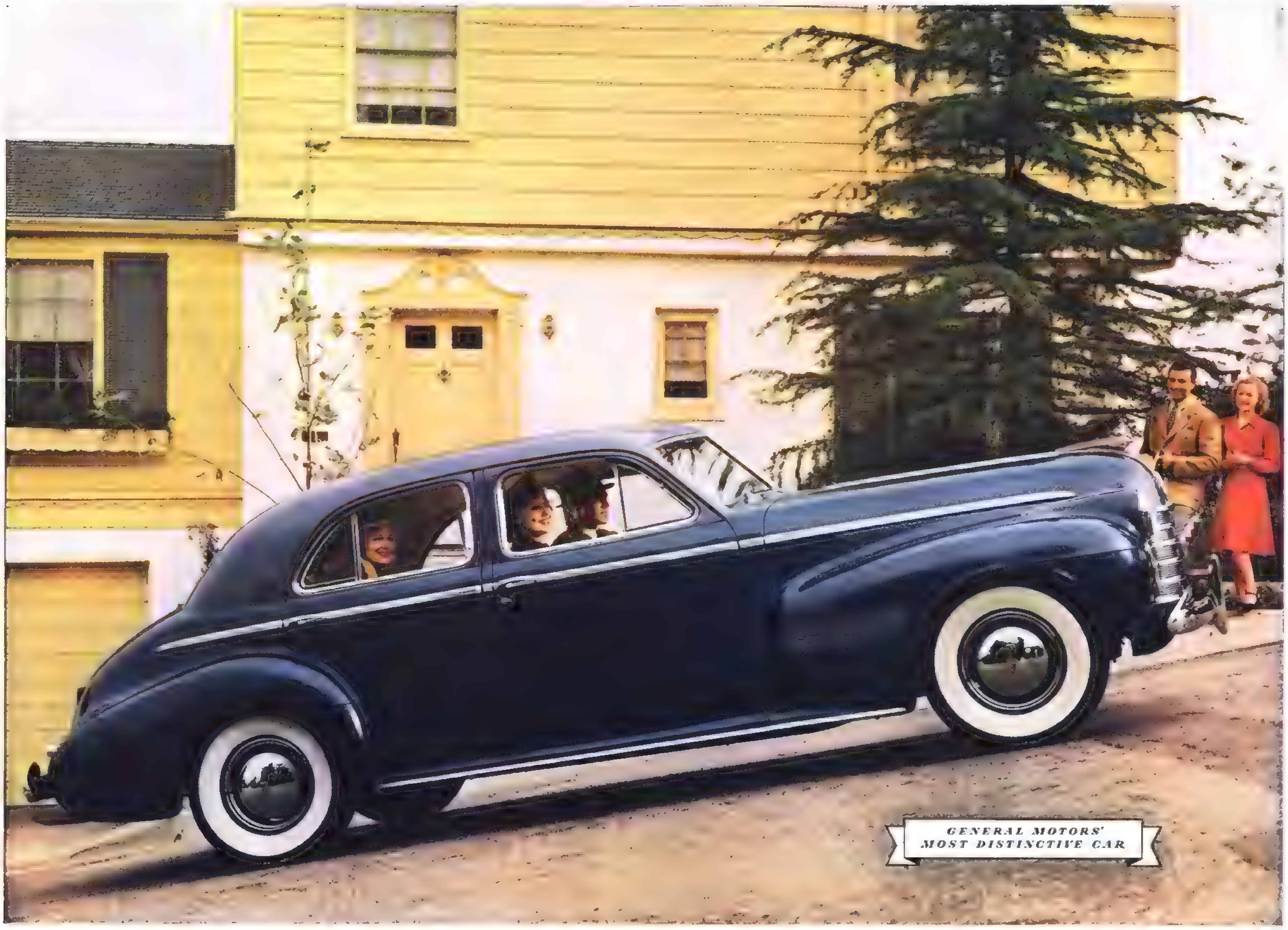
End of the ski trail . . .

How to keep your hands warm after a cross-country trek on waxed runners: Grasp a tall toddy high in thermal units in your left hand; sit on your right hand. The upper reaches of the body you may adequately insulate with warm wool, suitably distributed as shown in the diagram above. The fuel recommended here is a colorful crew neck long-sleeved sweater in red, white and blue diamond pattern with ribbed shoulders, topped off with a blue silk polka dot muffler. The full length hose match the sweater, as would be apparent at anywhere from six to sixty paces. The blue knickers are of windproof gabardine, and replacing the ski boots for this postlude session is a pair of slide-fastened sheepskin foot muffs, which in a word-coining mood we are tempted to dub foot-ins. The lightweight windproof ski jacket is in the closet until tomorrow. But if you can't wait that long take another look at page 95.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

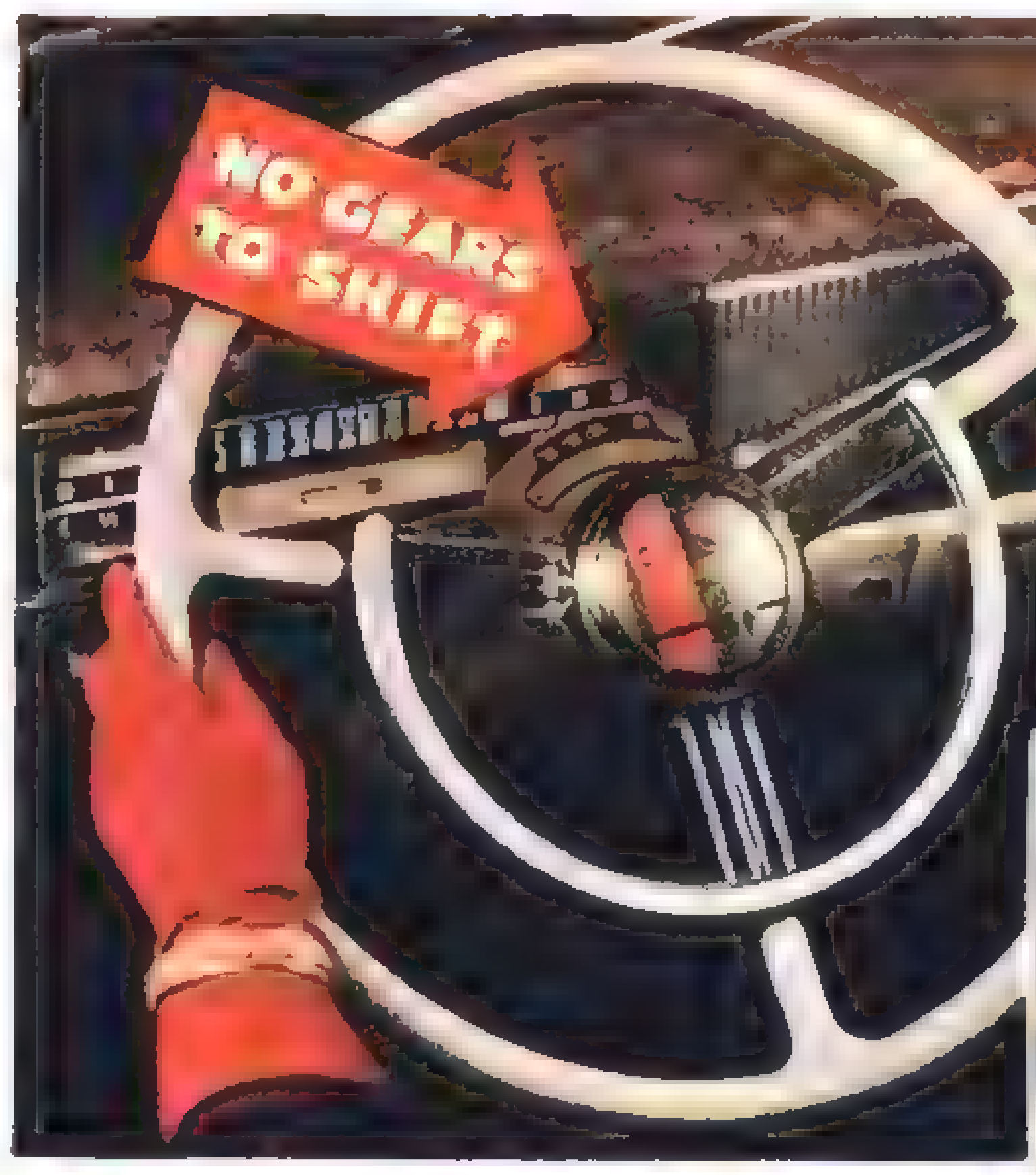
It's a Thrill on a Hill!

AND A SWIFT, SMOOTH STEPPER ON THE LEVEL !


GENERAL MOTORS' MOST DISTINCTIVE CAR

With Hydra-Matic Drive it's the most modern car in the world...BAR NONE!

PLENTY OF POWER—smooth, live, dynamic power—is yours in the masterful, 110 H. P. Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser. Plenty of room, as well, in the longest, widest Unisteel Turret Top Body ever built by Fisher. And under you, there's a bigger and better Rhythmic Ride Chassis to smooth out the roughest roads. It's a luxury car in every way, this medium-priced Custom 8 Cruiser—and with Oldsmobile's exclusive Hydra-Matic Drive, optional at only $57 extra, it outperforms them *all!* Why not try it!

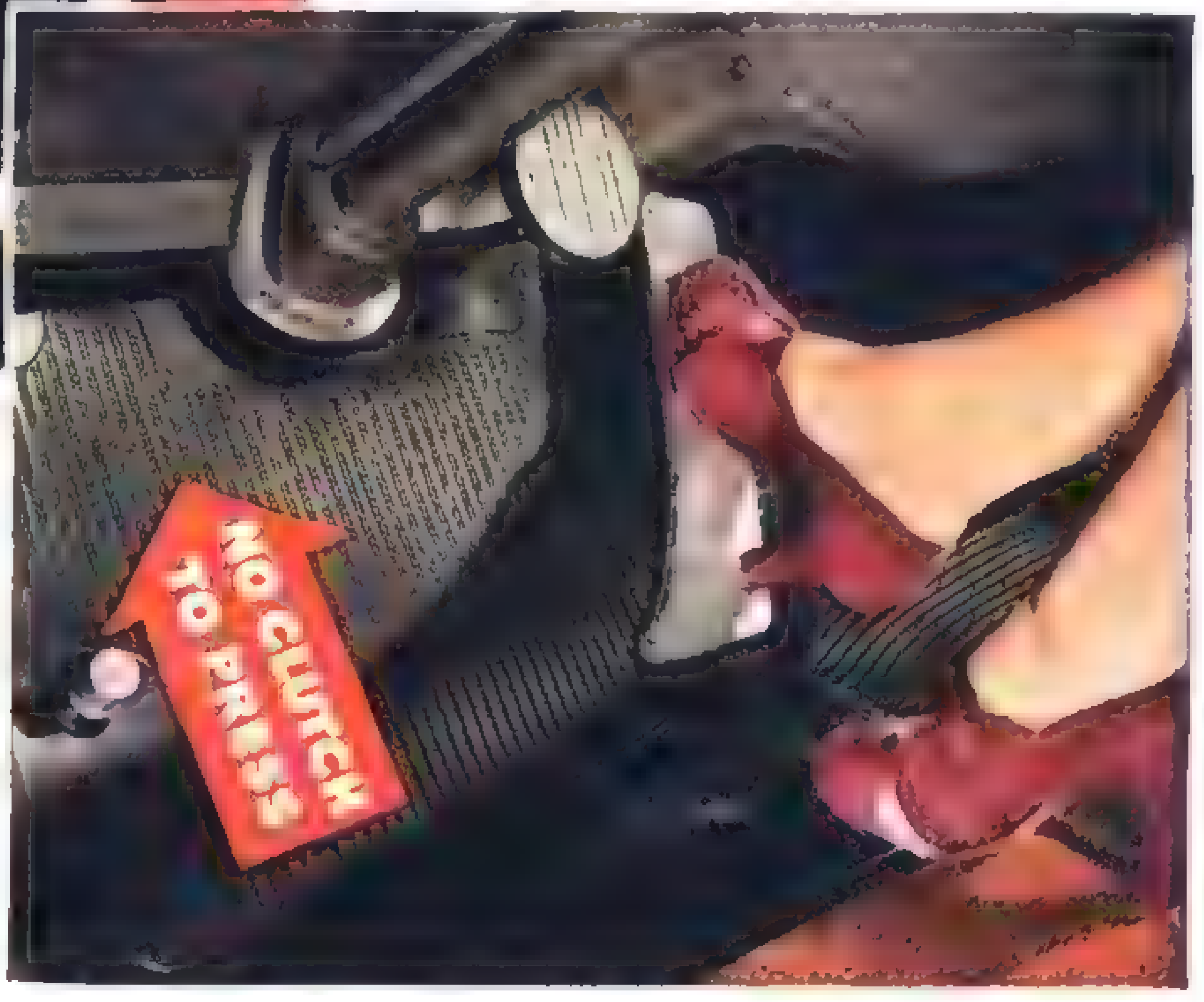

NO GEARS TO SHIFT

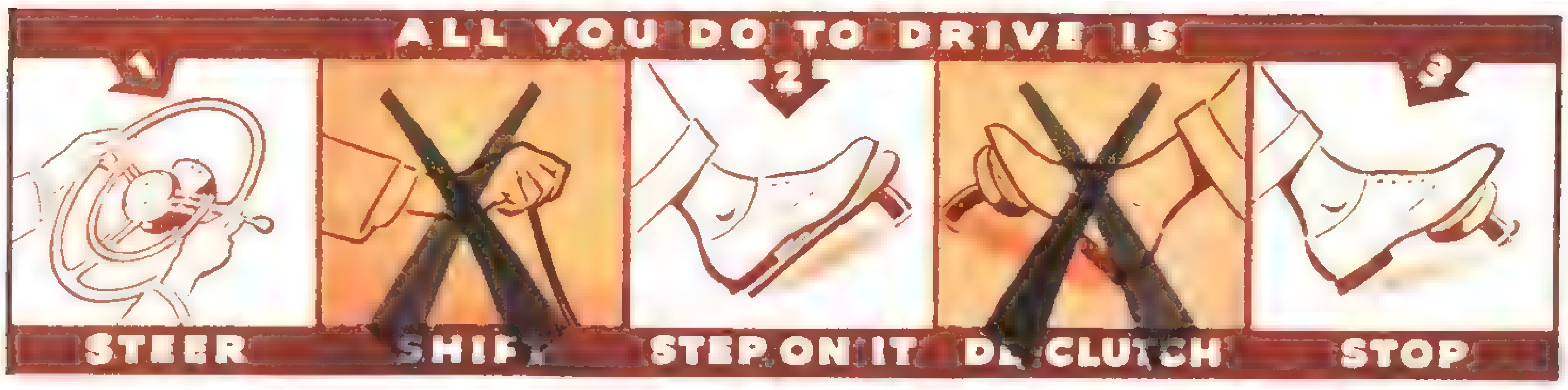
Driving is Simplified

You simply set the control on the steering column in "Hi" and the gears shift through the four forward speed ranges entirely automatically.

Clutch Parts Eliminated

There's no work for the left foot—no clutch parts to wear out and replace. Power is transmitted through a smooth, silent, liquid coupling.


NO CLUTCH TO PRESS


ALL YOU DO TO DRIVE IS
1
STEER
SHIFT
2
STEP ON IT
DE-CLUTCH
3
STOP

OLDSMOBILE "CUSTOM 8 CRUISER"

MOST MODERN CAR IN THE WORLD

The Man Who Was Loved

Continued from pages 77-113

as did that of Major Carter.

News, even in the desert-places of Africa where few men live, spreads fast: but on the day after the tragic event of which I had been the sole white witness it is doubtful if there existed even a Negro child in the town who was ignorant of the end of the man whom all had been so long accustomed to see limping about the streets with a cheery smile for anyone who passed him.

Orders came from Government House, where the Union Jack drooped drearily at half-mast, that the whole town should demonstrate its deep sorrow by closing down all the shops and drawing the blinds in every house. And readily was the summons obeyed. Never had the Clubs and Hotels sold so much whisky in so short a time. The Bar at The Club overflowed with men who, instead of laughing and joking over the glasses in their hands, peered sorrowfully into the yellow liquid and saw there the sun-tanned, smiling face of the dead man who had in his lifetime "stood" them so many.

Throwing themselves into an orgy of reminiscence, one old story succeeded another even older—which the same chairs upon which we sat had heard so often that their seats had caved in from the weight of memory. The smoke- and whisky-ridden air rang with: "I remember," "in Australia," "in France," "in the old days," "the first time I saw him kill a snake, My God, it was a near thing . . . a wonderful man, the best friend *I* ever . . ."

Pitiful, selfish tears filled all our alcoholic eyes while our voices droned on and on, till it seemed almost as if we ourselves wished nothing better than to follow our dead friend into the sun-baked earth of Africa.

As The Club clock struck twelve we all filed out of the gloom into the glare of the sun. The body of the Major was lying in deathly state in the great room of the Town Hall, whose floor, on Saturday nights, the dead man's legs had so lately covered in limping, dancing strides.

Since it was generally known that the deceased possessed no relatives in the town, the affairs of his funeral and the arrangements for the moving of his remains were very kindly conducted by one of the Major's warmest friends, the Reverend Arthur Virtue, of the Protestant Church.

As we turned off Rhodes Street into another less wide, where the Entrance to the Town Hall could be plainly seen, we found it almost impossible to move any further in its direction. The dense crowd confronting us on all sides was impenetrable, and the smell of perspiring flesh rose in strong pungent waves to my nostrils. It was a curious sight, and one that I have never forgotten. The fact that the white people among the mass of Negroes were draped in black made the spectacle that met our eyes look even more dark than perhaps, had everyone come naked, it would then have appeared. Nevertheless, as I pushed my way through the thick odor of dark humans and the more solid resistance of their bodies, I don't think I passed more than a dozen white faces in the silent crowd. To some extent this was explained when, approaching the steps to the Hall, a notice in large black letters above the entrance caught my eye. It read:

NATIVES NOT ADMITTED

Then beside me I heard the voice of the Reverend Arthur Virtue, who, pale and harassed, was endeavoring to perform the difficult task of collecting in a large bag money for a memorial to our lost friend.

"You'll see a drawing of the proposed plaque inside," he whispered in my ear as, looking back, I saw him besieged by crowds of natives, mostly women and girls, who sobbingly dropped coin after coin into his bag. Children too, little brown pot-bellied pickaninnies, hardly knowing what they did and certainly not why they did it (save that they believed, perhaps, that in some mysterious way it would benefit the soul of the man they had so much admired and respected), ran after the Reverend, clutched at his black garments, crying: "Baas Virtoo, Baas Virtoo, me a penny, me a penny!" Wherewith they thrust their little black hands into the opening of the bag and heard their coppers drop with a clink among the hundreds of others. "Thank you, children, thank you!" came the Reverend's ceaseless chant. "Thank you, dear people, God bless you for your kindness!" And on he was thrust through the sweating mass.

Indeed, the crowd now below the steps was of such magnitude that two mounted men of the B.S.A. police were finding it beyond the power of their horses and their whips—which fell with curiously accurate aim upon black heads alone—to divide between them some kind of pathway up which the white folk might drive to the door in their cars.

When at last within the Hall, I found the scene there strangely different from that outside. It reminded me of the Interior of an Italian Cathedral on any day of the week but Sunday. The immense room was entirely void of furniture, and the many silent dark-draped figures moving about like panthers on the prowl for prey were creeping in ones and twos round the outskirts of the Hall or standing in clumps near the doorway. While at the end of the room, unattended save by a vast heap of wreaths and pile upon pile of multicolored flowers, there stood the bier whereon lay the body of the Major, draped in the voluminous folds of a great Union Jack.

Round the room I recognized at once the presence of every white person I had ever seen and known in the town, and many others whose faces were strange to me. And one and all, like devout Italians gazing at the distant altar in an otherwise empty cathedral, were staring towards the lonely flower-covered figure on the dais. I tiptoed my way round the edge of the room towards the object of their eyes, and soon, drawn on a large piece of cardboard placed among the floral cushions, saw the sketch of the proposed memorial for which, outside among the natives in the sun, the Reverend Arthur Virtue was so kindly collecting money. Below it I read the words:

TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR OSWALD PERTH CARTER
A TRUE SON OF BRITAIN
WHOSE HEROIC CONDUCT IN LIFE
SAVED MANY LIVES AND EARNED
FOR HIM THE EVERLASTING GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION OF THOSE
OF HIS RACE IN THIS TOWN WHO
HAVE HELPED TO ERECT THIS STONE

For others he lived
For others he died

LOVED BY ALL

And above this fitting epitaph, clothed tight in a white shroud and covered by the Union Jack, lay the body of the loved one. I took one look at it, then glanced away. In life I had never seen it like this. Only the crisp hair, like that of a bear, remained as I had known it. The yellow weather-beaten face, its eyes closed, slept in a grimace hideous with silent mockery. The mouth drooped a little at one end, the lips were parted, showing two yellow teeth, and the wall-like flesh sagged away from the now prominent cheek-bones. In my one quick glance I saw what, in life, I had never seen on the Major's face—a look of calm contempt . . . I turned and tiptoed out of the silent Hall.

In Africa, dead men are buried with little delay.

I was already ten minutes late when I left my room, dressed in a rented suit of black. The sun was low behind the houses, and the reflection of its fading light made pink the sky above and cast a mauve glow of mourning over the emptiness of the silent streets. There was little sound but the hum of a solitary motor car in the direction of the Protestant Church, whence the funeral procession was to proceed to the cemetery, and to which I now hurriedly made my way.

When I had covered more than half the distance and come into the straight street where the tall spire towered above a medley of old iron roofs, I was astonished to see long lines of cars being driven away from the church's entrance. Some were coming towards me, all occupied by their white, black-clothed owners whom I knew, others going off in the opposite direction, but none was turning down the road to the cemetery. And even more mysterious still was the fact that the hearse and its two black horses were standing, surrounded by a multitude of Negroes, waiting in the street at the gate of the church. Was the burial postponed? Why were all these cars driving away? Why all these natives crowding round the empty hearse?

I quickened my step, my thoughts in a whirl of wondering. I approached the outskirts of the immense crowd. As I elbowed my way through, I was suddenly aware that among all these people only one white face was visible. It shone out like a distant pale lamp on a dark night, amongst all the surrounding black ones. This face belonged to the driver of the hearse, who, sitting high up on his box, stared out, like a tired and lonely star, without interest or intent, upon a cruel world.

Then, into the low murmur of the waiting Negroes, who with shining and luminous eyes were all gazing anxiously at the crowded entrance to the church, there broke a hush, a sigh, and a silence, as, with one accord, the mass withdrew a little from the close proximity of the hearse.

I followed their eyes, hemmed in as I was and unable to move. and saw, through a gap suddenly made in the doorway, a coffin being borne down the steps on the shoulders of four of the tallest young Negroes I had ever set eyes on. All four of them were dressed alike, from neck to naked feet in pure white linen, and I noticed that their faces, strangely brown, each bore an odd but definite resemblance with the other, and that each face was damp with tears.

Immediately behind them, also dressed in white, their hands covering their eyes, came some dozen very dark Negro women, a few middle-aged, others young and beautiful, weeping audibly into their black hands. And beyond these there trotted, in what seemed to me an endless stream, a line of brown-faced boys, girls, and pickaninnies, holding hands in couples.

I watched the four brown giants reverently place the coffin in the hearse, cover it with many hundreds of wreaths and a living carpet of multicolored flowers, leaves, and petals, then silently close the door.

For a moment there was tense silence, as though Africa were praying; then the one tired white star raised a whip against the evening sky. I heard the wheels of the hearse go grating over the road—and the vast procession, like one wing of a gigantic magpie, formed up behind and followed the bones of the man who was loved. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 78

if superficially crazy whole. The chromatic tune the colors play is the melody of compassion for humanity, a scherzo of folk hoping desperately in the sunset. And for those whose theatregoing is not bound by the established dramaturgic formulae the exhibit proves again, as *My Heart's In the Highlands* proved before it, one of the year's lovely holidays from theatrical routine.

A paragraph or two about the third Saroyan play to come, the *Love's Old Sweet Song* mentioned. The protagonist is a small boy of nine, of Graeco-Armenian-American blood, Georgie Americanos by name and an apprentice messenger by profession, who doesn't like the way the world bunglingly manages its economics, love affairs and other problems and who goes about in a practicable manner fixing things up. There are no less than half a dozen episodes that are as fresh and crisp as tomorrow's lettuce. The copious family of Oklahoma squatters, who blandly settle down on the rich woman's front lawn and the moment she leaves her house for an hour complacently move in and comfortably install themselves, compose as luxuriant a depraved congress as the stage has offered. Georgie tries to chase them away and indignantly demands of the paterfamilias, who has obligingly brought along with his own clutter of brats all his illegitimate offspring, why he left Oklahoma. "The dust, the dust, always the dust," woefully intones the old gent. "The dust?" heatedly inquires Georgie. "Yeah," replies the old bum; "I read about it."

Georgie's father, who smokes a nargileh while his eighty-year-old Armenian grandfather modishly prefers cigarettes, is a three-hundred-pound wrestler who looks upon his small son as an intellect of considerable puissance. He is curious about the relations of the romantically dreaming old maid and the wandering medicine-man swindler who poses as the boy she knew and admired in her school days. He squints at little Georgie narrowly. "Do you think, Georgie, when they went into the house together, they—?" And nine-year-old Georgie sagely nods his head.

The episode wherein news comes to the squatter wife that her idiot son has just hit his father on the head with an oak beam and killed the old gent, with the old woman's casual "Where?" and the reply "In the back-yard," together with her beautifully unconcerned "Well, why don't they bury him?" is grimly gay stuff. And not less piquant are those involving the two young chippies of the squatter family, the visit of the old maid to Georgie's wrestler-papa, and the philosophies of the kid hero in the matter of amorous conduct.

Bleakly set down on paper such things, drawn out of their context, lose much of their savor. But in that context they amount to novel and wholly engaging theatre. America's only Armenian playwright is on the road.

* * *

The Blitz Comédienne—Let it be understood that I esteem Gertrude Lawrence as a capital comédienne. Now that it's understood, I want her to do me a favor, just as a swell actress to a nice critic. I want her, for her own acting good and for my future comfort, to stop treating the plays she appears in as if they were airplanes that she had booked passage on, that had inconsiderately taken off just as she was about to get aboard, and that she then frantically dashes after all the way from here to El Paso, Texas. If only during the course of a play she will quietly sit down just once in a while, or if she doesn't feel like sitting down will only stand still for a moment, I'll give her a big kiss the next time I see her.

But I doubt that she will. Excellent comédienne otherwise that she is, Miss Gertrude not only apparently regards every line of dialogue as a benzedrine tablet but the moment it gets into her mouth enters upon such a demonstration of vitality and so much hopping and jumping about that the impression is often of a ballet directed by George Abbott. It is reported, indeed, that whenever she appears in an exhibit that calls upon her to wear long skirts her industrious sweeping up and down the stage permits her management subsequently to save a lot of money on scrubwomen and cleaners. Being an English actress, it is doubtless her characteristic conviction that Americans greatly admire this kind of blitz histrionism. Judging from her immense popularity, she is equally doubtless right. But as one dissenting American to an already sufficiently successful actress, I nevertheless ask her to have a heart and not diminish the one American's further high respect for her.

The play in which our Olympic champion is sprinting this season is a little number by Samson Raphaelson called *Skylark*. It is about an advertising man who neglects his wife for his business and thus causes her to flirt with another man who hasn't any business other than that of the monkey variety and who talks poetically about dawns and sunsets on the far horizon. The husband, however, is not deprived of all an American audience's sympathy by the playwright. The latter makes him a lovable, upstanding he-man by having him observe to his wife that he hasn't read a book in years. But everything comes out all right in the end when the playwright thinks up the novel idea of having the couple adopt a baby. It's yours for a nickel.

* * *

Filmflam—Another good actress who has got a dirty playwriting deal this season is Helen Hayes. Why this best of our American women players saw fit to damage her fine professional standing by showing herself in any such blatz as Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's *Ladies and Gentlemen*, unless it was because the otherwise estimable Charlie is her estimable husband, it would take a more proficient puzzlesnout than mine to figure out. A trashy paraphrase of the trashy old stuff wherein we observe the activities of a jury while it is meditating the fate of a man accused of murdering his wife, it is eminently better suited to be a screen vehicle for the ten-cent talents of some two-hundred-thousand-dollar movie actress than a theatrical one for an actress of Miss Hayes' elevated quality. She disgraces herself appearing in such rubbish.

I am getting pretty tired of writing and reading that Hollywood ruins the literati who go out there.

That it is usually true, we know, but we know it so well and thoroughly that to hear it endlessly repeated is wearisome. What is more, there may conceivably be exceptions. But I know of not a single exception in the instance of writers who, going out there, are persuaded that movie scenario writing is dignified, respectable and important work, and not far removed from an authentic art. The *dégringolade* of Hecht, and to a certain extent of MacArthur, is unquestionably due to their acceptance of their Hollywood chores as honorable and even rather lofty jobs. Hecht in particular, both by written and published and spoken word, has attested to his belief in movie belles lettres. Once a fellow who promised to be something of a big shot in American drama and literature and one who had done some first-rate work in both, he proudly observed to me several years ago, while I was watching him shoot a movie of his own composition over in the Astoria, Long Island, studios and incidentally making some sour cracks on the juvenility of the whole thing, that he was one of only six men in all America who had mastered the difficult screen writing art. (The movie, by the way, was *Soak the Rich*, which subsequently proved a terrible flop.)

The damage that Hollywood has done to both Hecht and his collaborator is again clearly reflected in this *Ladies and Gentlemen*. I say again, because we saw the earlier symptoms of it in the case of Hecht's antecedent dramatic try, *To Quito and Back*. No such chow as the Helen Hayes vehicle would have got beyond the wastebasket of either Hecht or MacArthur in the days before they went to Hollywood. Those were the days when they wrote *The Front Page* and other such plays that made us enthusiastically set up the drinks for them.

* * *

B. P. O. I.—Although Joe Schenck offered $125,000 for the movie rights the moment the curtain fell on its opening performance, Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's *The Man Who Came To Dinner* is nevertheless a pretty good play. It may not be all that you have read it is in other more emotional critical quarters, but it is good enough. That is to say, it is a comedy that gives you enough laughs to make you overlook its static spots, and enough fecund rough-and-tumble low humor to make you overlook its occasional defective stabs at wit.

Some years ago, as you may have heard, there existed a group of New Yorkers, beginners in the writing business, who met at lunch daily in the Algonquin Hotel and who bequeathed to themselves the moniker of the Round Table. They were a bright young lot given to an assiduous and overpowering confection of epigrams and wisecracks and to a no less assiduous determination to grease and boost one another on the outside whenever the chance presented itself. Mutually and perfectly suited to one another, this admiration society thus soon became known as the Benevolent Protective Order of Ilks.

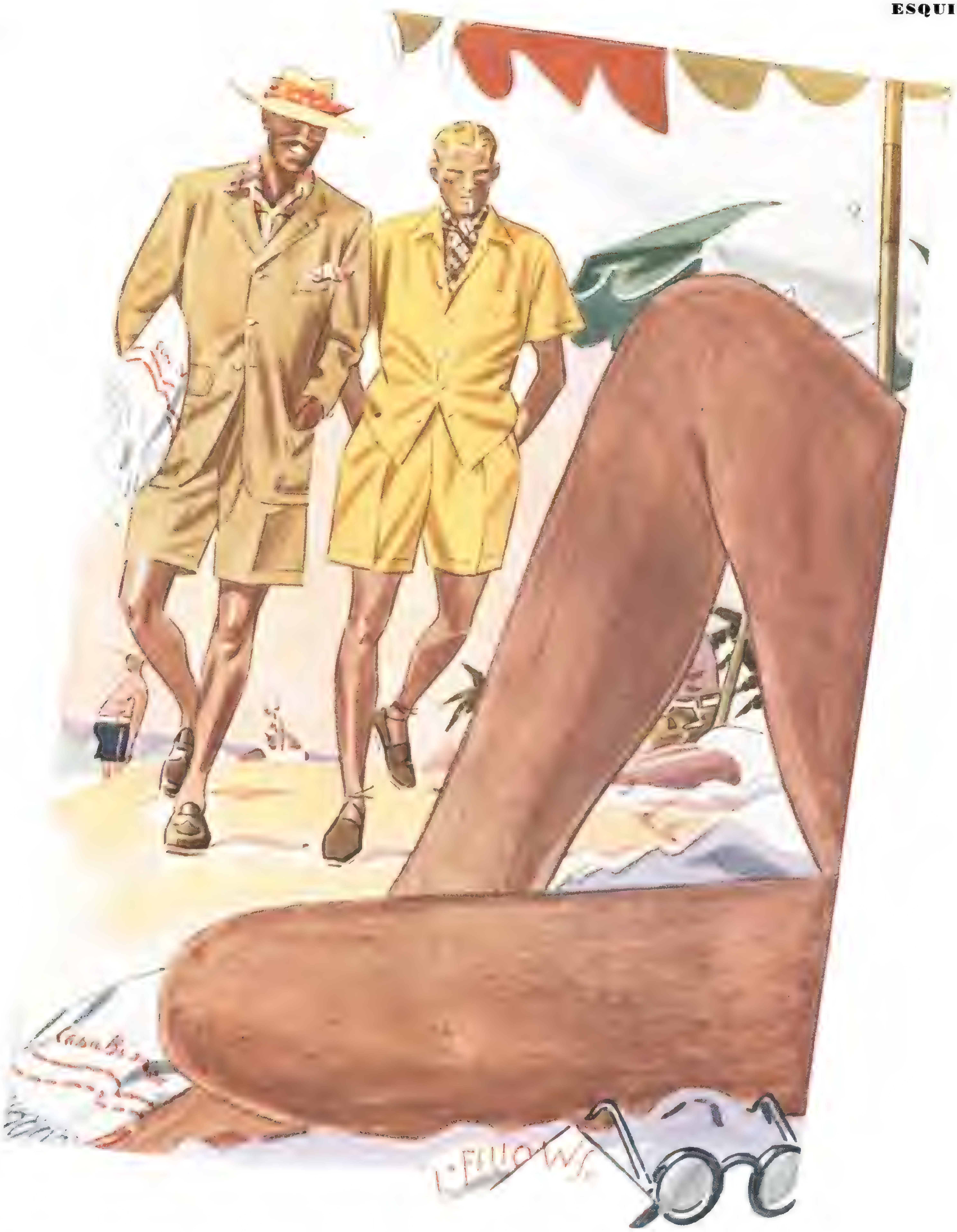
Two of its foremost members were the Mr. Kaufman aforementioned and Mr. Alexander Woollcott. But you wouldn't know it now that Kaufman has helped to write *The Man Who Came To Dinner*. For the man who came to dinner is none other than his quondam sweetheart, Woollcott, and what Kaufman does to him reminds me of what Eugene O'Neill once said to me when he read the proofs of a projected book of my own fabrication called *Friends Of Mine*, which included a chapter on himself. Sardonically observed O'Neill:

"If that's what you do to your friends, I'd hate to be one of your enemies."

Having the honor of only a feeble acquaintance with Mr. Woollcott, I do not know much about him personally, but if he is anything like what his old buddy makes him out to be he should go into the ladies' room and shoot himself. Kaufman, aided by Hart, has surely libeled the poor fellow scurrilously, although, as I say, I am not one accurately to know. But, libel or no libel, real or deplorable caricature, the creature the playwrights have set upon the stage is a rare and gamy amalgam of the more waspish lyrics of Noel Coward, the latest statistics on syphilis, the anthropological philosophies of Clare Boothe, the spinster sister of Jack-the-Ripper, and the love letters of Leopold and Loeb.

The show into which they have incorporated this egregious fishbone includes for good measure also an amusingly vicious caricature of a well-known English actress, a piercing critical picture of Mr. Noel Coward, and a droll characterization of Mr. Harpo

Continued at top of page 120



On Southern parole . . .

This is ultra-fashionable Boca Raton, a few miles south of Palm Beach. We suppose the Casa Blanca is merely the place where the man with the legs stole his towel. If he snitched the glasses as an afterthought, the laugh is on him. You can see that, from an engineering standpoint, they're put together very awkwardly. We're not so sure about the probity of the other two men, either. Before you jump to the conclusion that nobody would steal a pair of outfits like these, let us inform you that the fashionable Bermuda suit at the left, for instance, is practically the answer to a sportsman's prayer. Consisting of a single breasted coat with large patch pockets and matching shorts in the new Colonial tan shade, it may be worn with considerable comfort and propriety for golf, sailing, fishing, cycling and general informal lounge occasions. No more could you trust a fashion-conscious kleptomaniac with the India madras shirt in bright colored plaid, the Jippi Jappa hat with handkerchief tied hatband or the brown polished Norwegian slippers. And the same must be said for the shirt and short combination in the new sponge color, supplemented by a checked cotton neckertie and brown canvas rope-soled espadrilles.

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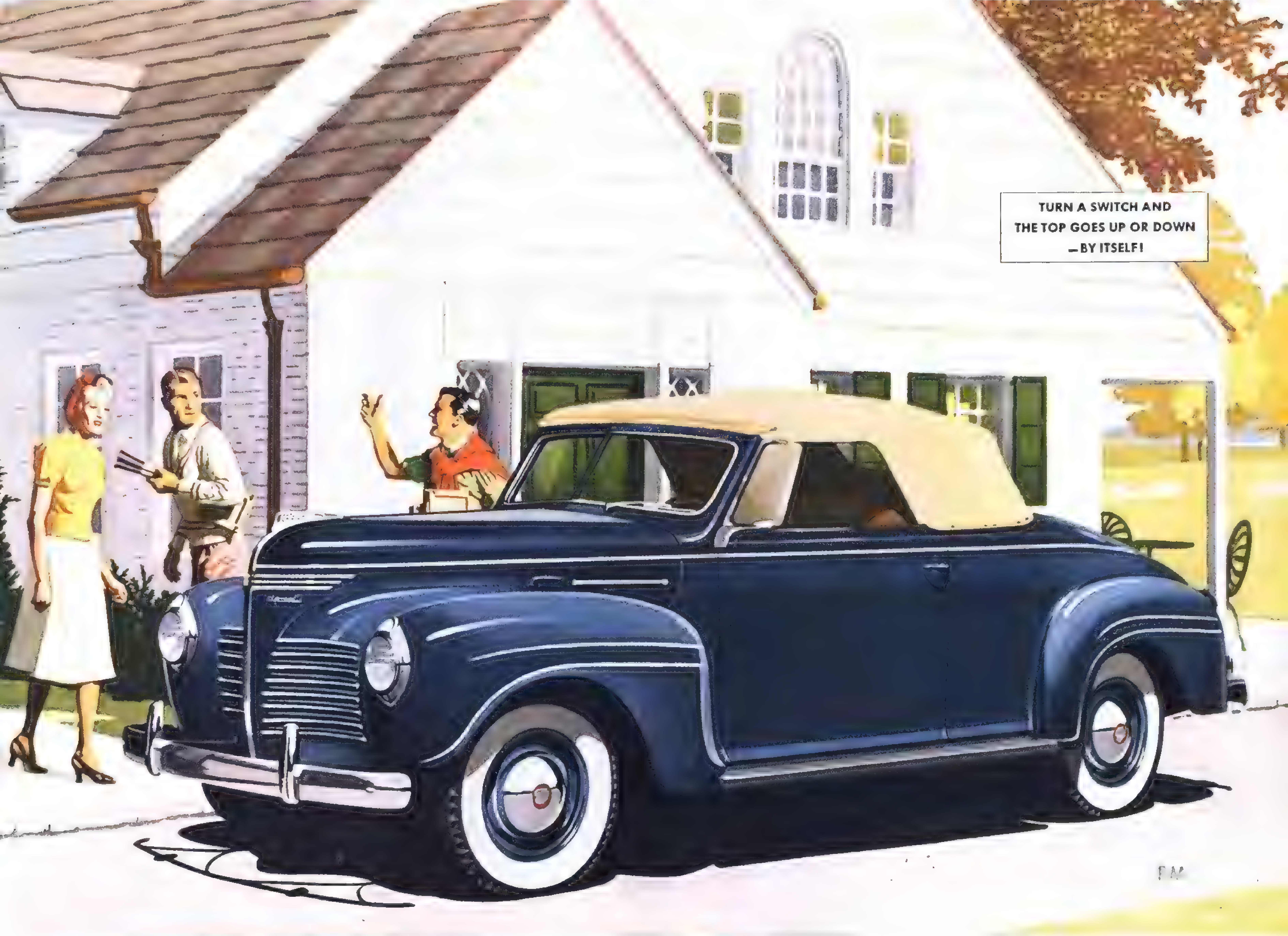
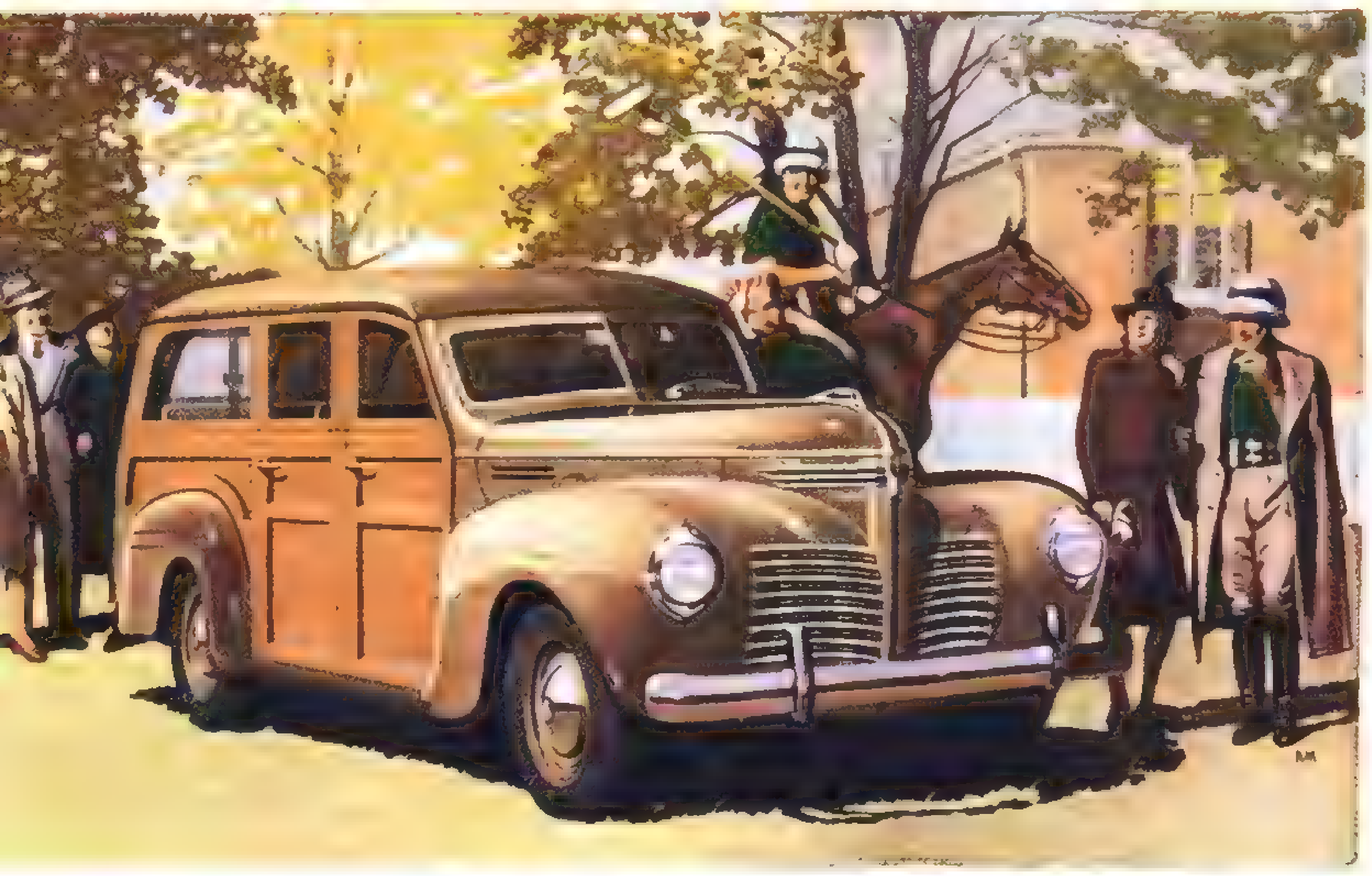


TURN A SWITCH AND THE TOP GOES UP OR DOWN —BY ITSELF!

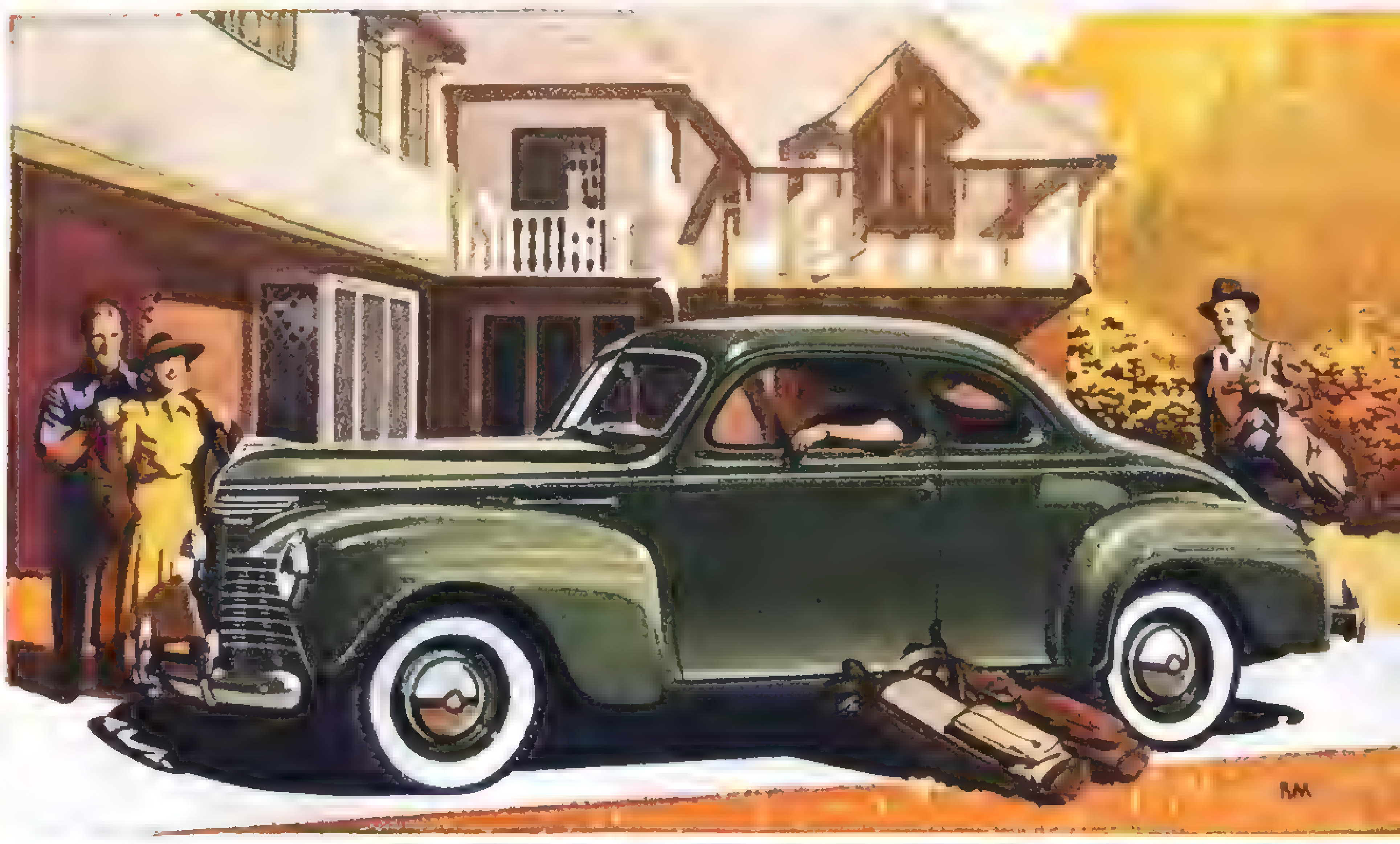
ENJOY THE LIFE—LOOKS—LUXURY OF A 1940 PLYMOUTH "SPORTSMAN"

DISCOVER something new in *value* this year... step out in one of these stunning new Plymouth "Sportsmen"! What a brilliant combination of luxury and *low price!*

The smart, sleek Convertible Coupe again features the famous power-operated top—up or down it goes with the flick of a switch! You'll find auxiliary drop-type seats behind the driver... an unusually roomy rear deck compartment... genuine leather upholstery. And, biggest thrill of all, Plymouth's Luxury Ride. Don't miss it!



BIG, HANDSOME, THRIFTY—this 1940 Plymouth Station Wagon is built on the DeLuxe Plymouth chassis. The sturdy, natural finish maple and ash body is wider and roomier...and the auxiliary seats are quickly removable *and interchangeable.*



STEP INSIDE THIS NEW 4-PASSENGER COUPE—you'll marvel at its luxurious roominess, the richness of appointments, the comfort of the convenient drop-type rear seats. And you'll fall in love with Plymouth's flashing, yet thrifty, performance!

1940 PLYMOUTH

THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY
WITH THE LUXURY RIDE

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 78-117

Marx, all presented as cronies of the central smallpox, and is generally, for all its occasional obvious hit-'em-in-the-head dramaturgy and its periodic air of repetitiousness, fruity with vengeful but prophylactic chuckles.

In the Woollcott role, the authors have installed the bewhiskered former Yale professor and movie actor, Mr. Edgar Montillon Woolley, who now prefers to be known to the non-academic trade simply as Monty. The Prof. acquits himself so handsomely in the part and with such seeming verisimilitude that he himself confesses his old friends won't speak to him anymore.

* * *

Youthspiel.—Too Many Girls is another item in the series of Mr. George Abbott's juvenilia, the stage this time being set to Richard Rodgers' tunes, Larry Hart's lyrics, and Robert Alton's dance routines. The trio contrive to triumph over a book by George Marion, Jr., that consists mainly in such archaic facetiae as kissing a girl for the hypothetical purpose of guessing the brand of lip rouge she uses, mixing up football terminology with love making, and alluding to an inn called the Hunted Stag as the Stunted Hag, to say nothing of such puns as "the wild bull of the campus" and such bits of stage business as a young man's teetering around in a daze upon finding out that his best girl reciprocates his affections. The Rodgers-Hart-Alton combination, however, airily give the book the nose and, assisted by the attractive Marcy Wescott and some equally attractive costumerie by Raoul Pene Du Bois, manage an entertaining and visually pleasing evening.

* * *

Coda.—Players, aside from those noted, who have appeared in the above exhibits and who merit nice words: Edith Atwater, John Hoysradt and Carol Goodner in *The Man Who Came to Dinner;* Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon in *The Time Of Your Life;* Philip Merivale in *Ladies and Gentlemen;* Glenn Anders in *Skylark;* and Richard Kollmar, Hal Le Roy and Eddie Bracken in *Too Many Girls.* #

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 90

fatalism does not yet belong in America.

We have the power to keep ourselves out of war, and we will not lose that power unless by the very relapse of will depicted in this film. That nobody came is a ghastly sign.

* * *

Since the film will probably not be widely shown, it may be of some use to tell its message, here. *That They May Live* shows a village at the front, in the last days of the last war. It has been pulverized by shell-fire. Twelve men are chosen by lot to go out that night on what is known in the company as the Death Patrol. Their captain, in a restrained scene that contains all the understanding, all the deep love and weariness of men long together at war, takes, from each man, his last messages. They drink their ration of wine. One of those men is the father of four children; Jean Diaz volunteers to take his place in the patrol.

The bodies are brought back as the armistice is sounded. A boy in the patrol who had one wish—to hear the command, "cease firing," hears that final command as he sinks to death in a pool of mud. A burial trench is being dug, for the group of bodies, when a slight sound is heard from one of them. Jean Diaz seems to be alive.

He lies in the hospital, and his comrade in the next bed clasps his hand, and dies: the clasp of death can scarcely be broken.

Throughout the film then, Jean Diaz is a man joined to the dead; in the mind of the spectator, there is even some uncertainty whether this morose and burdened soul truly walks in life.

After some time, Jean Diaz, unable to shake from himself the promise he has made to those men on the last patrol, the promise that there shall be no more wars, returns to Verdun, and sets up his laboratory, near the field of white crosses. Through the years, visitors to the mass cemetery decrease, families come no more, the dead are forgotten by all except the half-crazed inventor, and a cabaret girl, who used to sing to the soldiers, and now maintains a café, for visitors.

Jean Diaz is drawn back to Paris by his one-time business associate, who is doing very well with some of Jean's inventions. In the city, the inventor sees the inevitable drag toward the new war. He rushes back to Verdun to continue his work against war. What he is inventing is an impermeable armor. As he completes it, he goes blind; the material which he had invented is taken by his business partner, and used to the opposite purpose: as an instrument of war.

On the eve of the new struggle, Diaz recovers his sight, and sees how his invention has been perverted. He rushes back to Verdun, and attempts to awaken the dead, that they may stop the war.

This symbolic idea of the war-dead coming to life has been utilized in many passionate works, in plays, books, poems against war.

It has never before been presented with such strange and inescapable force. Jean Diaz calls upon them, in the cemetery, in the fields, by the cenotaph, he calls upon the dead of the earth, the sea, of the air, the dead of all armies, and in a transcendent hysteria, that the rationalists explain as a mass hallucination, the dead appear, the dead come marching, to prevent the new war.

The sky turns, the earth takes living forms, they come in waves, one over the other, they are seen vaguely, and then their faces are seen—the faces of the living dead. And this is the terror to which the public will not submit itself. These are the faces of Les Gueules Cassées, of the hidden living dead, the faces of the horribly war-mutilated who have been kept away from the world, unseen, all these years. Half-faces, broken, put together with pieces missing, faces distorted out of all human form, yet not bereft of expression. And their expression is of overpowering sadness, a sadness that can no longer be for self, but for the world.

The dead come forth, and the living cannot endure this fright. The inventor is pursued by the terror-stricken mob of living townsfolk, he is stoned, against a monument to fallen heroes of the last war, he is killed; and his marching dead comrades lift him up, and he marches on with them.

This is the story. And Abel Gance, who filmed it, is one of the titans of cinema art; he ranks with Griffith as an innovator, with John Ford as a master of atmosphere, and he has a power of symbolism and of psychological delineation that is unique. On the purely visual side, the film is replete with three-dimensional compositions-in-motion that are classic. And the impassioned acting of Victor Francen, as Jean Diaz, is unforgettable.

It is a film of visceral power, an emotional experience so completely projected that it becomes physical. And the people are afraid to listen.

* * *

The public's stay-away reaction to this film may become a footnote in the history of the psychology of this period; the social historians may do well to study a whole group of contemporary French films. The mark of fatalism is upon them. Though Abel Gance's *That They May Live* is like the last feverish seizure of a doomed man who refuses to die, a struggle charged with the strength of fury against despair, there are several other films, strangely beautiful, but with acceptance of death in them, that were among the last films made before the war.

The French film, as was first noted in these pages two years ago, had come upon a period of great fertility, and the development of the cinema as art, which had been headquartered in turn in Hollywood, in Berlin, in Moscow, was centered in Paris. Directors like Abel Gance, Julien Duvivier, Jean Renoir, actors like Harry Bauer, Jean Gabin, Fernandel, were setting the pace.

Their most recent works are poems *funèbres*. Duvivier's film, *The End of a Day*, while not prophetic in the grand manner of *That They May Live*, nevertheless shares the pessimistic flavor of a society in crisis. It is the story of a home for aged actors: there they come, with the remnants of their egos, to pass their final years. Louis Jouvet, perhaps the most brilliant stylist of French theatre and films, portrays a "great lover" of the stage, who cannot realize that his time is over. Victor Francen is again heart-breaking, as an actor of high talent, who somehow never won the love of the public. And Michel Simon, who is an older, and often better, Charles Laughton, portrays a prankster, a perennial understudy.

The full significance of this film as a comment upon the European mood may perhaps be understood on comparing it to the traditional American treatment of the backstage theme. In our movies, it would be unthinkable to present actors as anything but glamorous, and if we had to show one or two famous actors poverty-stricken in old age, we would show them putting on a successful all-star revival. But it is difficult to imagine that a script about a house full of old people would even get to the shooting stage, in Hollywood. Yet from this, Duvivier has made a tender and searching analysis of the psychology of the player; full character portrayal is rare in films; *The End of a Day* contains half a dozen amazingly complete delineations.

Its flaws are like the flaws of the Abel Gance film: the story construction is often clumsy; the latter half of the photoplay is drawn-out and not too well motivated. But people are more important than stories.

A third French film, sharing the deeply depressed mood of the cinema on the eve of the cataclysm, is *Port of Shadows*, made by a young director, Marcel Carne, with the Spencer Tracy of France—Jean Gabin.

This foggy, fate-burdened story is of an army deserter who encounters a girl in Le Havre, just as he is about to make his escape on a ship, using the passport of a suicided artist. The girl is under the power of a Poe-esque figure of evil, a toy-shop keeper who has murdered a man, in jealousy over his ward. The soldier is drawn to his death in this situation.

Cluttered with poor plot situations, lacking in central theme and in motivation, *Port of Shadows* is nevertheless filmed with an atmospheric effectiveness that outranks everything since *The Informer*. The picture won the Grand

Award of the French Academy, first prize in the Venice International Film exposition, and half a dozen other awards. Its opening sequence, of the deserter bumming a truck ride, has an abruptness and a compressed power that is fairly explosive. Again, the most touching and the most irritating thing about the film is its expression of mankind in the grip of evil doom.

More clearly than newsreels, these photoplays show the bleeding psyche of a bewildered people, on the verge.

Only one film about France escapes this mood, in the group on view at this writing, in New York. *Harvest* is a pastoral poem, a song of the soil, of the good of primitive life. Produced by Marcel Pagnol, the celebrated French playwright, from Jean Giono's novel *Regain*, it is the tale of a down-on-her-luck cabaret singer, wandering through Provence with a scissors-grinder (played by the incomparable comedian, Fernandel—a superior Hugh Herbert). They pass a deserted town, are frightened by a noise in a house. In that decaying village lives one man, a great, lumbering, half-wild soul, and he will not leave the town because as long as a human being lives there, it is a town; if he leaves, it will die.

But at night he creeps down to look at the woman, sleeping in the woods with her scissors-grinder. She goes to live with him. And human life begins. The half-wild hunter decides to plant wheat, and he raises wheat and flails it by hand, wheat such as has not been seen since the old times. He creates a farm; the woman creates a home. They are to have a child.

This idyll was at first censored, in New York, because the film sanctioned the pair living as man and wife without marriage. However, the ban was later lifted. A more purely moral film would be difficult to imagine, there is not one sexy scene in the picture; it is an ironic comment on the capricious nature of censorship, that the laws, which wink at all licentiousness when it comes in the form of innuendo, should obstruct so totally innocent a work as *Harvest.*

There is one more irony to record. The creator of this song of joy and peace and procreation, Jean Giono, the French Steinbeck, was last noticed in the world press a few months ago, when a group of Frenchmen issued a manifesto in favor of peace. This was, of course, an act that might be interpreted as treason, in wartime, so they were all arrested. Presumably, from the intelligent regard which France has for her culture, no harm came to Jean Giono. For he was one of the signers of the appeal for peace on earth.

* * *

Since the production of motion pictures in Paris has been suspended, the brief flowering of the French film should be fully saluted, and two more excellent productions, which do not fall into the group that has been described, are deserving of high praise.

In *Rasputin*, directed by Marcel L'Herbier, the great French character actor Harry Bauer presents his masterpiece. Bauer holds the place in world-esteem once occupied by Emil Jannings; he is more versatile, however, than the German actor whose international career ended with the decline of the German film under Nazism.

The French version of *Rasputin* is incomparably better than the triple-Barrymore version made in Hollywood a few years ago; Bauer's character is no mad monk, no evil fiend, but a shrewd, simple, and essentially good soul, who understands human beings. The treacherous temptation to lewdness, involved in the popular conception of Rasputin, is avoided with fine art. Rasputin's philosophy was the philosophy of joy: he believed God's creatures on earth should worship him in health and freedom. Freedom, some might say, from inhibitions, others called his creed an invitation to sin. But Bauer's interpretation of the character has a winning purity; the casual scene in exile, showing the little father among his household of women contains the perfect expression of this naturalness. One of the women is bathing in a washtub, Rasputin walks over and pats her back, makes a frank expression of appreciation for her beauty—there is no suggestion of lust, only the complete acceptance of each other.

And Rasputin's place in the court is delineated in a way that, while still vague as to political issues, makes some sense. He is no vile schemer. His influence is gained through a miracle that is no miracle at all. When the czarevitch is injured and medical men cannot help him and the court despairs of his life, Rasputin happens to be called, and he goes in and tells the child bedtime stories and wins his confidence. This is as simple and rational as Rasputin's first "miracle" in the film—when he drives the devil out of a possessed nun by a treatment which, he admits to a crony, is pleasant both to the patient and to the administrator.

Nearest to the Hollywood manner, of the last crop of French films, is another one about Russia—*Katia*, in which Danielle Darrieux appears as a witty and spirited princess who influences Czar Alexander II to give a constitution to his people. But the Czar is killed on the eve of her coronation as Empress, the day on which he had ordered the constitution to be promulgated.

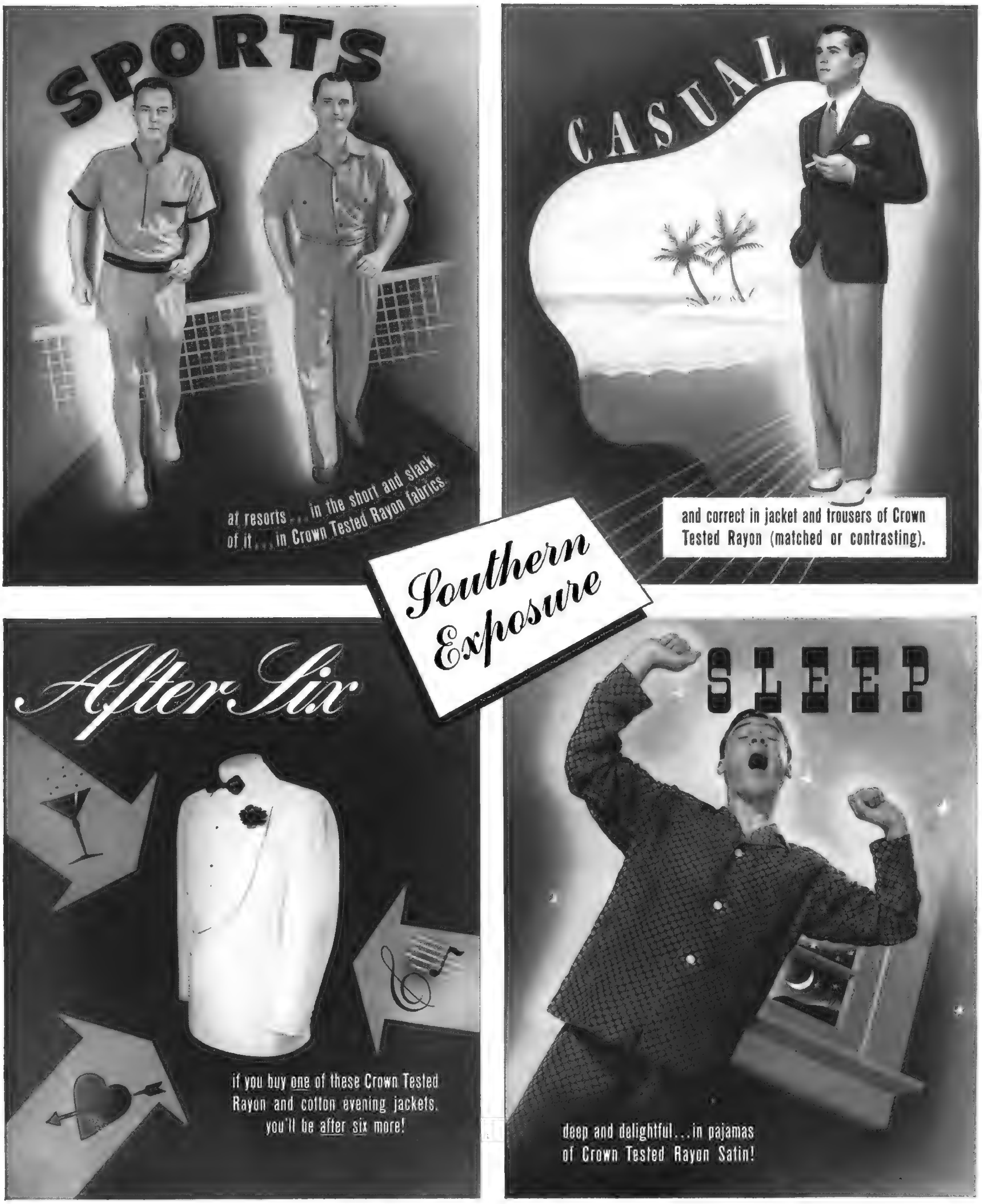
Directed by Maurice Tourneur, one of the early-famed Hollywood directors, now active in Paris, *Katia* is lighter than *Mayerling*, which it much resembles in story. It is excellently paced and mounted as lavishly as anything out of Hollywood, and it is filled with that bright spirit and sly wit which is characteristic of a happier France.

And that is what they were doing, when the war came. ⵌ

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

What's Good — What's Bad

	Good	*Bad*
Allegheny Uprising	Surprisingly outspoken and revealing, for Hollywood, in its backgrounding of the Revolution. Shows how British army officers permitted traders to supply Indians with arms which were used against the colonists. One of the traders remarks, "What's the army for, if not to help the business man?" And the second tops it with "What's the government for, if not to help business?" The sturdy, new American farmers show the racketeers that army and government have a broader function.	P. J. Wolfson's screenplay has stilted dialogue and too many climax fights. The ordinary western-style direction of William Seiter does not do justice to the theme, nor does the acting raise this film to the distinguished position which its material deserved.
At the Circus	The trapeze act is good, as it was in *A Night at the Opera.*	Three-fourths of this one. The Marx Bros. need a new gagman.
Babes in Arms	Judy Garland.	Mostly Mickey Rooney. And this is from one of his earliest boosters.
Drums Along the Mohawk	For outdoor Technicolor this takes up where *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* left off. John Ford's direction makes a distinguished piece of Americana out of material not as good, essentially, as the similar-period stuff in *Allegheny Uprising.* Edna May Oliver does a corking show-piece as a tender-hearted tough old girl. Claudette Colbert has never looked so pretty. And Henry Fonda has one tremendous scene, where he lies, wounded, describing the battle. Again, we see the British policy of using one set of natives—then it was American Indians—against another set of natives rebelling for independence—then it was us.	The British officer who rouses the Indians against the settlers appears all too little. While present-day politics may have required the cutting of most of this footage, the omission tends to confuse the motivation of the attacks.
First Love	Delicious portrait of a society glamor girl, boorishly beastly at home, cleverly done by Helen Parrish. La Durbin, playing the orphan cousin, is still fresh as a field of daisies. Producer Pasternak and director Henry Koster have a satiric touch that is almost Capra.	Cinderella story is played too straight to be a spoof, yet could only get by as a spoof. Maybe the boys are underestimating their audience.
Roaring Twenties	Chiefly interesting as a proof of the vitality of the documentary method. Done "straight" this would be a dull, old-fashioned gangster picture. Glorified by commentary, summary, generalization about the era in which the speakeasy flourished, it becomes dynamic. And of course there is Cagney. Gladys George is something almost too real, as something like Texas Guinan.	Gangsters and cabaret hostesses were not the only people in America in the Twenties.
Seventeen	Betty Field's delicious stylization of the fast girl from Chicago. The clever modernization of the dialogue, by Agnes Johnston and Stuart Palmer, which makes use of the very latest speech-tricks and clichés of the younger set.	The wise mother is just a little too wise and sugary.
Time in the Sun	Some of the very beautiful sequences which the great Eisenstein made in Mexico, notably a village wedding festival, and the execution under horses hooves of the boy who resisted the rape of his sweetheart by his padrone. Made by Marie Seton out of the Eisenstein negative.	Somewhat arty narrative.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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 93

Middle Ages. They used the suffix: "le riche" after their name, which was changed by the Polish branch for some obscure political reason. It seems that the Fuggers *le riche* engaged in shipping, and they imported wines, among other merchandise, and sold them to a select clientele in their ancient house in the oldest part of the town. First the family gave only Holland cheese to the drinkers; but later the free lunch widened and in 1610 the place became a full-fledged restaurant which was soon renowned for the best wine and the finest food in all Europe. I arrived at the restaurant in a droshky, three hundred and twenty-seven winters late for the official opening, and yet the Gothic Fugger house apparently hadn't changed.

It had three windows on its façade, while most of the neighboring private houses had only two; the Fuggers were made Polish nobles and they were entitled to three windows. The restaurant inside looked like what it had been originally: a jewel of an old private palace, with fine antique furniture, magnificent fireplaces, and small individual dining rooms. A complete old-world, Middle-Age atmosphere lingered over the rooms, for almost everything was left the way it used to be hundreds of years ago. One even felt a bit uncomfortable because it seemed as though one were intruding on the privacy of a very exclusive family. But all of a sudden, like so many Djinns, a flock of waiters appeared from the semi-dark and their arrival reminded us that we actually lived in the twentieth century and had not come to the famous restaurant to dream. We were soon seated in one of the charming ancient rooms, at a table laid with massive silver, exquisite china and an old golden candelabra.

To begin a meal with caviar was almost compulsory at Fukier's, where caviar "had" to be eaten with smoked salmon and hot *Blinys* and rapid vodkas "had" to be sent down the hatch after this wonderful combination of appetizers. Just like Czarist Russia—or at least novels about Czarist Russia—for I cannot remember so far back. Sitting there at Fukier's, undergoing great cerebral excitement caused by gustatory agents, it was easy to imagine that you were a Eugéne Onégin, or some other Pushkin hero, or a Volkonsky, or a Troubetzkoy out of a volume of Tolstoy.

The Polish caviar was small—I rather think that it was Beluga or perhaps Astrakhan—and each tiny egg was whole and unblemished and had its separate place in its world on my plate. But not for long; only for a few fleeting seconds. Before they disappeared, the artist in me enjoyed the picture they presented. The caviar was gray in color, and the smallness and grayness was beautiful next to the pink salmon slices! Blinys are hot rolls, or rather patties, made of flour, cream, butter and eggs, and they took the place of toast; the vodka was clear, unbleached and unscented, and I think it had a beautiful name, like Wyborowe, or Wyborowicke. In addition to this *tsista* (which means clean) vodka, there were many "painted" vodkas in Poland; green and yellow and red; all of these artificially colored ones tabu from a gastronome's point of view. They give you a headache.

There were all sorts of meat courses on the menu, like steaks with Béarnaise sauce, chicken with crayfish sauce, stuffed duckling Lublin style, partridges *Kuropewy*, pheasant à la Souwaroff, and many others, but I selected *sashlik*, as I almost always do in a Polish or Russian restaurant. Sashlik is a Cossack specialty, and it is small pieces of mutton strung on a spit, but strangely enough it has to be cooked in a saucepan, stick and all. It is liked by all men and most women, and it is easy to prepare.

Take some choice rib part of mutton and cut it into roundish little pieces, about the size of the palm of a girl's small hand. Cut some bacon into about the same pattern. Salt and pepper the mutton and bacon pieces slightly, and put them on wooden sticks—in some stylish Polish or Russian households or restaurants they keep silver sticks for this purpose—but they should be thin and round, and about five inches long. First put on a piece of mutton, then a piece of bacon, then a whole small tomato, a piece of bacon, a small onion, again a piece of mutton, bacon, tomato, onion, mutton, and so on, close to one another, until the wooden stick can hold no more pieces. Cook—don't take off the stick!—in a saucepan, and when it is about half-done, pour off the fat, add a tablespoonful of butter, together with leaves of green onion, chopped fine. Baste all the time and when it is ready, grab the end of the sticks and lay them on a bed of boiled rice, and pour the gravy over. Sashlik must be served very hot.

Although this is not my department, I want to say a word about the Fukier's wine list since there is no real good eating without wines. It was a perfect wine list, and could boast of such veritable treasures as a Romanée-St-Vincent, Musigny, Clos de Béze, Batard-Montrachet, etc., among the burgundies, and, of course, there was Chateau Yquem, and other famous Chateau wines, and all kinds of champagne. However, the most expensive wine on the card—580 *zlotys*, or 120 dollars a pint, as the zloty stood then—was a Tokay, *anno* 1606. the year Rembrandt Harmeens van Rhyn was born. This very rare Tokay was purchased by Fukier's from the cellars of Prince Czartoriski, who received it with a Hungarian wife as a part of the dowry. I did not order any of it, but got into conversation with the *maître d'hôtel* about the wines in general, and he told me that many connoisseurs maintain that the best wine in the world is: ". . . the Tokay that soon after its 'birth' had the good fortune to emigrate to Poland . . ." No one seems to know exactly what it is, but the climate of Poland greatly benefits this curious wine, which if authentic, should taste sweet and bitter, mediciny and a little soapy.

After a delicious *Pets de Putain* (which would not exactly be a fitting expression in English, but it is used in the best French circles freely), a kind of French cake, some coffee and cognac, I asked for the bill, and eyed the exit while it was being made up; there is no doubt I thought of escaping. I had heard that the cellars of the medieval Fugger home were really cells, and that guests who could not pay were thrown into these dungeons. The check, however, was not so bad, and I walked out a free and well-fed man.

Poland was a feudal country, and aristocrats like to eat well. They were everyday guests at Fukier's, when they did not dine at their palaces. An old Prince Radziwill—who was also Duke of Nieswiez, Count of Mir, Seigneur of Ciemkowicze, Hresco, Stwolowicze, Pocieyki, Dawidgródek, Prince of St-Empire, owner of over half a million acres of fertile land—closeted himself often in one of the *intime* Fukier's dining rooms in the pleasant company of some ortolans, truffles and wine. He took along his own *chasseur* to wait on him, and even a second footman, to pour his favorite wine, *Miod*, which was a mixture of wine, honey and spices. Other noblemen, like the Tarnowskys, Tyszkiewicz', Lubomirskys, Zamoyskis and Pótóckis were less exclusive, although they possessed almost as great fortunes as the Radziwills. They dined in full view of the other frequenters of Fukier's and they actually seemed to be like other men and women.

So much for the swells. The people of Poland ate well, too. Their bread—the black or the rye variety—was of the best in Europe, and there was plenty of butter to smear on it. Like the Irish, they were addicted to onions and potatoes, and the modest and obscure cabbage was transformed into a thing of perfection in Poland's poorer households. Heavy cream was added to most dishes, simply because there was plenty of it. It was an agricultural country, and although the peasant did not own a lot of land, and chiefly served the great landowners, he roasted a suckling pig every so often, and a plump little duck even oftener. Poultry and game and eggs and cream—all this was inexpensive, and not regimented. If you were to tell a humble Pole that he would taste the meat of wounded and butchered horses one autumn day in 1939, he would have laughed; they loved their good food and they loved their horses. And they liked to share the good food with invited guests, because they were a most hospitable people. But they were also brave and defiant; I doubt if the cream will flow on the dishes of the "liberating" forces.

From a culinary point of view, the country was divided. In Warsaw the food was mostly Polish; in and around near-by Lodz, it was influenced by the Jewish cooking; around Posnan, Bromberg and Danzig, you had to eat a lot of sauerkraut; around Pinsk and Luck a lot of *stchee*, a Russian soup of beef and sour cream; and Lwów could never forget that under the Austrians it was called Lemberg and although under Polish rule the name of the town changed, the food did not. It still remained the best Viennese cooking anywhere outside of Vienna.

And I believe—and hope—that it will remain the same no matter who takes over the rule of Poland; fate does not strike at foods as it does at men. Cataclysms come to humans; but they don't affect even a word in a tried-out old recipe.

Many Poles will leave their country's famous provender; they will go abroad because they prefer a semblance of liberty to all the good foods of the world. This will not be the first time that they will have to taste the bitter bread of exile. Thirty and forty years ago every better-to-do family in Central Europe had a proud Polish nobleman as perpetual guest, "until our country is liberated." In those easy times, before World War No. 1, long staying guests did not constitute a problem; especially in the country. The unfortunate, brooding Pole was given a room or two in the country house of the family, and remained when the family moved into town in the fall at the first sight of falling leaves. The emigrée stayed and dreamed of a reborn Poland. My aunt—not Emma—had a Pole too, in her country house. Every night for over twenty years Count P. would come to the dinner table spic and span in the one suit he rescued after a Polish dash for liberty. He would ceremoniously salute my aunt and the other members of the family, and take his accustomed seat. I was a child but I remember that there was an indescribably sad expression on his face.

Once, I recall my aunt turned to Count P. with a friendly smile: "We have some cold blackberry soup tonight . . ."

If she thought to cheer him with this announcement, she was very wrong; the count's face became even more mournful, and an Eau de Cologned handkerchief was lifted to his eyes. After a while he was able to speak:

"Oh, but that is a Polish specialty! My poor country! But we will be free again, you will see!"

Everybody agreed with him but nobody believed him. That was many years ago, and his prediction came true. Doesn't history have a habit of repeating itself? ⧺

"What matters most in pipe tobaccos?"

was the question we asked at a club...

THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME. TASTY BODY CAN'T COME THROUGH MILDLY UNLESS A TOBACCO SMOKES COOL LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
GIVE ME COOL SMOKING FIRST AND LAST IN A TOBACCO. ANY EXPERIENCED PIPE-SMOKER WILL SAY THE SAME!
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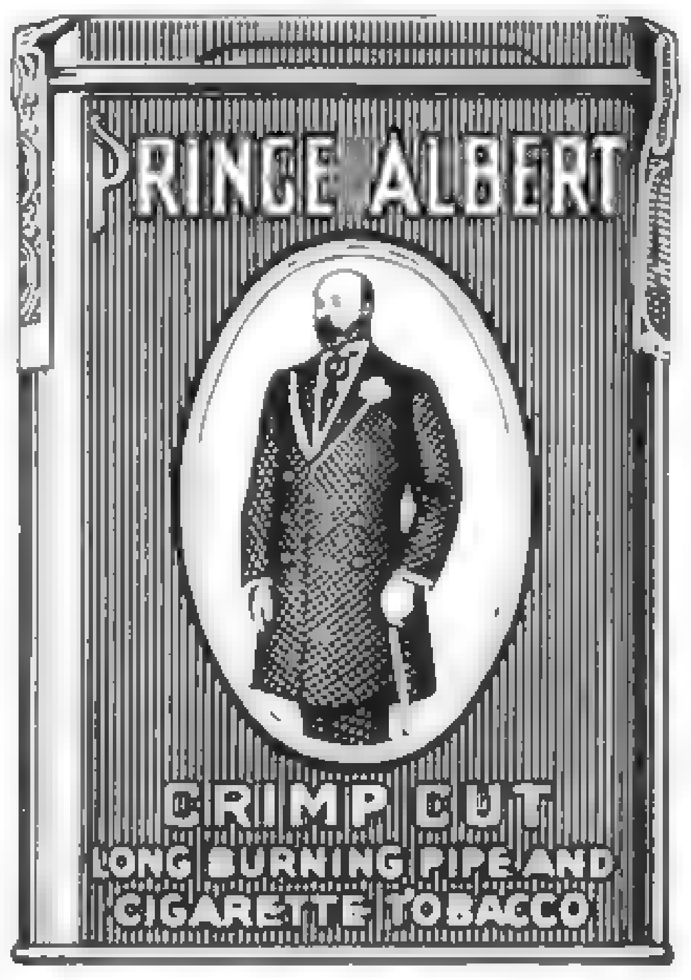

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Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

There's Lots in a Name

Continued from page 48

in the cadence of a wood thrush. "It will be a mating as divinely soulful as that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett."

"And I suppose," spoofed Pat, "you've also selected this model wife."

"Of course!" beamed Emma. "Who else but the Danzig baby, next door! She was born the same week as our son. And Mrs. Danzig, as President of our Browning Society, has appropriately enough named the darling after Elizabeth Barrett. It's perfect. Two illustrious names to mold their destinies, to purify their souls of all that is dross. Theirs will be a heavenly union of estheticism and culture, lifting them to the loftiest realms of intellectuality."

"Are you quite sure you're feeling well?" asked Pat.

"Oh, you'll see that I'm right," forecast Emma with sibyllic serenity. "With Elizabeth's gentility, modesty and cultural charm blending with Algernon's poetic genius I freely predict his twenty-first birthday will find him an artistic conqueror, electrifying the literary world with a masterpiece of meter. Why, the very thought of it should take your breath away!"

Pat, however, was in no immediate need of a pulmotor. It was the urgent necessity of a drink—many drinks—that sent him blasphemously out of the house in an effort to forget the impending desecration of the hitherto honorable name of Karnegan.

* * *

From Bill Brandt's column, New York, November, 1939:—

"At the Garden last night Killer Karnegan celebrated his twenty-first birthday by electrifying the boxing world with a masterpiece of mauling in which he quickly KO'd Butch McGilvey.

"Immediately after the bout the new champion proudly announced his marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Betty Danzig—that poem of pulchritude whose strip-tease terpsichorean capers (esthetically billed as 'Sonnets In Sinuosity') have wowed them at two World's Fairs.

"Strangely enough, nomenclature directed the destinies of both youngsters. Parentally groomed against her will as a poetess, the bride's rebellious choice of a career in daringly undraped dancing, was inspired by her family name, Elizabeth Barrett Danzig, phonetically suggesting as it did her happily suggestive professional billing as Betty (Bare-it) Danzig.

"And Killer Karnegan, also pre-destined in life through christening, acquired his ferocious punch and deadly left hook in early boyhood, through his infallible habit of savagely beating up any playmate unfortunate enough to persist in calling him by his real name, 'Algernon Percy.' " ╫

The Religion of Little Men

Continued from page 27

mass psychology, mass mentality, to predict which appeal must prove the stronger. Socialism offered to Fascism a competition comparable to that which night school offers to the pool room or the beer garden.

Fascism may be thought of as representing a reaction to industrial civilization similar in many ways to the reaction against puritanical religion expressed in the countless free-thinking and free-loving sects of nineteenth century America. It goes directly after the experiences and emotions specifically prohibited by the dominating rules of contemporary life. It is a starvation-response, and it seeks to gorge itself on frantically desired food, reckless of future consequences.

What, precisely, has Fascism said to the little men all over Europe? It has said this: You envy your neighbors—we shall humble them; you are lonely—we are a great brotherhood; you are confused and mentally adrift—we do your thinking; your life lacks color, adventure, excitement—we shall show you heroic hours, with flags and music and pageantry and the quick high thrill of living; you resent unfamiliar, foreign things—we hate them, and we shall destroy them; you have always felt inferior to the thinkers, the intellectuals, the artists, and the geniuses—we shall, together, wipe all these off the face of the earth, and shall create our own culture which shall be your own, the culture of all little men; you are prejudiced, shortsighted, afraid of criticism—these are our characteristics, too, and they are godlike virtues; you want to work, to be sure of employment—all Fascists work; you are apprehensive of the feminist movement, disturbed over the emancipated woman, nostalgic for the sanctified sadism of sex relationships in the old days—we shall bring back the old days, and re-incarcerate modern woman; above all you yearn for a purpose in life, a sense of unity with a greater whole, a constant physical participation in greater things—Fascism gives you a ready-made faith, an airtight unity, a daily exercise in the exhibition of your identification with that faith, that unity.

Fascism has spoken thus in every nation of Europe. The details of its program vary with the details of the little man's complex in each country, but the principles never vary.

The little man, the followership of the world, has followed throughout history those leaders who, despite their superiority, managed best to simulate resemblance to himself. At last has come the perfection of the little man's dream—leadership by the little man in person, in reality. Ignorance, prejudice, xenophobia, sentimentalism, inferiority complex, cruelty, incapacity for objective thought—these are no longer shameful evidence of a lowly place in the world. They have become the attributes of heroes, the proof of superiority, the complete platform of Fascism.

Why, it may be asked, should the Fascist propaganda, in every instance, concentrate on recalling to the little man a picture of past national greatness, of a golden age of national supremacy? The answer is implicit in the psychological processes of the little man himself.

Human experience is a colloidal solution of which the liquid is the force of reason, and wherein are suspended solid particles of emotion. Over a period of time the liquid evaporates, precipitating the solid matter, with the result that historic events have a larger emotional content the farther they recede in time. The ancient history of a race or nation is, therefore, almost pure emotion.

Now emotion is the prime characteristic of the little man. Thought is a painfully and infrequently acquired secondary trait. It follows that, whereas contemporary history is a mystery to him, and recent history baffles him, remote history appeals to him tremendously. He can understand that, since it requires no understanding but simply emotional reaction.

And so it is that Mussolini did not try to explain Fascism as a logical outgrowth of modern Europe, or as a necessary sequence to nineteenth century Italy. He pictured it rather as a recapitulation of the Roman Empire.

Hitler struck even farther back to the Teutonic gods of Wagner and the Nibelungenlied. In Belgium the lure is the ancient Flemish greatness; in Ireland no doubt it is the "kings of Ireland."

Such pictures have no intellectual content—they are purely sensory appeals. But their grip on the imagination of the little man is the stronger for that reason. Mussolini could not debate the rationality of his Roman Empire dream any more intelligently than could Hitler defend his racial mythology. But the little man hates rational discussion, passionately desires picturesque affirmation which will obliterate the arduous processes of reasoning. That intellectuals attack the Fascist leaders is one of the chief circumstances which endear these leaders to the little man. The little man has been criticized and corrected all his life; he hates it bitterly; he will die for a leader who spurns it.

Is the little man destined, then, to destroy himself, to destroy civilization in this mad revolt against the problems of the machine age? Does he deserve saving from himself?

We must not be too harsh on the little men of the world. Think back. Ever since recorded history began the little man has been enslaved, in one form or another, by his leaders. He has never understood, he has simply followed. For countless centuries he has followed, blindly, profiting but little from the victories and the wisdom of his leaders, but paying bitterly for their defeats and follies.

His position on the majestic ship of civilization has always been below decks. He has always stoked the fires which kept the great vessel churning ahead, sometimes towards ineffable sunsets, sometimes towards hidden reefs. The little man never knew which it was to be; he just shoveled coal as directed by signals from the bridge. Rarely did he glimpse the ocean, rarely could he rest or eat or sleep. But when the officers grew careless, and boilers blew up, the little man died.

The World War was a dozen boilers blowing at once. And, though the ship was patched up, though the little man went grumbling back to his task, he bore within him a profound unappeasable distrust for the officers, for his leaders, for the thinkers of the world.

Should we wonder if, when the time came, the little men mutinied, accepted the strongest of their own number for officers, and tried to run the ship themselves? It was inevitable. The thinkers had been given thousands of years of rope and they had hanged themselves. The little man took over.

Of course he is charting a crazy course. He's never been on the bridge before, and the sunlight on the water dazzles him. Of course he's headed for icebergs and shallows and dangerous headlands. Why shouldn't he be, after his centuries below?

We rightly stand aghast at the thought of the consequences. But we are wrong to curse the little man. We should curse the big men, the leaders, the patricians, the gentlemen, the thinkers, the artists, the geniuses—the entire company of ship's officers who endlessly and always have betrayed the trust of the little man on this planet.

It may not be too late to save the ship. The little man may prove incapable of sustained revolt, and the thinkers may return to power. But, whatever the outcome, the little man has at last achieved independence from the mentally superior, has created his own religion. And, being human, he has created his gods in his own image.

This time the thinkers won't be able to destroy the little man's gods by calling down fire from Heaven; they will have to give him better gods, real gods. The leaders will be forced to build a program that gives the little man what he needs, rather than one to make him like what he gets. Fascism is a way of life. Democracy is still a concept of government, an abstraction, a mathematical theorem. It is probably the finest framework yet constructed upon which to build man's life. But it competes with a doctrine that purports to *be* man's life.

As I say, it may not be too late. Because Fascism and Communism

Continued at top of page 126

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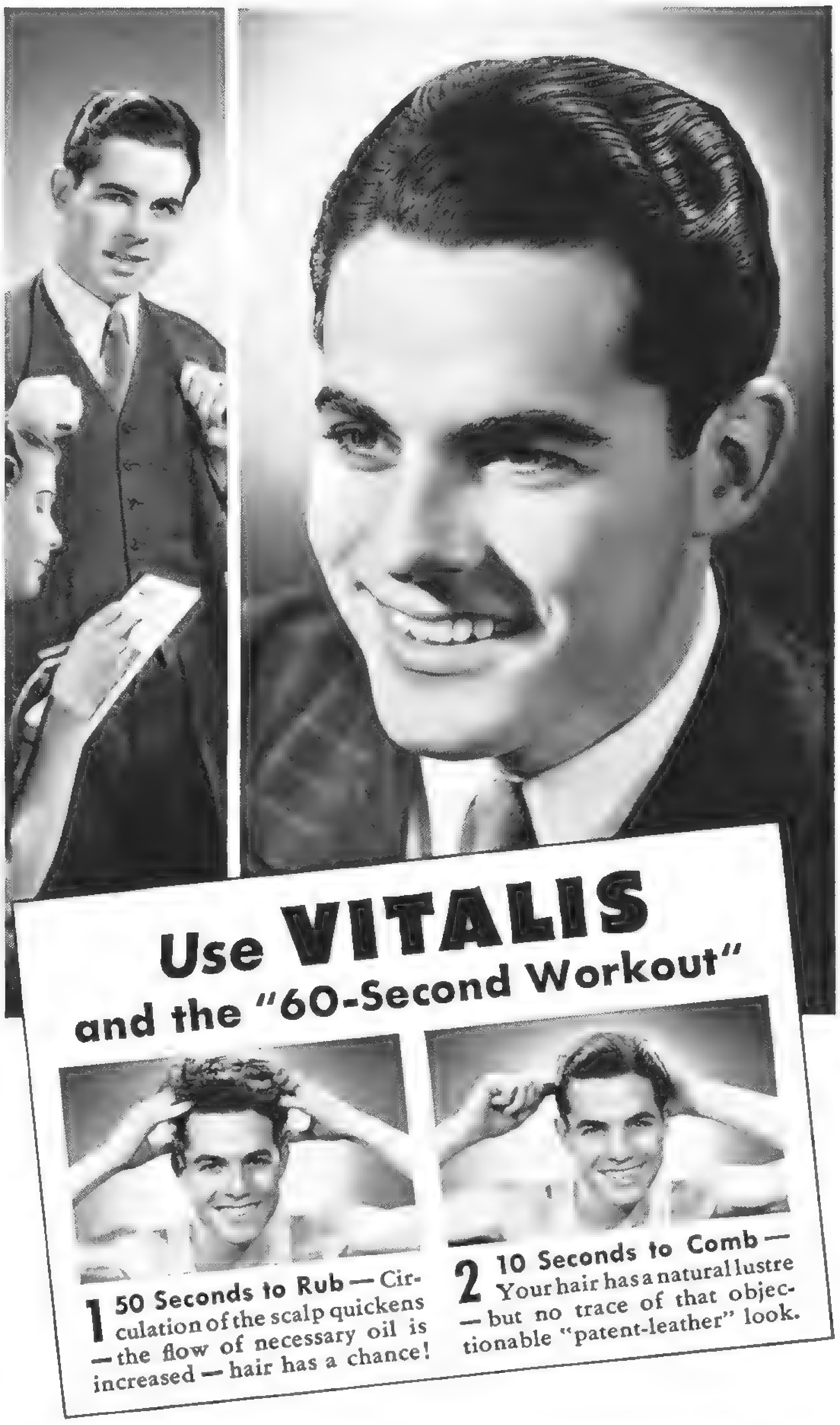
is a First Step to Success!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1 50 Seconds to Rub — Circulation of the scalp quickens — the flow of necessary oil is increased — hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb — Your hair has a natural lustre — but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

GOOD-LOOKING hair alone won't carry a man to success. They still pay off first on brains and initiative. But good-looking hair is a big help. That's one good reason why thousands of successful men use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" for better-looking—and *healthier*—hair.

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DOT SNAPPERS
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The Religion of Little Men

Continued from pages 27-125

appear to be the only total solutions so far offered the little man, we must not assume that other solutions cannot be offered. The purpose of this analysis is not to suggest a solution, but simply to diagnose the disease of Fascism, simply to make clear that Fascism is a recognizable cancer on the modern world, rather than a mysterious affliction. At the same time, the diagnosis would be misleadingly hopeless if it didn't conclude by hinting at possible curatives.

Once the best resources of modern thought are trained directly on the problems of the little man, inspired by the gruesome realization that they must be so concentrated, to save society, an authentic antidote to Fascism can emerge. For the time being only the rough outline of such an antidote is visible. We do know, however, that it must be (1) international, (2) pragmatic, (3) unselfish, and (4) utterly contemporary. #

Capping the Climates

Continued from page 85

at by the cognoscenti. As a shrewd hunchman might guess, all these amiable creatures keep company with White Burgundy or Champagne.

The dry-wine-like air of Arizona has inspirational qualities of its own individual sort. Your tongue never gets damp as you look out over the Phoenix bowlscape garnished with myriads of palmettos. Nor do you have to tie a string around your finger to remind you to speak to somebody in a white coat behind an interesting counter. Your tonsils will nudge you. And in the private Eden of the Arizona-Biltmore no one will lift eyebrows if, doffing your eleven-gallon Stetson, you name Tequila as your medicine in honor of nearness to Old Mejico. (As a fire precaution, you take a quarter of a lemon, sprinkled with salt, and suck bitingly. Then the Tequila, in one swift shot—seldom fatal.) At that, though, you don't need alcoholic bootstraps to hoist you up within grasping distance of the astral jewelry that fills Arizona's sky every night. It's the most expensive overhead on earth, free for gandering.

The ermine-caped pines and hemlocks and ice-lavaliered balsams, up Adirondack way where skiers go Placid, provide a tasteful décor for rejuvenation exercises. Nostrils snort keenly for a snort. And the Old World has supplied an abundance of good traditions. For instance:

VIN CHAUD (Hot Wine)—
Skater's Delight

Put 8 lumps of sugar, or 8 teaspoonfuls of granulated, into an earthenware bowl robust enough to stand flame under its belly. Pour in enough hot water to dissolve sugar.

Next, 1 bottle Red Wine. (Old Timers hold out for an able-bodied Claret of, say, the St. Estephe or St. Emilion district, but will settle for Burgundy—jumping, in fact, if it's a *good* Burgundy.) Place bowl on the fire.

When smoking hot, but kept short of boiling, put in:

3 cinnamon sticks
8 cloves
4 slices of lemon
Spiral-cut rind of 1 lemon à la sea serpent
3 prancing ponies of bouquet Brandy

Keep on the fire so that it stays hot, but *never* let it boil.

As a specific for teeth chatters and foiler of head and foot colds, this brew isn't afraid of work. Proportions here given are reckoned on a per bottle basis. If history repeats itself, you'll need plenty, what with the length and breadth of evenings under the auspices of crackling logs, each replenishment of the latter suggesting replenishment of something else, till the Aurora Borealis wonders what's going on.

Switzerland's pet folkway of preparing warmth for the midriff is akin to the above, yet different: GLUEHWEIN (the *"Glueh"* meaning "Glow," not "Glue").

Without uncorking, put bottle of Red Wine (local Swiss or perhaps Chianti) into deep pot of water on stove and slowly heat up. Check when water is on verge of boiling.

Pour contents of bottle into preheated bowl or pitcher, adding hot syrup made with sugar and water and spiced as desired. Clutter with fruit slices, berries, or what you will. A glass mug is more satisfactory in serving this—or *any* hot drink—than the conventional ladyish punch cuppie or a tumbler without a handle as intermediary between grasper and heat.

Some Americans achieve Gluehwein contentment with products of our own native vineyards.

The stanch Switzers glow also with the aid of Ski Water, made not by boiling down a ripe pair of skis but by adding a potent dose of Brandy—presumably one's family physician decides how much—to hot water sweetened with a syrup of sugar, with perhaps a lemon slice or two. When you see one of those news poses of a ski champ at Davos or St. Moritz booked for a landing spot 72 feet below but as yet poised high in air like some bed-slatted bird, this toddy is what's keeping him there.

Another prop of the people of William Tell is Kirsch, elicited from cherry stones. Crisp, clear, and pungent, it is a swell cup-fellow for coffee, doing what cream can't. You could get through a Swiss winter more easily without your mittens than without Kirsch.

To attain a realization of this dry liqueur's panoramic prowess, you must enlist in the Cheese Fondue corps, operating two by two in stirring events. To wit:

Cheese Fondue
Alpine Apex of Rarebits

Heat 1 cup of White Wine in an earthen chafing dish rubbed with garlic. Then add, stirring with a fork, 1 pound of methodically hacked up Switzerland openwork cheese, alias Emmenthaler.

On the side, mix 1 tablespoonful of flour in 3 tablespoonfuls of Kirsch. Add this to main show, which is still cooking and must still be stirred.

Hunklets of crusty French-type bread, about the size of lemon quarters, now come into play: one of these *brod micken*, impaled on a fork, is used as a stirrer till sopped with Fondue; then seized lightly with the teeth as though it were a toasted marshmallow. But what a morsel! Whereupon the other player takes over, pronto, because if stirring were allowed to lapse, even briefly, things would get stringy. With one participant working while the other eats, the alternation is kept up, punctuated by as many sips of Kirsch as can be crowded in, till no more Fondue is discoverable.

No wine or beer should be partaken of with a Fondue, as either, even at room temperature, would chill it into ropiness inside its consumers. Afterwards, coffee with Kirsch puts a seal of safety on the situation, and from then on one may eat or drink anything with serenity of assimilation. First and last, Fondue is Kirsch's private dish.

America's most conscientiously contrived Switzerland of winter sportsmen, the well-known Sun Valley in the baked potato mountains of Idaho, has its skates, skis, sleds, chalets, alpenhorns, hi-leeo-lei-oos, and cheese pageantries of no mean order. Gluehwein, steaming bowls of it, is on dip in the "hot potato huts" along the ski trails so that something may be taken in before and after takeoffs, for skiers must be kept warm. As a greeter, there is the Sun Valley Special which meets all new arrivals when they check in, and in most cases a wonderful friendship is struck up at first taste, resulting in steady companionship thereafter.

This drink is none other than the old Continental standby, Vermouth Straight, served in a new manner in the distinctive new Italian Vermouth glass—a 4½-inch stemless goblet which rises, four-sided and four-cornered, in a shapely crescendo from a square base.

The inventory discloses 3 oz. of Italian Vermouth, 2 cubes of ice, twist of lemon peel, a straddled slice of orange, and a cherry pierced with a paper-feathered arrow, demonstrating that the William Tell school of fruit shooting has made progress.

Anglo-Saxon thawology, preached and practiced in communities all over and best learned at one's uncle's knee, stresses the goodness of the minglings of yore, underpinned with spirits. As for example:

Arrack Punch—Hot

Into a glass mug put:

1 ounce of orange juice
1 ounce of lemon juice
1 teaspoonful sugar
1 jigger Arrack

Fill up with hot water. Stir.

Give a ball of black tea a bath in it for two or three minutes, then remove.

Add a slice of pineapple.

Maybe your contacts with Arrack, the East Indian liquor distilled from fermented rice and palm juice, have been limited to Swedish Punch, of which it is the base. If so, this hot presentation, under its own name, will be your opportunity for closer acquaintance. But have a care! A gentleman of Colonial Virginia once turned over a 400-acre slice of land to Thomas Jefferson's father in exchange for a bowl of Arrack Punch.

Devoid of the exotic, yet replete with comfihood is

Hot Buttered Toddy

Bestow in deserving mug:

1 hooker doggonedest best Whiskey
1 ounce orange juice
1 teaspoonful sugar

Fill up with hot water. Stir inhalingly. Add about a quarter of a pat of butter as a floater on top.

Note: In dealing with this drink the smacking of lips, though not compulsory, is customary.

Also soothesome these evenings is that sagacious old hearthsider

Sack Posset
A Two-Pot Circus

Introduce to each other in a saucepan:

½ pint Sherry (I don't mean "cooking" Sherry)
½ pint Ale

Slowly bring to a boil.

Meanwhile, in another saucepan, similarly heat up a quart of milk.

Pour the boiling milk gradually into the Sherry and Ale. Sweeten to taste. Add grated nutmeg.

Transfer to pre-heated dish or jug, equipped with a cover, and stand near fire for two or three hours. Quaff in mugs, preferably of the Toby type.

Descendants of seafarers to whom a puncheon was more practical than ten stoves, will weather the winter with the aid of Grog (Rum, lemon, sugar, hot water)—known and much consumed in France as *Grog Americain*, made of the Martinique product—branching out occasionally into, say,

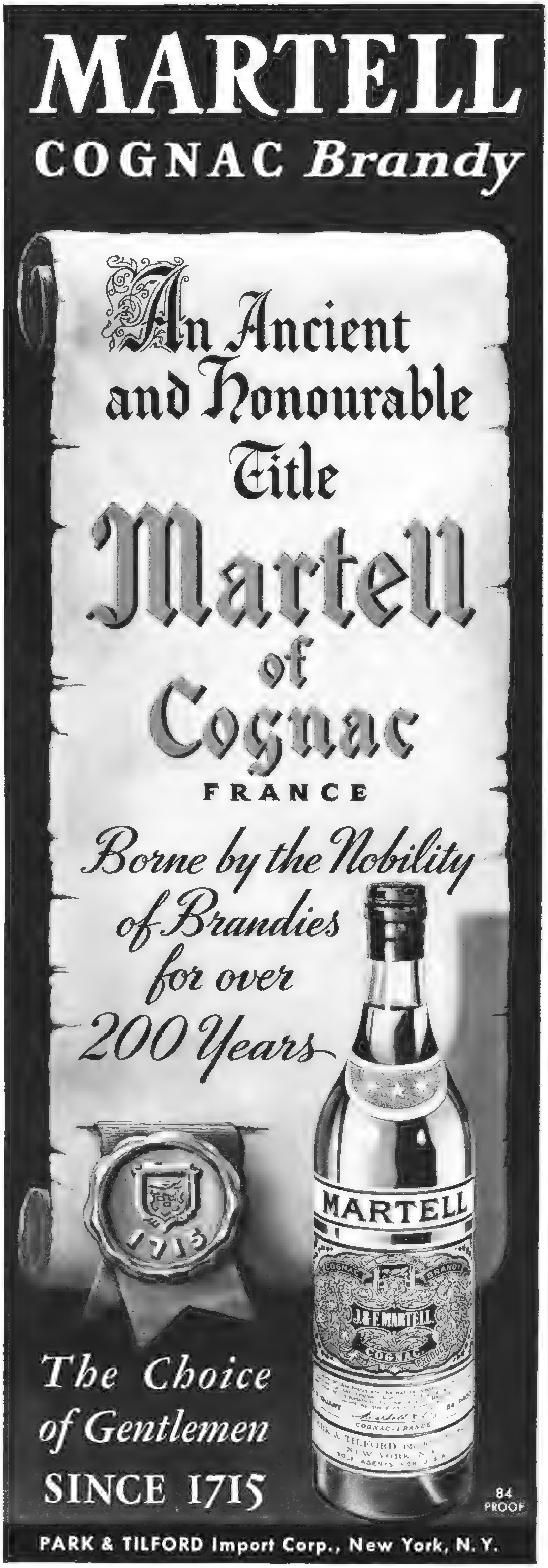
Skipper's Particular

1 pint Jamaica Rum (don't spare the shillings)
½ pint Cognac (or the francs)
2 ounces Kümmel (of reliable brand)
2 ounces Benedictine (You're safe here)
Hide of 1 lemon
Ditto of 1 orange
3 pints of piping hot water
Sugar as you please

This should satisfy, one would suppose. But when people get worked up about Rum, their minds jump to the Isles of the Best, and presently they are in full cruise thither, stoking as they go.

Horse and buggy Bermuda is

Continued at top of page 128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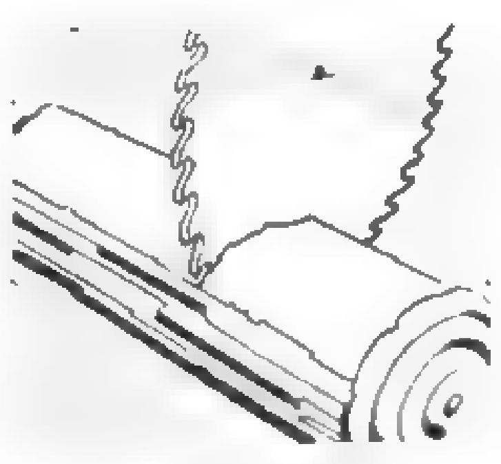
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Capping the Climates

Continued from pages 85-127

too beached, bicycled, and golfed over to have room for a distillery; borrows from Barbados. Nassau in the Bahamas, with its tropical-parked British Colonial Hotel, is likewise a social parasite, swizzling what it doesn't make. But Puerto Rickey and the Virgins, they're different. Constructive, not leaners. And Haiti. And Martinique. And great big Cuba of great big Bacardi the Beautiful. And Jamaica of the bouncing bouquets.

The voyager bent on thus broadening his mind will find the seasoned syrup called Falernum a sympathetic pointer-outer of flavors. Here's a test case:

RUM SWIZZLE

3 parts Rum
1 part Falernum
Juice of ½ lime
2 dashes Angostura

Shake vimfully; strain into Delmonico glass.

NOTE: If you *must* be authentic in your swizzling, you'll frost with a plantation-grown Swizzle Stick (plural-forked twig, peeled) rotated between your palms so that it zizzes in the finely crushed ice.

But once you are this deep-wintered in palate pursuits, not even the Equator can stop you. So ho for an

ARGENTINE JULEP

Magenta hued.

Into tall 12-ouncer put:

1 ounce each of orange and pineapple juices
1 ounce each of Spanish Brandy and light Claret
¼ ounce Cointreau

Frost with shaved ice; sprinkle ½ teaspoon sugar. Dress with orange slice and mint sprig.

When finally the traveler veers homeward, and his thoughts likewise, one of the happiest will be

MARGAES COCKTAIL

Jigger of supergrade Gin escorting half-ounces each of lemon juice and pear juice; shooken, sieved, lemon-twisted.

And so back to hearth and office.

Still, as I began by saying, nobody *has* to go places in wintertime. Indeed, by sticking at one's desk as I suggested, one can enrich one's personality with the pattern of the chair one has been sitting on. So let's all be embossed art collectors, and never mind the Art of Living. #

Gottlieb: Struggling Artist

Continued from page 59

design course because he thought that would help him to make a living. Adolf Dehn, Arnold Blanch, John Flannagan and Lucille Lundquist (who subsequently became Mrs. Blanch) were fellow-students, although not in the same classes. For the third year he was a student at the school's expense, on scholarship. Art study being a full-time occupation he earned his keep by working summers, covering a laundry route from six in the morning until eleven at night. When America entered the war and fellow-students enlisted, Gottlieb, nursing a sense of guilt because he was secure, joined them, signing up with the Navy as a wireless telegrapher, for which he took a training course in Minneapolis. For supplementary training he was sent to the Harvard Radio School and then to New London, Connecticut. Incidentally he was named artist of the school staff and while in service had his first, and unofficial, exhibition of paintings on the walls of the school dormitory.

The war ended, Gottlieb returned to Minneapolis and finding the old vistas dull, turned his face eastward, entering for the first time the city which was to be the scene of his career for many years to come. It was about this time that an entire company of Western art students was finding in the city of New York a summons to living, daring and thinking that their own home towns had never sounded to them. Gottlieb began looking for work for which he thought his design course had prepared him. He was to be sadly disillusioned. He found a job designing wall papers and cretonnes, starting at fifteen dollars a week and rising to twenty. He was living in a third of a room in a basement on Patchin Place, the heart of New York's Latin Quarter—Greenwich Village. After several months he and his job parted by mutual consent. Then he designed decorative borders for advertising agencies, but even this gave out. There was no other work and then Gottlieb's reserve gave out. It seemed that when the kicks were flying about Gottlieb's face was in the center. These were hungry days.

Then he obtained a job in a factory winding armatures. The work was so hard, especially on the hands, the pay was so little, but he stayed on because he had no choice. Then came his turning point, the long-delayed stroke of luck. A friend told him that someone was needed for backstage work at the Provincetown Theatre, which was then in the midst of preparing Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* for production.

In a small way Harry Gottlieb may take credit to himself for having participated in the process of converting a playwright known only to the Bohemian and intellectual coteries of New York into a veritable Old Master playwright with an international reputation below that only of George Bernard Shaw. The American theatre was then in a period of resurgent growth and O'Neill was the leading playwright of that ferment and the amateur stage, of which the Provincetown Theatre and the Washington Square Players were the leaders, the bearer of the banner of significant and experimental

Continued on page 130

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Gottlieb: Struggling Artist

Continued from pages 59-128

drama. Quite by chance Gottlieb became a hard-working cog in the inspired machinery which brought the new drama to the attention of the American people. He designed the scenery for O'Neill's *Moon of the Caribbees* and designed the costumes and sets of a one-acter called *Grotesques*. He also acted. He played a small part in Dreiser's *Hand of the Potter* and in other plays. He worked from autumn to the following summer, by which time he had saved enough to go upstate, to Woodstock, to paint pictures. He lived frugally and worked hard and fell in love with Woodstock, an easy thing to do. Sometime, he promised himself, he would make Woodstock his home, and this came to pass sooner than he had expected. At the end of the summer of 1921 he returned to New York, to earn his wherewithal. At the Provincetown he played the part of one of the stokers in O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, for which the demand was so insistent that the play was moved to Broadway and then went on the road, giving Gottlieb, among others, a chance to see such centers of culture as Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit and other places.

Gottlieb's identification with Woodstock dates from the summer of 1923. He was going to live in it and work in it on terms approximating freedom. He had a plan. Here was a place full of artists and no one on the grounds was making picture frames. He had saved up a little money; he spent it all on materials and equipment for frame making. He made his home in one of the houses Hervey White had built on the extensive acreage known as The Maverick. He spent summer and winter painting pictures and making frames, a more or less convenient alliance between art and trade. Andrew Dasburg was the first to order Gottlieb frames and there were orders afterwards from Speicher, McFee and others. He served also as stage manager of the Maverick Theatre which White had only just constructed. This was probably the first of the summer barn playhouses. Gottlieb designed and built the scenery for the first season's productions, in which appeared such performers as Dudley Digges, Helen Hayes and Edward G. Robinson. During his Woodstock years Gottlieb designed and managed summer festivals and open-air pageants, in one of which, based on the Temptation of St. Anthony, Robert Chanler appeared in the altogether congenial role of Bacchus. Gottlieb's first paintings were exhibited at the Woodstock Gallery and he began selling. He began sending canvases to group shows all over the country. The first five years at Woodstock were the hardest. The break came in 1928 when Mrs. Juliana Force, now director of the Whitney Museum, visited his studio, bought several of his works, included some others in a group show at the Whitney Studio Club and arranged for his first one-man exhibition at the Whitney Studio Gallery. He had previously carted paintings around in New York in an effort to interest dealers, but to no effect. He had to be his own promoter and he did as well as his modesty permitted him. At no time did he reach affluence and in his most successful period he could only achieve furloughs from grinding need and worry.

In 1931 the Guggenheim Foundation gave him a fellowship, for painting and travel abroad. He had a glorious time. He spent six months in Paris and traveled through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Spain and Italy. That year woke him up to the tradition of painting; never before had he seen so many Old Masters in the original. He was particularly impressed by Breughel and Rembrandt. The year was a shot in the arm for his own painting. He filled sketch books, he painted on canvas; in Paris he tried his hand at lithography and produced sixteen drawings on the stone.

The fellowship had served to ward off from Gottlieb the full effects of the depression, from which even successful artists were suffering and there was to be no reprieve for him who understood, in his own experience, the misfortune of being the last man hired and the first man fired. He returned to America at the trough of the depression and dug in at Woodstock. Fortunately, for the moment, he had pictures to paint for a one-man show in New York and he painted them. The exhibition produced favorable reviews, but little else, for it came at the time when most minds were elsewhere than on contemporary art.

If the public wasn't going to buy paintings, artists weren't going to order frames, and if the ground was being cut from under Gottlieb's feet, other artists were in no better pass. Gottlieb had already shown a flair for propaganda and organizational work on a small scale. Before the projects had thrown the life-line to artists in America, Gottlieb helped to organize the Woodstock Friends of Art, the first time that painters in that community had banded together for mutual aid, or for any purpose. Money-raising carnivals for artists in need were organized. Artists' work was moved out of studios and into homes by devices other than the usual ones of exhibition and sale. When government art projects were being formed, Gottlieb went into action to obtain one for the permanent artist residents of Woodstock, and succeeded. He was of course put on the Woodstock project and remained on it until the latter part of 1934 when, as the result of certain difficulties and differences of opinion, he broke with Woodstock and made his home in New York.

In the metropolis the propagandist threatened to eclipse the artist. Harry Gottlieb was chiefly a worker in the "cause"; that was the only Gottlieb most people knew. It was said that he had once painted pictures and it was suspected that he continued to engage in that occupation secretly, but it was in other activities that the artist found savor and justification. He delivered the required budget of art, mainly lithographs, in return for the W.P.A. stipends he received from the government. He organized the Artists' Union, of which he became president and in which he held other positions; he edited the Art Front and has been active in the American Artists' Congress ever since it was organized. He taught, without pay of course, at the American Artists School. He worked himself into a nervous breakdown, as a consequence of which he had to spend a year in cure and convalescence. During those periods in which he allowed himself to indulge in the private pleasure of painting he reoriented himself proletarian-ward, his pictures harmonizing with his political thinking. Even in Woodstock he had felt the need of subject matter other than the pleasant landscapes of winter and summer and discovered in Kingston, only thirteen miles away, such solid objects as brickyards, railroad roundhouse and barges. As he puts it, upon coming to New York, his interest in the organization of artists naturally broadened his social point of view in relation to the man who worked for a living. He felt impelled to reflect this in his work. Not only did he seek his material on the streets and along the waterfronts of New York, but he took trips to the steel mills around Pittsburgh and to the anthracite mining areas elsewhere in Pennsylvania. As painter, he was soft in Woodstock; he is hard in New York. He is trying to paint what he regards as proletarian subject matter in a proletarian style, which is to say, strident, deliberate. Except for the best of his waterfront scenes, mainly derived from notes made at Fulton Market, he has not yet assimilated his new material, partly because of his waning faith in the easel painting. The lack of resources is no news to him, but once he enjoyed the process of painting pictures, he was at least in tune with the craft of painting. Today, I fancy, his hand is constantly restrained by the questions, Why paint pictures? Who wants them? and then if he does paint a picture he thinks of it rather as a means to assert his proletarian orthodoxy.

In his work and in his character he is steady, unremitting, joyless. He can work through the day and night and keep up the rhythm without feeling the need of going on a binge. He has no hobbies, diversions, distractions. At picnics he would be the handyman, not the player. He seems to get his work done through patient, unflagging endeavor, not in flashes, not through urges, not by hunches. He is capable, but not exciting. He is sensible, but not clever. He is a man of solidity, honesty and integrity. His word is as good as his bond. He will be on time for his appointment and he will come sober and stay sober.

He is a man who has struggled with life and with art. He has plucked so many more than his share of thorns—or he has been so much more conscious of the thorns—that he doubts the reality of roses. He is not particularly interested in forms of culture and his reading is confined within the narrow field called social literature. He has the capacity to think things out and the courage to follow his thinking to its logical conclusion. Few men in American art have had the guts to leave the high road of successful habit and start afresh with new material in the effort to find a new synthesis. Harry Gottlieb may yet declare himself vitally in leadership of his fellows and as an individual creator of art. ⌗

On the Record

Continued from page 87

a few in mind but not many. I looked everywhere except in big bands—there wasn't enough money for that. I listened to discs, combed the one-horse outfits. Generally, in little groups there's one guy who is really good. And if you hear a fellow slap something around swell on a platter, he's worth hearing.

"Benny got me a couple of men, including Hal McIntyre. Tommy Dorsey and Ray Noble helped, too. And I found one trumpet player while walking up Forty-fifth Street. I heard him practicing, looked up at the building and judged he was on the sixth floor. It turned out to be the tenth, but I searched every apartment till I found him."

* * *

Downbeat invoices his present gang as follows: *Jerry Yelverton*—Sax. Just joined the band, fresh from Barry Wood's ork. Born and reared in Montgomery, Ala., and still calls it home. Claims Benny Goodman has influenced him most, lists Goodman's and Wayne King's bands as his faves for swing and sweet, respectively. *Gilbert* (*Mose*) *Klink*—Sax. A native of Danbury, Conn., and an alumnus of Charlie Boulanger's band. Studied with Frank Chase, likes to eat, lists Glenn Miller's band as his all-around fave, and argues that Goodman and Armstrong are America's best soloists.

Al Mastren—Trombone. Hails from Cohoes, N. Y., and likes to "play" (his trombone?) more than anything else. Jim and Tom Dorsey, he thinks, are America's ace instrumentalists, but Louis Armstrong influenced his style most. *Dick Fisher*—Guitar. Born Christmas Eve, 1915, in Buffalo, and likes symphonic records.

J. Chalmers (*Chubby*) *MacGregor*—Piano. Born in 1909; entered the

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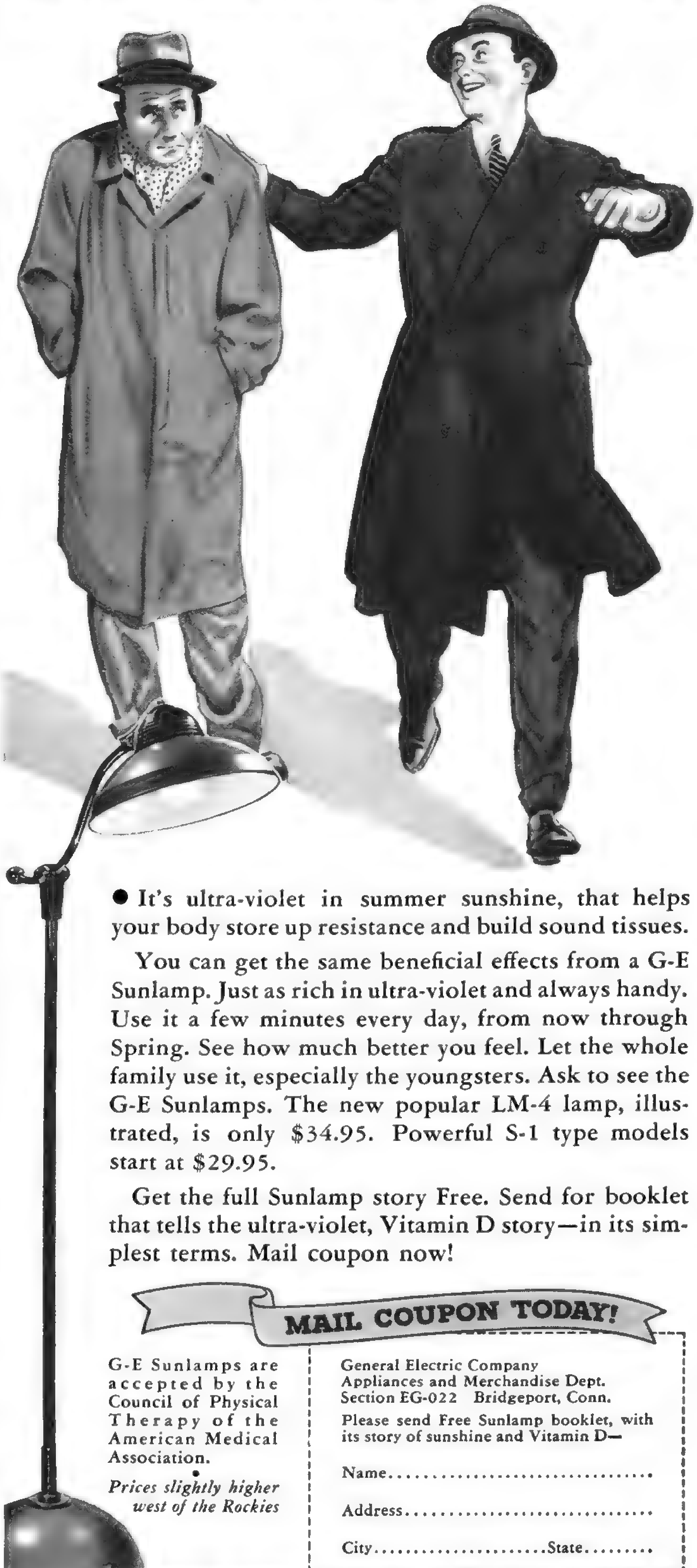

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On the Record

Continued from pages 87-131

field with Jean Goldkette's crew in '26, and is proud of the fact he was a member of Dorseys' *Wild Canaries.* Gets kicks when he finds the "seventh going up" in Glenn's scores. Tom and Jim Dorsey influenced him most; Mary Lou Williams and Goodman are his fave soloists. Drives a big Cadillac. *Wilbur Schwartz*—Alto, clarinet. For sweet or swing, he'll take Miller's band. Drives an Olds and neither smokes nor drinks.

Hal McIntyre—Sax. Born 1914 in Cromwell, Conn. Goodman is his top instrumental soloist, and he's a sports fan. Also drives an Olds. *Maurice Purtill*—Drums. Born on Long Island, still lives there. Made his name with Red Norvo and Tom Dorsey, says medleys are his pet peeve, claims Bud Freeman and Johnny Hodges, also Louis Armstrong, are America's greatest soloists. *Paul (Lightnin') Tanner*—Trombone. Swears he was born in 1917 in Skunk Hollow, Va., and now makes his home in Waynesboro, Va. Went to Delaware U., nuts over Jack Teagarden's playing, and doesn't smoke or drink. Chews tobacco, and single.

Gordon (Tex) Beneke—Tenor sax. Born 1914, in Ft. Worth, Tex. His father is a newspaperman, and Tex started with Ben Young's crew in 1935. Drives a shiny new Pontiac. Is a camera bug, lists Miller's band as tops for sweet and swing, and says his fave soloists today are Armstrong, Eddie Miller, Jack Teagarden and Goodman. *Clyde L. Hurley, Jr.*—Trumpet. Born 1916, and noted for his "hot" choruses with Miller. Also from Ft. Worth, his mother is a pianist and singer. Played with Buster Welch and Ben Pollack before joining Miller four months ago. Has a two-year-old son "Junior" and likes beer.

Legh (Freddie) Knowles—Trumpet. Hails from Danbury, Conn., born there in 1919. Has played and recorded with Norvo as well as Miller. Would rather sleep than do anything else. Drives a Ford and won't say whether he's married or single. *R. D. (Mick) McMickle*—Trumpet. Born in June, 1910, in Anamosa, Iowa, now lives in Upper Darby, Pa. He, too, drives an Olds. *Marion (Butch) Hutton*—Singer. Born in 1919 in Little Rock, Ark., and now lives in Detroit. Miller's was her first band assignment. Likes to play softball, dislikes singing on weekends, and gets a boot riding in Chummy MacGregor's Cadillac. Smokes but does not drink, and doesn't like to be referred to as Betty (America's No. 1 Jitterbug) Hutton's "little sister." *Raymond Richard Eberle*—Singer. Born 1919 in Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Father is Jack Eberle, a singer, and he is a younger brother of Bob Eberly, singer with Jimmy Dorsey, who changed the ending of his name to a "y." Unmarried, considers Tom Dorsey his favorite instrumental soloist, and chooses Miller's band as his ideal for both swing and sweet.

"They're not so bad," says Miller, who rehearses them in choirs. "A little lazy, maybe. We haven't enough precision yet. . . . No! None of our discs satisfy me. For that matter, I've never yet heard a recording that hadn't room for improvement, but I guess our best are *Moonlight Serenade, Sunrise Serenade, Blue Orchids, Little Brown Jug* and *In the Mood.*"

* * *

Colorful stories about him are few. Son of a carpenter, he says he drove his father wacky practicing on his trombone back in Clarinda, Iowa. He earned the money for it, milking cows at two dollars a week.

Mrs. Miller he met at college. There are no kids. She says he hates spinach, noisy people, and *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life.* He's nuts about his Boston bull terrier, "Pops"—and stands on a chair when he records his solos. His proudest possession is a fan letter from King Krooner Crosby, saying Miller's music is "out of this world."

He definitely likes to give autographs—or thinks it's good business. After every show, he stands twenty to thirty minutes scribbling his name. He's not yet hardened to fans; smiles and says "Thank you;" thinks it's coming to them for their loyalty and devotion. "They're keen students who know more about swing than nine-tenths of the musicians," he contends. They know every twist of each band's style, can name the individual instrumentalists, point out the musical figures. They're not stupid." After all they made him.

It's good that Glenn Miller doesn't want to be another *King of Swing.* For the Hamelinites are notoriously fickle. Before he's accustomed to having them trail him, they'll be chasing his successor. They pick up and drop bands as if they were sour apples.

Because he is a middle-of-the-roader, can play both swing and sweet, alternate legato harmonics with rhythmic dissonances, Miller hopes he will last longer. He has, after all, introduced no new idea. His music merely has a different tone timbre: he has encased solid, suggestive jungle sounds in a smooth, mellifluous jacket. He can run the gamut of jump stuff, but exaggerated jive isn't his meat. He has the largest dance band in business, uses eight brass to others' five, six saxes to others' four; but he seldom blasts full-power, concentrates rather on richness of sonority.

In theatres, he speeds up the swing tunes, slows down the ballads, goes in for corny vaudeville tricks with phosphorescent mutes. But it's the sound of his orchestra that takes. Eight months ago an Esquire stockroom boy told me Miller would be the next idol. Today, he's a killer-diller. ##

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They Paid for Their Drinks

Continued from page 30

and after that you have the time at your disposal for resting, bathing and other things. But, no one is permitted to leave the camp!"

Otto stood in the first section of the Second Company thinking; he says that we are not allowed to leave the camp—he can tell that to his aunt or hang it on a cat's tail.

Otto Shtok wasn't born yesterday . . . I'll figure something out. If I don't get to a girl, I'll get to some wine, and maybe to both. Only the devil can tell.

As soon as Group Two was dismissed, Otto pulled Yan behind some shrubbery and whispered to him, "After lunch we'll go hunting. We'll find something." Otto clutched the air as though embracing some unseen being, "Hmmmmmmm!"

Yan blinked his light eyelashed lids quicker than usual and licked his lips, giggling, "I'm with you, Otto, through fire and water!"

"There's a lonely peasant's hut not far from here. I've noticed it before. There's wine anyhow, and maybe we find something else, too. First, we'll go there. How much money have you got?"

"A hundred eighty pesetas!" Yan answered, placing the palm of his hand on his shirt pocket. "But if the patrol finds us?"

"The devil himself won't catch us! We can get there through the orchard and shrubbery, right up to the house. You stick close to me and don't be afraid. We won't fail."

At 10 o'clock the parade of the entire camp took place. The groups were formed rectangularly. The bayonets of the guns flashed in the sun. In the center of the rectangular square stood a truck, an improvised platform with two big flags, the tri-colored flag of the Republic and the red flag of the International Brigade. The orchestra played the anthem of the Spanish Republic. After this the commander of the camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Straus, spoke. He was half-bald, of medium height, slender, and middle-aged. He was German. When anyone came to him with a problem or question, before answering, for a few seconds, Straus would show his teeth as though he wished to laugh but it wasn't laughter. He would drop his eyelids slightly over his small blue eyes which were set deep in the sockets. The light seemed to hurt his eyes. When he was angry, which was often, his face took on a deathly pallor. On this day, as usual, he spoke in a high, thin voice which sometimes broke into a scream.

After the parade, lunch was served to the groups as usual. Lunch over with, the men dispersed. Some went to the shore to wash and bathe, some gathered in the shade of the fruit trees and bushes, talking, writing, patching shirts and trousers.

There was a warmth of spring sun in the air. Buds of the early fruits were bursting and opening into perfumed blossoms. Young green grass was sprouting from the ground. The ground smelled moist, sunny, and green. Everything was awakening, reviving and blossoming forth. After the heavy fighting, sleepless nights, dirt and lice in the trenches, the soldiers were now breathing clear, fragrant air. Today they were here and tomorrow . . . tomorrow, again into the trenches, to battle; and after that . . . after that, some to the hospitals on operation tables and healing; others into graves where several would be buried together; and still others again to recuperation camps before going to new battles. Life is fast and changeable in war.

The villa was comfortably silent. Several of the officers slept on blankets and coats in the corners of the room, snoring and mechanically shooing the flies from their faces with their hands. Others were writing letters to friends, wives, sweethearts . . . far away, far away to all parts of the earth—from Los Angeles to Warsaw and from Oslo to Buenos Aires . . . warm letters, full of tenderness, enthusiasm and hope for a happy meeting at some future time . . . when there would be time for it, when the war ended. Captain Millan was writing to his girl, writing slowly, searching for words of love and hope.

But Otto was not losing any time either on bathing or letter-writing. Immediately after lunch, he slipped away from the others with Yan, and whispered to him, "Let's get going. This is the best time. The patrol hasn't come out yet." His laugh rumbled somewhere deep in his chest, and his eyes shone with the anticipation of success.

"First, we'll go along this wall and then through the bushes right up to the house itself. The devil himself won't see us."

The sun beat down vertically. Shadows were short. Otto went first, Yan right behind him, picking blades of grass to chew.

* * *

Far back from the highway, surrounded by the orchard and green brush, was the little peasant hut with whitewashed walls. From a distance it seemed to be a white marble monument in the midst of the green. A deserted pathway led to the house.

Creeping through the dense lemon orchard, breathing heavily, Otto approached the closed door. Yan was immediately behind him. Otto knocked a few times on the door but there was no answer.

"Knock on the window," he ordered Yan. Yan went to the window to the right of the doorway and knocked.

Silence.

"No one answers," said Yan.

Otto stooped, pursed his lips and shouted into the keyhole, "Hey, folks! Is there anyone at home?" His voice was swallowed by the silence behind the closed door. "Looks to me like this place is deserted, brother! Look and see if there's anyone behind the house!"

Otto turned to Yan and then sat on the doorstep wiping the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve.

Yan returned in a few minutes to report, "There's no one. There's a little yard with some cages for tame rabbits, but no rabbits in it even."

"Abandoned!" Otto rose, looked around once more but, aside from himself and Yan, there wasn't a living soul. He put his shoulder to the door. Something shattered in the keyhole, the door opened suddenly and Otto tumbled into the house, lowering his head to avoid hitting the upper sill of the doorway. A stream of light from the open doorway flowed into a little passage. Through a half-opened door on the right of the passage came the smell of a kitchen. Opposite this door, on the left, another door led into two sleeping rooms.

Otto stepped into the kitchen and looked around. In the center stood a table and around it four old chairs. In one corner was a wide wooden cupboard. Yan sat on one of the chairs and looked around him. Otto walked up to the cupboard and opened it. The first thing he saw was a dish with six raw eggs. He took out the dish and placed it on the table.

"Here's something already." Otto peered into the cupboard which smelled of moldy bread. In it was a piece of wheat bread, a few large glasses, an empty bottle, a ladle, and other kitchen utensils.

"Looks as though they aren't rich," began Otto, placing the piece of bread on the table. "This you will cook or fry, any way you know, my friend," he turned to Yan, handing him the eggs.

"All right," Yan answered obediently.

Otto left the kitchen to search the other rooms. In the corner of one of the sleeping rooms, he found a light gallon. The demijohn was almost full. Otto picked it up in his arms and holding it against his stomach, carried it into the kitchen. He smacked his lips with satisfaction.

Yan was already working on the fire to prepare the eggs. Otto put two glasses on the table and poured out the clear red wine.

"To health and happiness, my friend!"

"Good health, Otto!"

Each drank a glassful in one draught. Yan wiped his thin lips and rose to prepare the eggs. Otto drank one more glass of wine and continued his search of the house. In one corner he found a barrel containing flour. On the barrel was a small satchel and in it a portion of a ham.

"Hey, wait, Yan, wait! Don't cook the eggs yet. I have something else, too." Otto shouted loud enough to be heard outside the house. He brought the ham into the kitchen and handed it to Yan. "Here, fry it, Yan, fry it, brother!"

Yan accepted the ham without a word. A thought was beginning to revolve in his head that all this was not honest or good. It would be another thing, thought Yan, if we had found someone at home and asked to buy what we wanted. Everything would then be in order. I thought that's the way it would be. But like this! This is theft. It isn't right, at all! Yan looked at Otto who was again sitting at the table, his legs crossed, slowly and nonchalantly sipping wine. Yan wanted to tell Otto that something was wrong with all this, but seeing Otto he lost courage. Anyway, if the people of the house should come, we will pay them, thought Yan, trying to comfort himself. We will pay honestly and everything will be in ship-shape. If only they don't come until after I am through with these damn eggs! What a disgrace for me if they find me here among the ashes —frying eggs.

When he had finished frying the eggs and ham, he put them on a large platter and placed it on the table. Both reached for forks and began eating, slowly, interrupting their eating only to take a drink of wine. Their heads began to swell and hum comfortably. Their throats were drier and drier. It was hot. Otto took off his shirt and put it on an empty chair next to himself. He then unbuttoned his trousers and pulled them off. Yan was mouthing something which he thought was singing.

"And where is that girl?" Otto mumbled.

"Which girl?" asked Yan, looking at Otto.

"That one . . . that one, like this," Otto answered outlining with his hands a rich female shape. "Like that . . . then you grab her. Which girl?!! That one . . . anyone . . . everyone. You . . . you . . . are a fool, brother!"

With drunken, bleary eyes, Yan scowled and got up. Stumbling over one of the chairs he came up to Otto and forcing himself to sound stern, shouted:

"Dress yourself! Cover yourself! This is a disgrace. All of this is a disgrace."

"You say, disgrace?"

"Yes."

Otto stood up and pulled on his trousers. Yan patted him on his broad shoulder and said, "That's it. We'll sit like men; we'll drink to health and joy."

They poured more wine and drank. The demijohn wasn't heavy any more.

Suddenly another voice was heard in the house.

"Madre! Someone is in the house!" rang out the voice of a little boy.

"Someone from the house is coming," Yan whispered fearfully. The little boy's voice had awak-

Continued on page 136

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They Paid for Their Drinks

Continued from pages 30-134

ened him. A short, thin peasant woman in a wide, long black shirt stood at the door. On her head was a large black scarf. She looked over fifty.

"Oh! Soldiers are here!" she cried out, stopping in the doorway of the kitchen. After a few seconds she came forward uncertainly and said "*Salud!*"

Yan looked at the woman and then at the table before him, and the wine glasses. Otto was staring with drunken eyes at the woman and mumbled:

"Sal . . . Saluda . . . Solidar . . Sa . . Salat . . . Ha, ha, ha!" He then turned to Yan.

"Look! She's as old as my grandmother who's been buried half a century already. Ha, ha, ha . . . she isn't even worth putting on a hook as bait for fish . . ."

"Shut up!" Yan shouted in a tearful voice. Otto quieted down and Yan reached his hand into his shirt pocket where he kept his money.

* * *

Millan was sitting in one of the spacious rooms in the villa discussing with his adjutant, a former student of literature in Paris, what art was, and whether Maxim Gorky was a classic. The blond-haired youth was trying to convince his commander that art was absolutely objective and that a real writer or artist must be neutral towards all classes of society.

"He who mixes into politics is a politician, not an artist. Gorky is a writer, that I do not deny, but politics have confused him and kept him from becoming a classic."

"Fool!" said Millan angrily. "Art is not independent of the social scene. And, what is the great Goya according to this learning of yours?"

A soldier from the guard detail of the staff came to the door.

"Captain Millan, the commander of the camp requests your presence."

When Millan entered the room, Lieutenant-Colonel Straus was sitting behind a heavy oak table, holding a sheet of paper.

"Here's a report of the patrol on two men from YOUR group. They found them drunk in a peasant's house. It looks like discipline has slackened in your group!" Straus handed Millan the paper which he held in his hand.

Millan sat down on one of the vacant chairs at the other end of the table and read the report of the patrol. Otto Shtok and Yan Chakar. Yes, something like this could be expected of those two, thought Millan. They are the only ones in Group Number Two capable of making such a mess, but they are not Group Number Two and their behavior does not indicate laxity in discipline of the entire group. I'll have to take steps to straighten them out somehow.

At this moment the guard at the door reported the camp commander:

"There's a peasant here to see you Commandante. Shall I send him in?"

"Yes," answered Straus.

A thin, short, unshaven peasant entered the room with his cap under his arm. In his right hand he carried an empty bottle and in his left hand a pocket watch with a heavy silver chain. He bowed the first time when he stepped into the room at the door, and a second time, almost to the ground, when he came up to the table.

"Your men, señor, came and pillaged my house while I was working in the field with my family. Look . . ." he placed the bottle and watch on the table. "They drank wine and took this watch. My wife came from the field to prepare supper. When she got there the house was in great disorder, everything thrown around and those two drunk. They wanted to . . . you know, señor, what drunk men want of women!"

The peasant spoke the words sorrowfully and bowed before Straus as though begging for his life. "We peasants are with you, señor, but protect us from the injustices of your men."

The commander of the camp twisted down the corners of his mouth in anger. When the peasant concluded his pleading, Straus said to him, "Your home will be protected. You may go!" He turned to Millan and in a hysterical voice shouted in Spanish:

"Shoot both of them!"

At the door, the peasant turned his head, looked slyly at Straus and smiled. To Millan it was the smile of the witch who, according to legend, dances on graves. He knew this peasant! This was the fourth time within fifteen days that he had come to the staff headquarters with complaints that the soldiers had robbed him. One soldier had already been shot on the strength of this same peasant's complaints.

"Call out the battalion at seven, particularly Group Number Two, to the shore. At 7 sharp! Shoot the bandits!"

"What? Without an investigation?"

"No investigation is necessary, Captain! Attempted rape means shooting. Nada mas!"

"Allow me, Lieutenant Colonel, but that is the law!" The blood rushed to Millan's face. "I demand an investigation! If it is proved that this peasant is telling the truth about the rape, then we will shoot them, but if it is only drunkenness, then . . . then, it is another thing and the penalty must be lighter." Millan was standing stiffly before Straus and holding back the hard breathing that choked up his lungs . . . "To shoot is easy!"

While Millan was talking the face of the lieutenant colonel paled and his hands shook nervously. He opened the drawer of the table, looked into it but took nothing out of it.

"That you intercede for these offenders surprises me . . . we'll look into that later!" Straus said coldly and slammed the drawer shut.

"It is necessary to distinguish a mistake from a crime. They are not the same thing," answered Millan, speaking more to himself than to Straus. "It is only six now. I have your permission to go to the peasant's house?"

"You may go!" answered Straus, looking out the window at the smooth surface of the sea.

Millan ran from the room, through the courtyard, and set off in the direction of the peasant's house. He hurried and did not pay attention to anything or anyone. His head was so full that he could not think clearly but to himself kept repeating: What is all this—a mistake or a crime? When it is necessary to shoot to keep the Republic's army clean and healthy, then shoot, but you must have a reason, based on investigation and evidence. What is this, a mistake or a crime?

He neared the peasant's house. A small white dog barked at him a few times and then, wagging his tail, rushed around Millan's feet. In his great hurry, Millan did not stop to knock on the door. Breathing quickly he stepped into the kitchen. The peasant had not returned yet. In the semi-darkness of the kitchen sat the peasant's wife, a boy of thirteen, and an old woman. That is certainly the mother of the peasant, she has the same sly face, Millan thought.

"Salud, comaradas! What did those two soldiers do here?" Millan turned to the younger of the two women.

She stood up and waved her arms crosswise in front of her. "Nothing, señor, nothing. It was a very small thing. They drank some wine and ate a few eggs. The little one, with the blond hair, paid even more than the things were worth. It is nothing."

The woman talked so fast that Millan had trouble following the words. The yellow lamplight fell on her worn, thin face.

"Did they steal anything?"

"No, señor!" the woman shook her head. "No, I was the first one to come home. My husband came a little later. They were sitting here," she pointed to two chairs at the table, "drinking wine. They offered me a glass. That little one, with the blond hair, took money out of his pocket and put it on the table. When my husband arrived some other soldiers came with guns and took those two away . . . nada mas!"

"But did they bother you?" asked Millan.

The woman looked at him with black, sunken, tired eyes. She looked at him in surprise. Millan did not know the proper, decent Spanish words to make his meaning clear, so he repeated his question and placed the palm of his hand below his belt.

"Oh, no, hijo, no. No, son, no!" the woman waved her arms in astonishment.

"They are going to be shot," Millan said, looking at the woman, to see how she would take it.

"Why?" she asked. "But why?"

"For the lawlessness they committed in your house!" he answered and turned to the door, thinking to himself: They must not be shot. That would be a crime.

"No, hijo, no . . . no."

Millan heard the last "no" as he walked down the path. What an unusual method Lieutenant-Colonel Straus has, Millan thought, of passing death sentences. Otto and Yan are good-for-nothing bums, that is true. There are very few like them among us but still they came to Spain. They are fighting. I've seen them in battle. We will have to teach them all right. He thought with pleasure of how he would make them pay for their drinks. But they won't learn by being shot.

Millan was running now so he wouldn't be too late. At the courtyard gate, Millan met Straus with several officers. He stood before the commander of the camp, saluted, and breathing fast, began his report, "I was in the home of the peasant and his wife said that it wasn't . . ."

"No investigation!" Straus snapped. "The barbarians must be shot! You needn't participate." His voice seemed high and strange. Millan stepped back and Straus passed on with the group of officers.

For some seconds Millan could not move. A guard stood at the courtyard gate and watched him calmly. With the palm of his hand, Millan wiped the sweat from his face and wearily walked across the yard to his room. What Otto and Yan had done was a mistake and what Straus was about to do would be a crime. Who does Straus serve, Millan thought?

Group Number Two was already marching to the beach. A section of guards entered the basement of the villa. The sergeant of the section gave orders for the guard to open the door. The room was lit by a kerosene lamp. It smelled of putrid, stale air. Otto was lying on his back with his arm folded behind his head, snoring. When the sergeant came in, Yan rose and leaned against the wall. The sergeant stirred Otto with his foot a few times until Otto opened his swollen, sticky eyes. "Ah . . . mmmrrr . . ." Otto grumbled, half-asleep. Supporting himself with his hands against the cement floor, he asked the sergeant, "Are we free? As a matter of fact, it isn't bad here . . . we can spend the night here just as well."

None of this appealed to Yan. He began to sense that something more serious was going to happen. The faces of the guards were serious and rigid. The lamp which was placed on the floor in a corner of the room threw a large shadow of the sergeant on the opposite wall that reached up to the ceiling.

"Get up!" the sergeant ordered.

"Where to?" Yan asked.

"Follow me."

Yan felt a heavy, growing suspicion but he could not yet collect his thoughts. He buttoned his shirt collar and hitched up his trousers. Otto got up lazily, stretched and mumbled, "Toooo headquarters . . .?"

The sergeant did not answer. When they came out into the courtyard, Yan saw a whole detail of the guard standing on either side of the door. The sergeant started down the path in the direction of the sea and gave the signal with his hand for the rest to follow him. Three soldiers fell in behind him, then Otto and Yan, and after them, the remainder of the detail. The moon lighted only the peaks of the mountains to the north. The section marched along with guns in readiness.

Yan realized what was happening now! Goose flesh prickled over him and he shivered with fear. He wanted to take a deep breath but the air stuck in his throat. He thought he was going to fall. There was a taste of metal in his mouth.

The procession moved slowly downhill along the path. When they came to the railroad tracks that crossed the path, Yan broke away and ran into the darkness like a mad animal. The brush struck him across the face and tore his shirt but he did not feel this. He fell into a ditch but pulled himself up and jumped on, like a spring. He heard the crack of rifle shots and the whistle of bullets. This gave him more strength and drove him into faster flight. He heard the guard shouting. He didn't think of anything. He only felt fear such as is felt by every living being before an evident danger of death.

Only further, and quickly. Nothing else. To die stupidly like a drunkard, thief, and barbarian . . . no, not that!

After an unsuccessful chase and search, the guards returned to the sergeant and reported that Yan Chakar had escaped. The sergeant gave orders for Otto's hands to be tied. Otto stood still as a tree trunk near the railroad tracks. The hunt for Yan had sobered him, but the knowledge that he would be shot for what he had that day done, struck him, his nerves, his brain, with such force that he was not able to accept even the thought of it. He waited stony and motionless as though he were rooted to the ground. The guards tied his hands behind his back.

He said nothing. His breathing was so loud and deep that it could be heard ten yards away.

"Follow!" the sergeant shouted angrily. One of the guards nudged Otto between the shoulders. The procession continued its march to the sea.

Group Number Two, lined up in rows, stood facing the sea. The round disc of the moon showed above the black surface of the Mediterranean. The moving tops of the poplars made long shadows in the moonlight. The leaves trembled and rustled, first quietly and then louder and seemed to make music for the dancing branches of the trees.

The sea was quiet. Long, low waves swung on the level, sandy shore. The water foamed, catching up the fine, gleaming sand, carrying it out over the surface of the sea to return it on the following furrow of waves, mixed with white salty spray.

The guards led Otto from the right side of the lined-up companies. The men in Group Number Two turned their heads in that direction . . . "Just one!" they whispered through the lines of the companies. "The other one escaped!" someone said in a low voice. "Didn't you hear the shooting?"

"Did he escape or did they get him?"

"He escaped."

A guard escorted Otto forward and placed him with his back to the sea, his face to the group. His big shadow slanted on the smooth sand. His face was in darkness. The sea rustled peacefully behind him. He was stone still. Between him and the group, the detail of guards lined up and presented their rifles.

Straus arrived in the company of several officers. He gave the order "Attention!" The men stiffened. The only thing that could be heard was the sea and the slurring of the poplar leaves. Straus spoke briefly about barbarians, violation of discipline, the Fifth Column, and then said in a flat voice: "Fire!"

Some of the bullets splashed into the water behind Otto like huge drops of rain. The big, broad, motionless body of Otto swung, slumped to the right, and slowly buckled to the sand. Not a word, not a sound. For a few seconds, there was silence.

Group Number Two was dismissed. The men turned and followed the path back to camp. Six soldiers with broad shovels dug a deep hole into the fine wet sand near the body of Otto Shtok. Salt water seeped into the bottom of the grave.

"You two take the legs and we'll take the shoulders!"

The moon rose higher above the sea and shortened the shadows of the poplars. #

I Want to See the Manager

Continued from page 47

Goldwyn Follies we get awfully sick of it, and you will get the very best service we can give you without it. It is a little too obvious to do you any good. And you others who are very definitely not candidates for anybody's Follies. . . .!

We know it isn't sex for its own sake; it isn't because you think we are such hot stuff. We know your main hope is to diddle a few dollars off the bill. It is strictly a business matter. Even this old dodderer gets his share of invitations, and God knows—well just ask my wife. And once again, it is usually those who can afford to buy out the store if they want to. Michigan's Governor Dickenson should worry less about the girls and give a thought or two to Department Store Salesmen, Managers, Buyers, etc.

I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND (YOUR WHAT?)

The theme of so many cartoons that it is an old story. Yet a basic truth that cannot be denied. Are they trying to impress someone that they have such exquisite taste, such supreme knowledge of what is just right? Must they communicate with some secret Muse who is out to lunch at the time? Or is the vacant stare, the cretin-like mumbling, the fretting and fuming a true indication of the confusion they really feel? With dozens of customers waiting, and the clerk doing her best to get rid of them, how can they take over an hour by the clock to decide between two white purses at eighty-nine cents that the manufacturer himself could not tell apart at ten feet.

But it happens every day. And if you don't believe me, go ask about a thousand sales clerks. It is also a proved fact that the time and confusion is longer as the price and quality of the merchandise goes down, which is in direct opposition to common sense. You can sell a $60 rug in half the time it takes to sell and get rid of a customer who wants to cover the same amount of space with a twenty-nine cent a yard felt base covering—total sale $3.48. And these $3.48 customers usually land in the lap of the Department manager because an experienced Salesman has the uncanny ability to spot them as they come on the floor and to be very busy way back in a corner, preferably out of sight.

BRINGER BACKERS

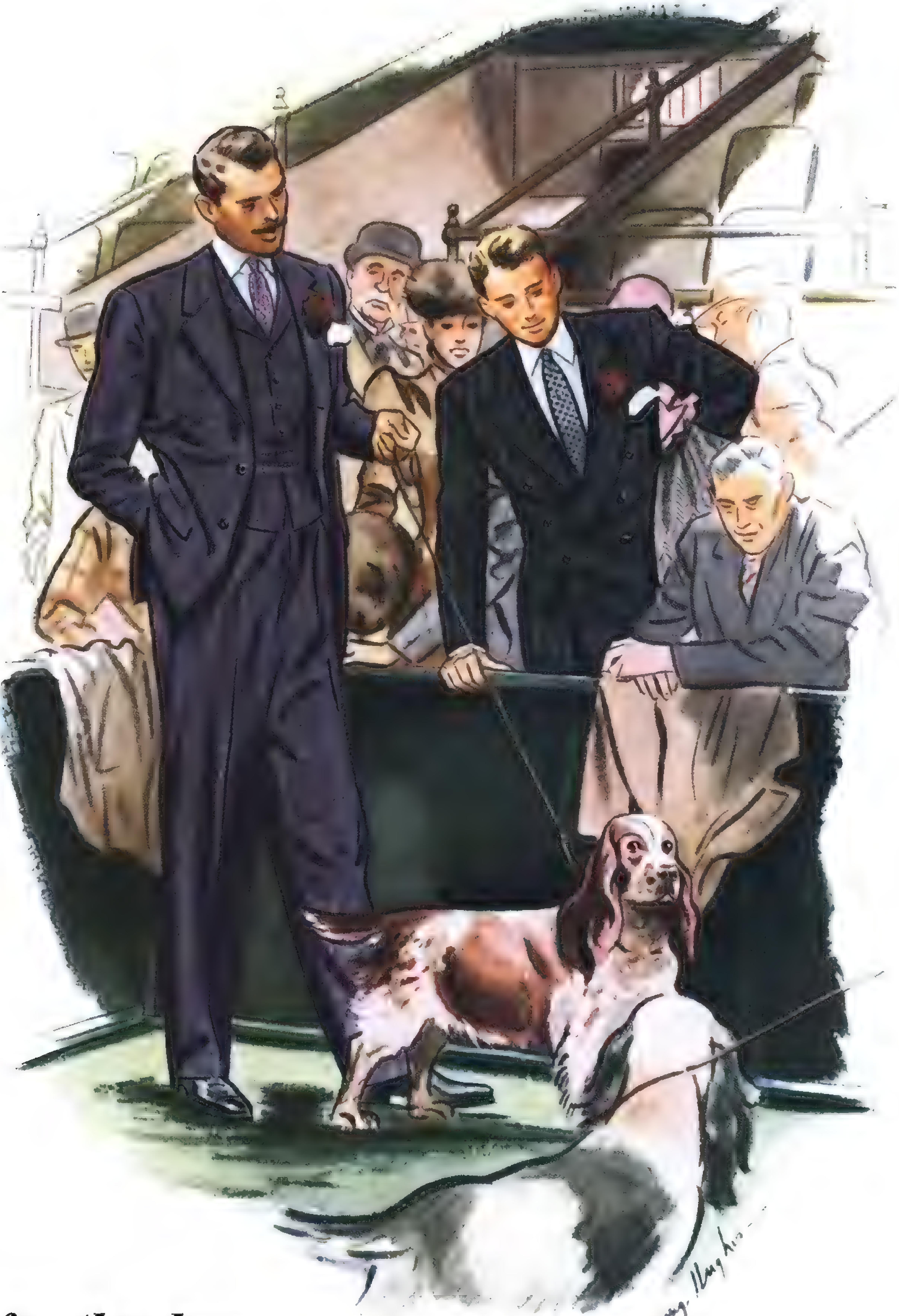
The money lost by stores on these babies would pay the national debt. The colossal nerve they exhibit is almost unbelievable. Without a qualm they use a store's merchandise to impress their friends and then cavalierly return it, never paying a cent for anything.

Naturally, we expect a certain amount of merchandise to be returned. It isn't all perfect. Certain items do not fit the home when they get there. Some colors look different under different lighting conditions. And when such is the case, we are more than glad to take the item back and furnish one that will be satisfactory. But, you should see some of the things we have to take back, and you should know how some of the biddies take advantage of a liberal return policy. Aunt Maud is coming for the week end. All right, let's order out a new radio, a couple of porch rugs, a glider for the sun room, a couple of coffee tables. And we can send them back next week. And don't think for a minute that she won't have the colossal nerve to do it. The identical articles listed above went out to one of our better homes over a recent week end and came back with one of the rugs well dog-chewed and the coffee tables both covered with those cute little round marks that liquor glasses make. Sure, we gave her full credit, and she will probably do it again, and there is nothing we can do about it. Cocktail tables get the worst beating. So many people seem to want them, but so few feel obliged to buy them. Radios, dining room suites, stoves, refrigerators, even washing machines. To do the laundry for a month I guess. We got one of those back not long ago. The lovable one who sent it back, one of the tea-giving, church-going set, told us she had changed her mind, had not used it once. It came back partly full of dirty water in which three odd socks were swishing around. What fun it would be to go to one of her well publicized garden parties in honor of the Reverend McWhump (just back from China with some interesting views on the foreign situation) and denounce her for the cheap chiseling hypocrite that she is.

ONE IN A MILLION

But once in a while, maybe once a month, you get a woman who acts just like a human being. She knows what she wants. She can tell you coherently. She is pleasant, polite, rational. When you show her what she has asked for, she buys it without any Monkey Business and pays the price without question. She knows the price is fair or we would not stay in business. And, just because she is what she is, the entire force will fall over its feet to give her service like it has never given before. A word to her millions of unwise sisters—Try it sometime—just try it once and see what happens.

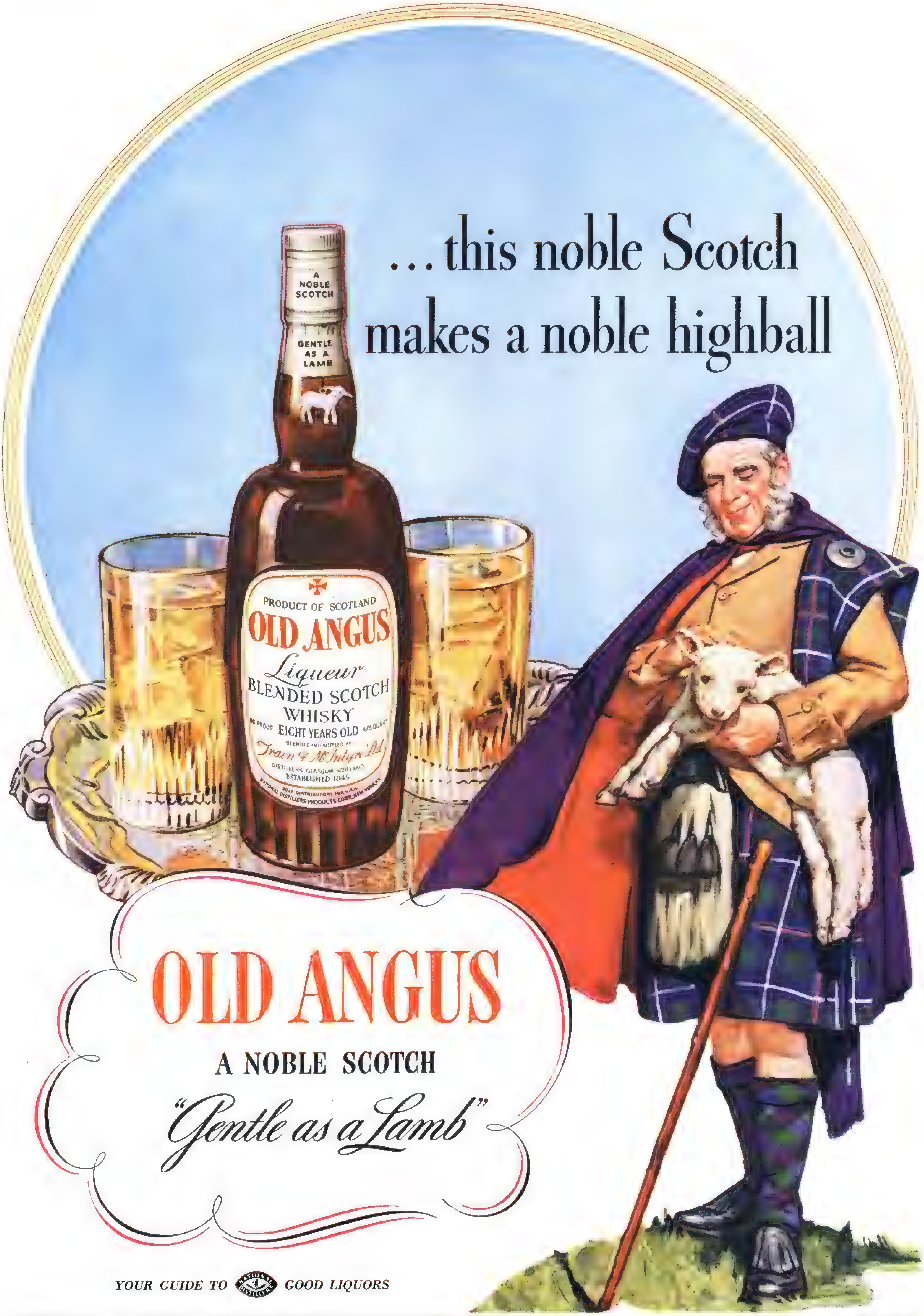
But the law of probability says you won't, and that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is why Department Store Managers, Buyers and others are seen sneaking furtively out of the stores at night to go home and beat their wives, pinch their children, and swing the cat around by its tail. That's why they end up beaten, broken men when they should be in the prime of life. And dear, dear Mrs. Customer goes blithely on her way, Demanding and Getting. #



Two for the show . . .

There is something to be said for both ends of the leash in this scene at the annual February show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Not that we have any choice between the two, since our job is to describe apparel and the dog is evidently stark naked. The man, however, is fully clothed and in his right mind, chief evidence of both being the smart blue worsted suit with red overplaid. It is a three-button single breasted model with side vents and outside ticket pocket, the waistcoat being cut in the new sporting model with square bottom and step collar. The trousers are rather narrow and have no cuffs. For the rest—blue broadcloth shirt, high white starched collar, all-over pattern Spitalfields tie, red carnation, white pocket handkerchief and black calf shoes. Mark well the overtones of red in this outfit, for red is the keynote hue in accessories this winter. Propped up against the enclosure is a dressy-looking black unfinished worsted suit with pencil stripe, a double breasted model with lapel rolled to the lower button. Also visible from where we stand are the light grey fine broadcloth shirt with white starched cutaway collar, black and white small check tie, clove red carnation and white pocket handkerchief.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)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Ships That Meet

Continued from page 37

them empty and came to the open trap above the lazarette. There was nothing surprising in this trapdoor being open, since the skipper might have had some extra stores put into the boats before abandoning ship. But when Mr. Jones's eyes became accustomed to the gloom and showed him the dim glow coming from forward he called down to ask who was there. Receiving no answer to this and other calls he went down to investigate and was just about to pass through the open door into the tweendecks when a Colt was pressed hard against his side and he was ordered in a ghostly whisper not to make a sound or he would die instantly. Looking at the person who was doing all this he saw a large man with a powerful frame. His face, so far as the mate could inspect it in the yellow light of a lantern that burned on a near-by barrel, was handsome and cheerful, wreathed in a smile of charming urbanity.

"I am Captain O'Malley of the *Alexander*," said the owner of this face in the same faintly audible whisper, "and for reasons which I shall give later I must ask you to remain absolutely silent until all your men and the boy have joined us in this pleasant and peaceful retreat. Make no mistake. I am captain here and my orders must be obeyed. He drew the mate's attention to the Colt, which was unnecessary.

"I am about to ask you a question. When you reply let it be with a nod or a shake of the head, for yes or no. The question is—do you fully appreciate the fact that I'll shoot you dead if you make a sound?"

The mate nodded in silence, wondering what this Irish maniac intended doing with him and his men, and Captain O'Malley ordered him to stand over against the ship's side and not to let a twitter out of him. Mr. Jones did as directed, for he had seen in the captain's eyes the terrifying glitter of insanity, and decided it would be the wisest policy to humor him until he could get his bearings. Standing with his back to the ribs of the ship he heard Davy calling and clenched his fists but made no sound as he listened with a softened heart to the boy asking if he were hurt. He was coming through the lazarette, halting occasionally and searching about, worried by the mate's silence. The mate remembered how on a stormy day he had plucked that boy out of a roaring welter of white water on the main deck of the *Welburn*, and when Davy had looked at his rescuer there had been no fear in his eyes. He had smiled, and in that moment Mr. Jones had taken a great liking to the lad, which had grown with the passage of time.

In spite of that the mate had to stand there and make no sound to warn the boy of the danger to himself and the men. Therefore, Davy entered the tweendecks and received the quaint welcome of Captain O'Malley.

The boy stared at the huge Irishman in amazement but without a trace of fear, half-smiling as usual, and cheerfully obeyed his whispered command to stand over against the side and make no sound on pain of death. On seeing the mate he stiffened with surprise and gazed at him with boyish sympathy.

The four men came in slow bewilderment to the door of the tweendecks one after another, Scotty, Duff, Graham and Perry. When all had been lined up against the side of the ship, Captain O'Malley surveyed them in silence with a pleased smile, as if jubilant over his early morning's catch, and began to talk.

"I'll now explain to you and your men, Mr. Mate, the reason for this little trick of mine. It's like this: Before I left Ireland on this voyage I called on a cousin of mine who lives in a house where they make grand arrangements for their guests, like padded cells and strait jackets and plenty guards with clubs and guns ready to shoot and beat to death the good harmless people when they take the notion. This cousin I'm telling you about was a fine lad when he was young, a nice boy that everybody liked and respected, so when he began to behave queerly nobody wanted him to be put away in that house, and they tried to cover up his mistakes as much as possible. That helped things to go along fine for a year or two.

"But one day he got furious at a man that was trying to cheat him out of a big sum of money and went into his gunroom for a Colt revolver, just like this one, came back to this blackguard and pumped the whole six shots into the middle of his head. While he stood there admiring the man's head and laughing because it looked so funny, somebody came up behind him and took the gun away. He let them do that because it was empty, you'll understand. But of course murder can't be hid, so the police got him and he was tried for that crime, but they acquitted him on the plea of insanity and sent him to the big house I've told you about. When I went to see him he laughed like the very divil and told me I'd be in there beside him by the time I got back from this voyage.

"You see, just because he was raving mad he thought I would be going mad too.

"Of course there wasn't a word of truth in what he said, as you all must know, and I sailed from Belfast for San Francisco. Just for the fun of it I loaded ten tons of gunpowder here in the tweendecks, thinking I might find a chance to sell it in 'Frisco for the making of fireworks. But now I'm afraid I won't be able to reach that good town, seeing the condition the ship is in, so I've decided to make other use of it.

"Coming round the Horn a couple of weeks ago I told the mate about my cousin and made a funny story of it, thinking he'd see the grand humor of the situation, but he was a stupid man, as dumb as an ox, and he went among the other officers and the men telling them I was as mad as my cousin and a homicidal maniac into the bargain. Another time I tried to persuade him what a grand show it would make if I exploded the powder here in the tweendecks and blew all hands to hell. But he didn't appreciate the humor of that either, and I had a good mind to blow his brains out, but he got away from me and I needed him to help me handle the ship anyhow. There was a beautiful gale blowing up, so I told him to strip the ship down to lower tops'ls and heave her to. Then I went below to rest for a while.

"Down in my cabin I heard them running about and supposed they were taking in sail according to my orders, but after a while the decks fell silent, and the ship behaved as if there was nobody at the wheel. I went up to see what was causing all the disorder, and there came a squall, the hardest I ever saw in all my seafaring. But that damned scoundrel of a mate had gone away in the boats, taking all hands with him and leaving the ship with all sail set. Of course the squall took the three masts out of her, and that means ruin to me, for I've no money to spend on rigging her again.

"Thinking about this and my cousin at the big house in Ireland I saw it would be a nice time to blow the ship sky high, what's left of her, with the ten tons of powder stowed here in the tweendecks. But I waited because I thought it would be a waste of good powder to make such a grand explosion just for myself alone. That's why I'm so annoyed with that old mate of mine. If he hadn't taken himself and all hands away from here we'd have enjoyed the fireworks before this, but it's not too late yet, and if you're all ready I'll just set them off now. These barrels here, beside and behind the one the lantern's on, are full of powder, ten tons of it, and when I fire into it with the Colt in my hand it'll make the greatest hullabaloo you ever heard. All hands on board your ship over there will remember it to the last day of their lives. And we will, too. Now, are you all ready for the show to begin?"

He ran his glittering eyes along the line of rigid men, grinning with insane delight, pointed his gun at the nearest barrel and nodded brightly to the mate while the hammer of the gun began to rise under the slow pull of his forefinger.

* * *

Captain Barkley stood with the second and third mates on the poop of the *Welburn* and watched the mate and his boat crew go aboard the *Alexander*, scatter over the decks and finally enter the cabin one by one. That was the last they had seen of them, but the ship was not being delayed, since there was no wind, and there might be people in the cabin of the dismasted vessel who required assistance, therefore the skipper waited patiently for half an hour. At the end of that time, however, he began to feel puzzled and worried and considered the advisability of sending another boat to the strange vessel under the command of the second mate. He finally decided, though with some reluctance, to wait a few minutes longer.

In the dim tweendecks of the *Alexander*, Davy stood up and stepped suddenly in front of Captain O'Malley, moving with such speed and lightness that his change of position did not appear to take any time at all. A wild light flashed in the eyes of the madman as Davy stood close in front of him, the muzzle of the revolver almost touching his chest.

"Please, sir," he begged. "You can't do that."

Captain O'Malley stared at the boy with interest, the insane glare in his eyes giving place to a sly leer.

"And why can't I do that?" he inquired with assumed good nature. "Do you know any good reason why I can't do it?"

"Yes, sir," Davy replied earnestly. "I know the best reason in the world. You, yourself, will be killed if you explode that powder."

"Of course," Captain O'Malley agreed with a grin. "That's the best part of the joke. Everybody here will die, including myself. Still, I'm willing to agree it might be considered a good reason under different circumstances, so I won't shoot you where you stand, provided you get out of my way at once."

Even under the deadly menace of the madman's tone the boy did not flinch. He shook his fine fair head and the smile remained in his eyes.

"No, sir, please. You can't do that."

"Ha!" exclaimed Captain O'Malley. "Another 'can't' with a reason attached, I suppose. Let it be a good one, little apprentice boy, or you'll die where you stand without time to say 'And now I lay me down to sleep,' All right. I'm holding it. What's the second reason?"

"You're an Irish gentleman, sir, and you don't shoot boys in cold blood."

O'Malley stared at him while the mate and the men, their lives depending every moment on the wit and courage of the boy, saw the muzzle of the gun sink downward a trifle, but they made no move, knowing that the boy would be dead before they could reach the hand that held the gun. They stood balanced on their toes, every nerve and muscle quivering under the strain of waiting.

"Well, now, that's another good reason," said Captain O'Malley. "But don't you see that only an Irish gentleman could make such a magnificent play as this? Think of the spectacle it will make for the enjoyment of the men on your ship. Furthermore, I'm not going to shoot you in cold blood, my good boy. It's the powder I'm going to shoot when you get out of the way. And it won't be cold. So stand aside, or I'll have to shoot you first and then the powder, and you'll miss all the fun of the fireworks. Now, why don't you move? Ah! I know. It's because you have another reason. Well, let's hear it. Being Irish I like to listen to the gab of a boy that's kissed the Blarney stone."

"Sir," Davy replied. "Wouldn't you like to see the fireworks from outside? It'll be a grand sight, and you'll live to enjoy the memory of it. We could lay a train of powder from one of the barrels and light it when we go over the side into the boat. From there it would make a terrific spectacle."

Again the waiting men saw the captain's gun hand waver, but still it was not possible to make the flying leap the five men were ready for, without sacrificing the boy's life. The gun had to be out of line with Davy, pointing somewhere else, before they would move.

"You're the smartest boy at finding good reasons why I can't shoot. 'Almost thou persuadest me,' and before we start on that little trip together I'd like to know your name, m'lad."

"My name is Davy Duncan, sir."

"Davy Duncan," Captain O'Malley repeated. "Duncan's a Scot's name. But where have I read something about it? Aye, now I remember. It was in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Wasn't it now?"

"Yes, sir," Davy replied. "Duncan was King of Scotland and Lady Macbeth wanted her husband to kill him so that he could be king instead."

"Yes, that's the story. And what was it that Lady Macbeth said to her husband about the raven! Do you happen to remember that?"

"Yes, sir. She said: 'The raven itself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.'"

Captain O'Malley gave way to horrible silent laughter, a ghoulish glee that horrified the boy and almost robbed him of his courage.

"You see now, Duncan," he exulted, "you've condemned yourself. Or Lady Macbeth condemned you, for the raven would be hoarse, if we had one with us, that croaked the fatal entrance of yourself under my battlements, in a manner of speaking. But to give you your due, Davy Duncan, you've done pretty well. You're brave and you are sane. Aye, there's a wonderful clear sanity in your eyes, and I'll give you just one more chance to tell me a reason why I shouldn't set off the fireworks. I give you the word of an Irish gentleman that if you tell me the right reason this last time, I'll let you and the others go away in your boat, and I'll give you time to get clear of danger. That's a promise. But you'll have to think up a whale of a good reason, m'lad."

Davy stood straight and fearless, smiling at O'Malley.

"I'll tell you the true reason, sir, why you ought to let us go. You see, sir, I promised my mother I would go back to her safe and sound at the end of this voyage. I promised her faithfully, sir, and my mother said that a faithful promise has power to move the world. So you can't blow us up with that powder, sir, because then I couldn't go back to her safe and sound. I'd have to break my promise to my mother, and you know, sir, a fellow can't do that."

Captain O'Malley stared at Davy in startled silence, his gun forgotten.

"Love of God, boy!" he cried hoarsely. "How did you think of the one word in all the world that would stay my hand? Out you go. Over the side, all of you. Quick, now. I'll give you five minutes by the watch before I shoot the powder."

He stood aside with the gun behind him, and the mate came swiftly forward and took Davy's arm to push him ahead, but the boy turned to salute Captain O'Malley.

"Goodbye, sir. Good luck."

"Goodbye, Davy Duncan," the captain grinned in response. "I have all the luck I'll ever need in this world. It's in these barrels."

The mate boosted Davy up the ladder and stood aside for the men to follow before him. They ran up to the cabin and hurried in single file to the davits, jumped on the rail and slid down the tackle to the boat waiting alongside. All hands found their seats, lifted oars and pulled away from the doomed ship.

On board the *Alexander* Captain O'Malley stood with his watch in his hand, and when five minutes had passed he replaced it in his pocket, stepped close to one of the powder barrels and held the muzzle of his revolver almost touching the wood.

"Mother," he whispered into the shadows of the silent ship. "I'm keeping my promise to you, as Davy Duncan reminded me. Now that the madness is on me I'm leaving the world with no innocent blood on my hands. I'll be with you soon."

He fired into the barrel and the world exploded about him.

The men in the boat, waiting with bated breath, heard the muffled report of the revolver, followed instantly by a rending roar that shook the *Welburn* from truck to kelson and jangled every spar. Flames and fragments of incandescent wood and sections of her decks shot high into the air and fell hissing into the sea. Resting on their oars the men in the boat watched the ending of this tragic fire that had released the troubled soul of Captain O'Malley. His ship began to settle and went down swiftly amid sharp reports and billowing clouds of steam, leaving only a wrack of blackened embers floating on the surface.

The mate told the story to Captain Barkley, and spoke in such high terms of the part played by Davy that the skipper decided to give the boy a word of praise.

"Well done, Davy," he said.

Always Runner-Up

Continued from page 53

from start to finish. There isn't much chance to take it easy anywhere, and the scrambler has a lot less chance of getting somewhere than on a lot of other championship courses.

In 1934 I was right on top of my game. Woods, irons and putter were all working. When I holed out on the last green I felt I had finally broken the runner-up complex. Only Horton Smith, the tall Joplin Ghost, had a chance to beat me . . . and it didn't seem likely that he would be able to do it. But he began to crawl up on the back nine, and with two holes to go, needed 3—4 to nose me out by a stroke. Still, that is an assignment nobody would seek.

Horton hit a good drive at the seventeenth, but his iron to the green left something to be desired. His ball came to rest some twenty-five feet or more from the pin, and a putt of that distance on the rolling carpet looked like something just a little short of a mile. Now, I know as well as anybody else that Smith is one of the finest putters in the game, but even he wouldn't bet very much that he could sink one of that length at any given moment.

But he did . . . and the click of the ball as it flopped against the bottom of the cup sounded like a funeral knell to me. Of course, you can expect that sort of thing to happen once in awhile . . . but I began to wonder why it had to happen so often to me. As a matter of fact, in the same year Horton did almost exactly the same thing to keep me from winning the Louisville Open . . . but it didn't hurt nearly so much as what happened at Augusta.

The most rankling spot of the year, though, was the Professional Golfers' Championship. This is the most difficult test of them all . . . thirty-six holes of match play every day over a week against the best golfers in the world. I went to the final round, and found myself stacked against Paul Runyan, whom I had brought up from Hot Springs to be my assistant at the Forest Hills Field Club in Bloomfield, New Jersey.

For all his unorthodox style, Paul is one of the toughest fellows in the world to beat. That day he was scrambling. He was in trouble all the way around, but was chipping in from off the green and holing out impossible putts. When he came to the last green all even, our chips seemed exactly the same distance from the pin. The officials used a tape measure. Runyan was thirteen feet, six inches from the cup. I was thirteen, four.

To my way of thinking, Paul is one of the really great putters of all time. That day he was a miracle man on the green. He tapped his ball in, as I knew he would . . . and left me facing the hardest putt of my life. One of that length is no pushover even in a casual round . . . but when a championship hinges on it . . . well, situations like that give us grey hair early in life. I had to get that one down, or be licked again, and I banged it into the middle of the cup!

Since the P.G.A. Championship is at match, rather than medal play, we went on from there. The first extra hole was a par five, and I hit my second a dozen feet past the flag. Runyan's drive was short, and his brassie pushed into the rough a hundred yards from the green. Boy, I could hear bands playing and flags flying! No thought of Bob Peebles and the Kentucky Open. No memories of the runner-up bogey man . . . but Paul laid a niblick shot out of the cabbage dead to the hole for his birdie, and my bid for an eagle missed by about a sixteenth of an inch. So, it merely followed the general pattern of things when he nailed another long putt for a birdie on the thirty-eighth . . . and I was on the outside looking in again.

I am not complaining or alibiing. It just seems amazing that so many men should pull miracle stuff on me when it counted most. But the crowning glory, and the greatest miracle came in the Masters' Tournament the following year.

This time I had it in my pocket. The only fellow still on the course who had a mathematical chance was Gene Sarazen . . . and Gene needed three birdies on the last four holes to tie me. That might be mathematics, but it wasn't golf.

The fifteenth hole is a tricky par five, and the green is hidden behind the breast of a hill. Two good shots will get you home, but they must be very good indeed. Sarazen poked out a long drive, and found himself with a downhill lie on wet grass, some 220 yards from his objective. He used a spoon, and hit a magnificent shot. The bellow from the hidden gallery around the green told him he was close . . . but it wasn't until he trudged down the farther slope that he learned his ball had rolled into the cup for a double-eagle two! Three strokes had been chopped off par with that one

Continued on page 143

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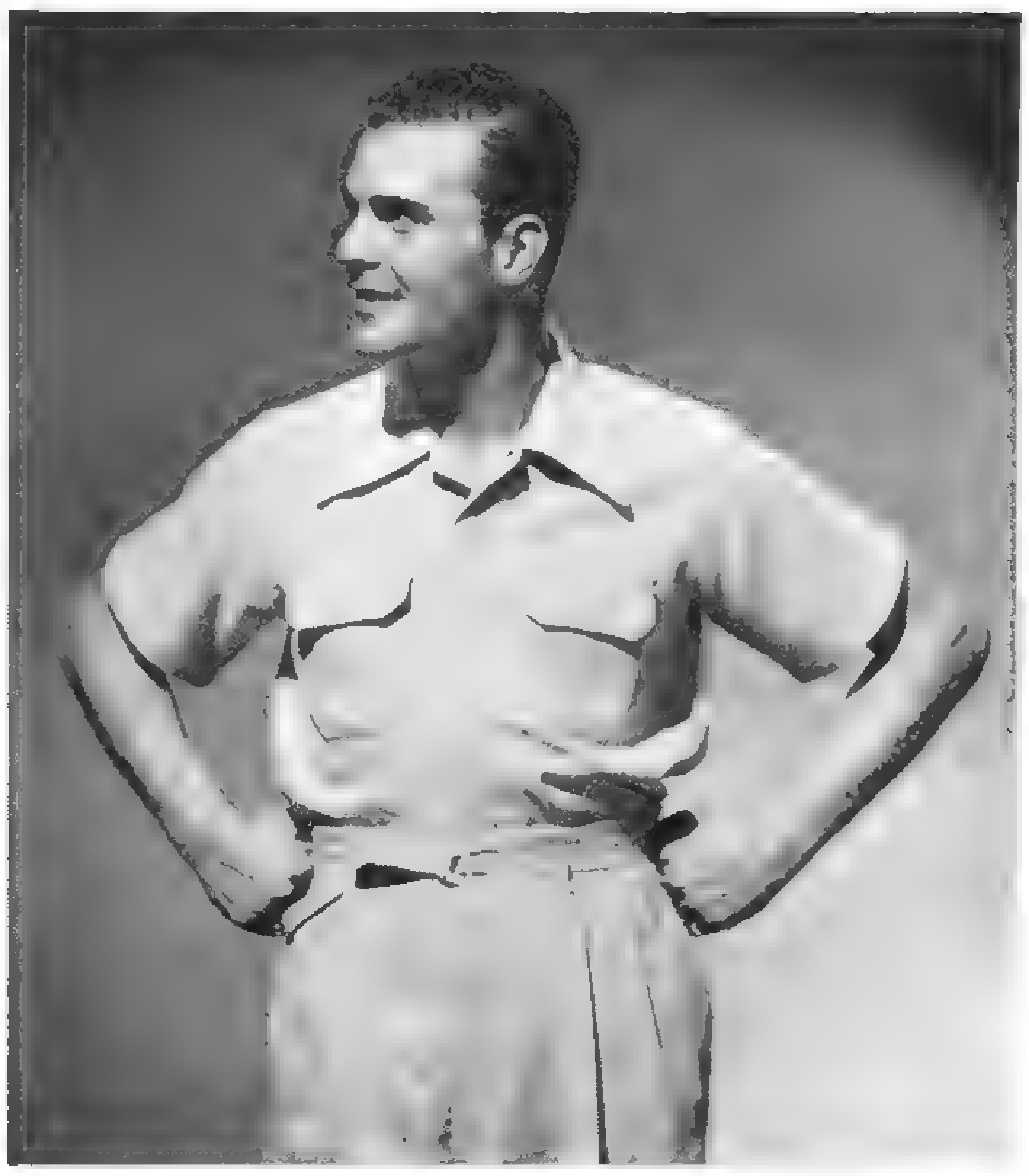

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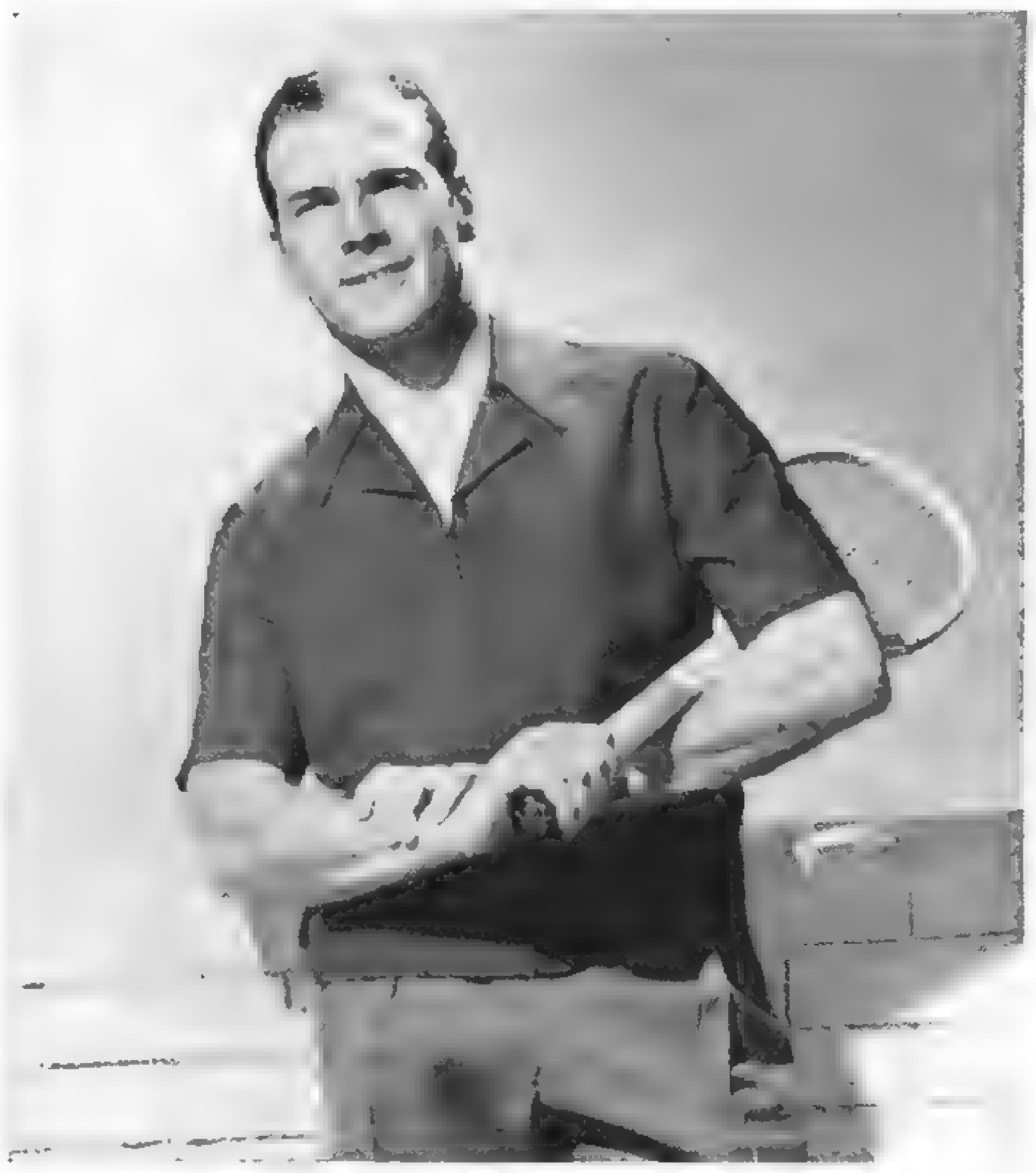
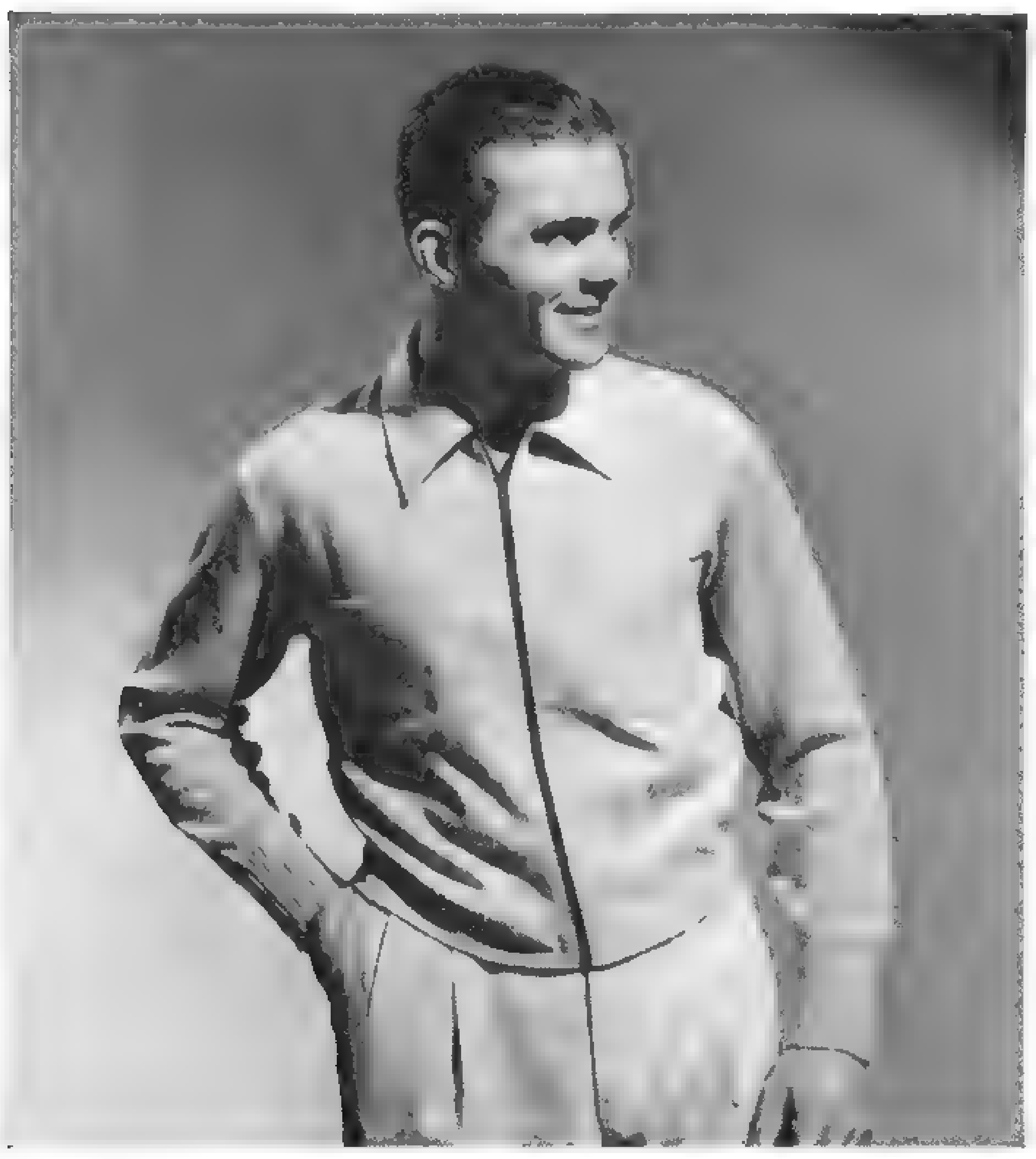
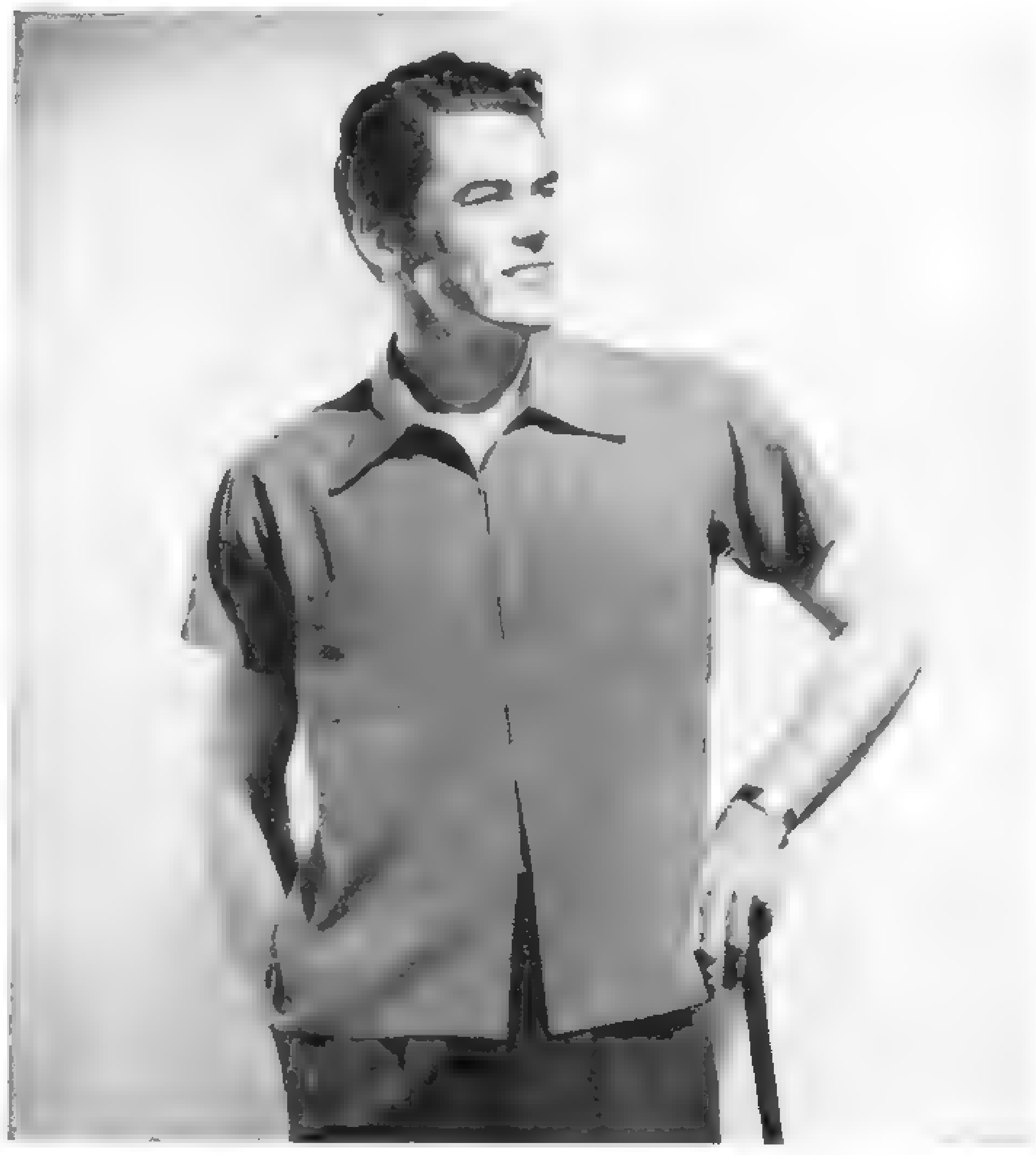


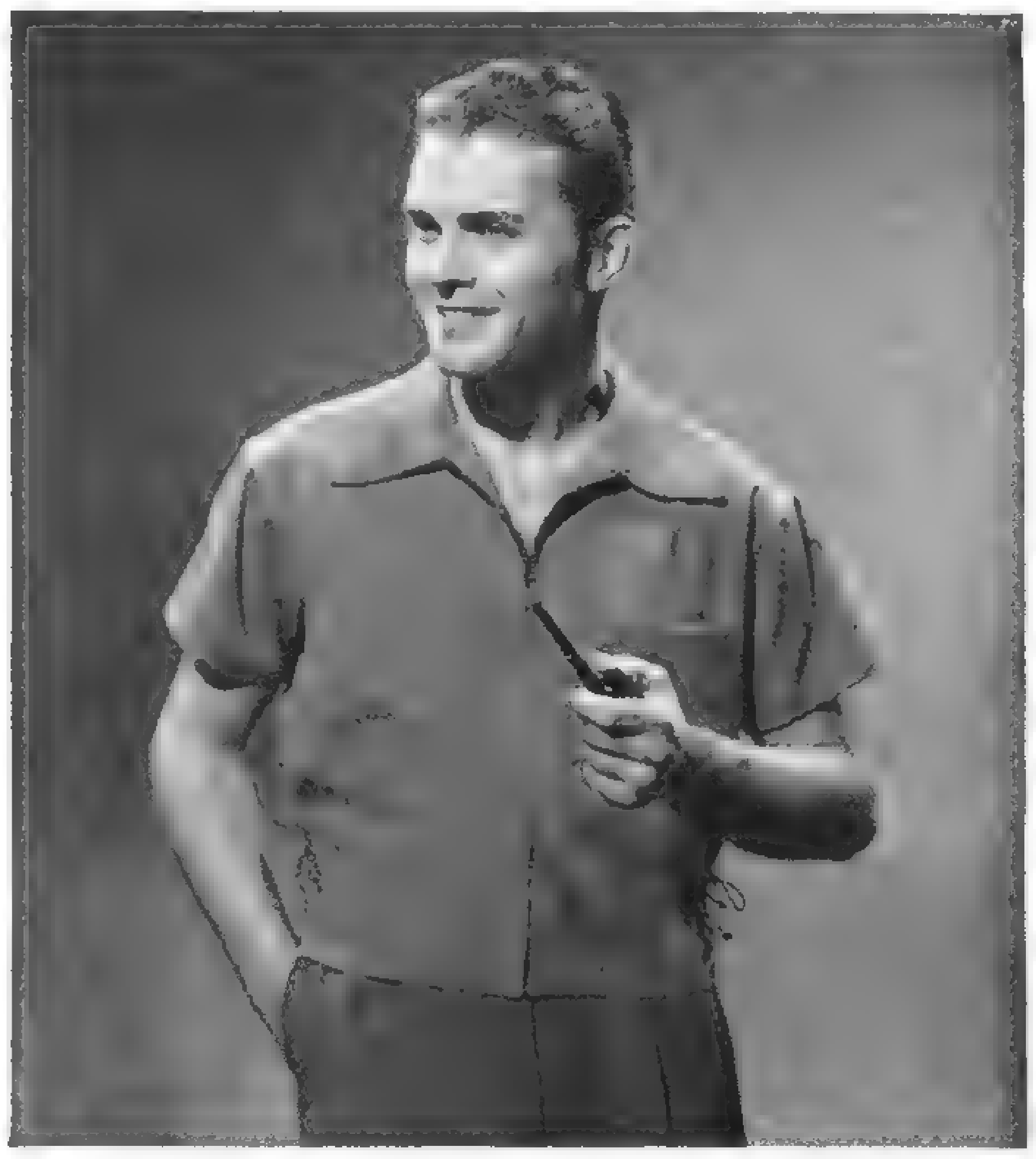
2. NOTE LAPEL TREATMENT—and slight waistline shaping. Convenient Talon slide fastener with "self-lock" which automatically fixes neck opening at any point. Shirt and slacks come in full color and fabric range.



5. FULL LENGTH KNIT SLEEVES AND BACK harmonize with woven fabric front in this shorter shirt. Available with separating Talon fastener in matching or contrasting colors. Ideal to wear with slide-fastened slacks.



4. A POPULAR SHIRT—made more popular with the separating Talon slide fastener and its exclusive "self-lock." The new Surcoat construction provides proper drape—ease in joining separating ends of fastener.



3. NEW SHORTER LENGTH . . . at last, a sport shirt that looks well outside the slacks—has adjustable waistline. The separating Talon slide fastener has the exclusive "self-lock" which locks automatically at any point.

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Always Runner-Up

Continued from pages 53-141

lusty belt. Even an eagle would not have enabled him to tie me, but . . . what would you say the odds against anyone's getting a deuce on that hole would be? A million to one? Nothing short of it. All Gene needed then was par the rest of the way in.

That one shot wiped out all the advantage I had gained, and Sarazen and I tied at the end of the seventy-two hole grind. Now, I'm a perfectly normal, average kind of person. When I get kicked in the face with something like that, it's bound to do something to me . . . just as it would to you. Gene played great golf the next day, and earned the victory . . . but I keep thinking that nobody in the world was ever beaten by a double eagle before. This runner-up business was getting to be a habit.

The Masters' Tournament was not the end of it. In the Metropolitan Open of 1936 I finished second to Byron Nelson. We played at Quaker Ridge, which is about as difficult a course as you are likely to find in quite a bit of travel. Henry Picard said he never saw two fellows play finer golf in his life, but Nelson nosed me out at the finish, though I don't think I hit a really bad shot all around.

In 1938 I was runner-up in three tournaments. Vic Ghezzi, another former assistant of mine, ran ahead of me in the New Jersey Open; Tommy Armour did it at Pinehurst, and Johnny Revolta at Columbia. And then just before the National Open last year I finished second to Harry Cooper in the Goodall round robin at Fresh Meadow.

I really came onto the top of my game toward the end of the Goodall Tournament. The National Open was due the following week . . . and I had a feeling that this was one time when I wasn't going to trail. And the four rounds I had played to tie with Shute and Nelson convinced me of it.

I thought of all these things while I was hitting my practice shots out there at Spring Mill. But I thought of other things, too. The law of averages, for one thing. It should balance up at one time or another. The fact was that, in my sixteen years of batting around here and there, I had won a lot of tournaments, too . . . the Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Francisco, Oklahoma, Galveston, Augusta, Hawaiian, the Lakes, in Australia . . . plenty of them. And Pine Valley, the toughest course in the world, probably, from the back tees, with an autumn wind blowing. The best professionals in America competed there, and I finished fourteen strokes ahead of the second man, Frank Walsh . . . setting a record no one has come close to matching since.

I figured that the jinx in National championships had to be broken, once and for all. I was hitting my shots perfectly. I was confident. And there was another thing. I wanted to win for my wife. It's a wifely prerogative, of course, to rib a husband when he falls short of what she expects of him, but mine had never done that. So, I wanted to pay her back in the only way I could.

Shute had beaten me in the British Open; Nelson in the Metropolitan. Now . . . in the biggest event of all . . . I was going to even the count. I figured, before we teed off, that Denny was the man I would have to beat . . . Denny, the solemn, and almost dour, who had twice taken the P.G.A. title.

As it happened, the hunch did not work out. Shute ran into trouble right from the start, and before we reached the turn I knew he was out of it. From then on it was a battle between me and the lanky, jittery man from Texas.

There never was a more exciting playoff since the old Scots began knocking a feather ball around St. Andrews. Par for the Philadelphia Country Club during that tournament was strictly synthetic. It was called a 69, but it was an honest 71 in any language, and with a strong wind blowing, almost anybody would be satisfied with par. But Byron and I were gunning for birdies all the way.

When we came to the last tee, I was leading by a stroke, and that stroke looked as big as a battleship in a creek.

The home hole is the only par five on the course. Two very long belts will get you home, or just off the edge, so birdies bloom ever so often. True enough, it was here that Sam Snead had treated himself to a ghastly eight that ruined his chances, but a four would give me a 67 and a victory . . . and that was what I expected to get.

Both Nelson and I hit good drives. The gallery was lined along both sides of the fairway, but I'm used to galleries, and they did not bother me. I took a spoon for my second. 'Way up there, surrounded by thousands of people in gay sports clothes, was the green. One more good shot . . . and I'd be home, and the runner-up tradition would be shattered at last.

I really laid into that ball, but it hooked off-line into the crowd. From the yelling, and the way people were milling around I knew someone had been hit. My heart went into my throat. But I tried to keep steady and show no concern. Nothing must shake me out of the concentration needed to win this championship. They carried the stricken man off as I walked up to my ball. He was unconscious and bleeding. I didn't know whether or not he was dying.

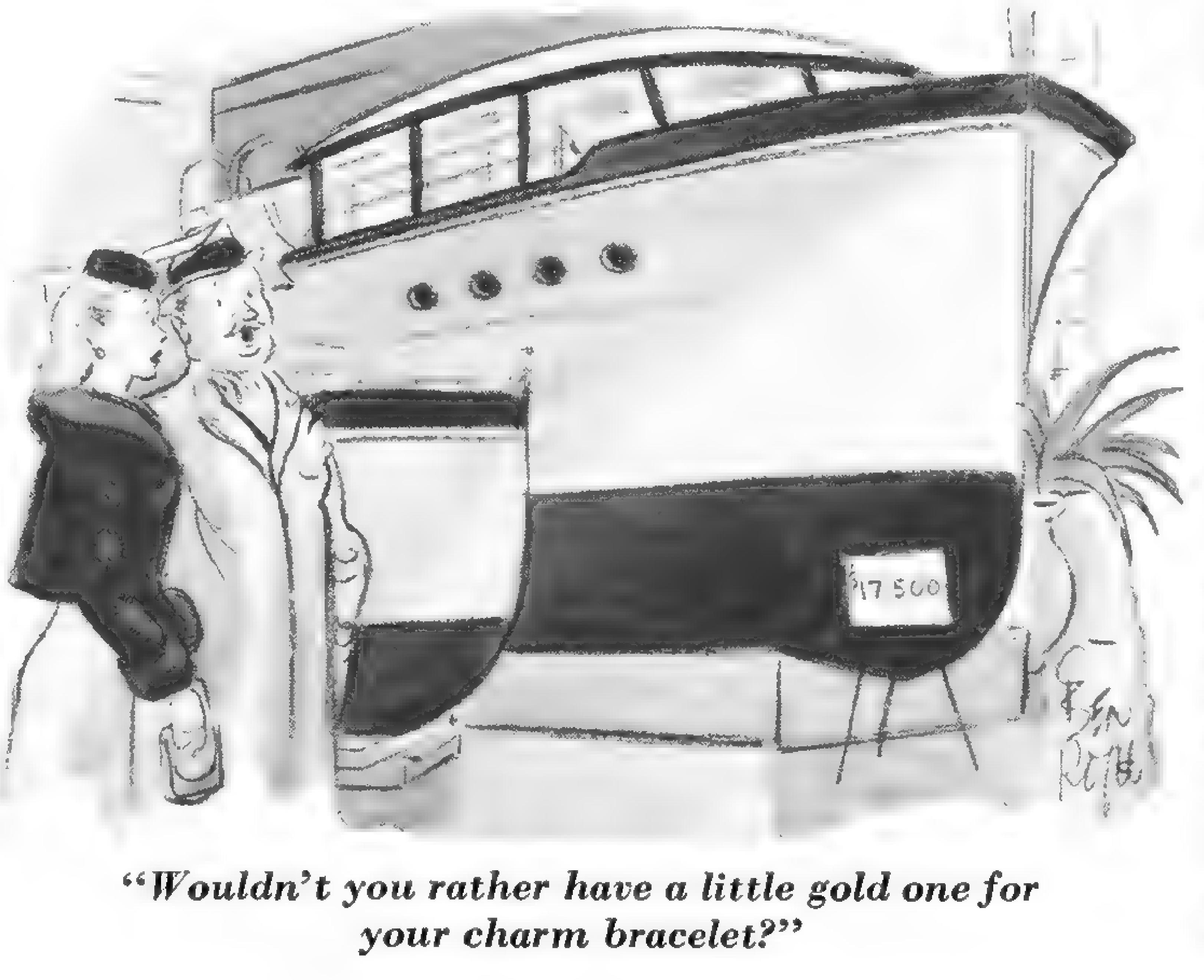
Now, I'm not offering an alibi. It is entirely possible that if my ball had not hit someone it would have skidded down the slope into a much worse lie. But even that would have been preferable to seeing the unfortunate man I had hit being carried away. I was upset, and I'll admit it. But there was a job to do. The pitch I hit up there probably didn't look as though I were bothered . . . for I jammed it to within six feet or so.

Byron dropped his putt for a birdie that gave him a 68 . . . and there I was with the six footer for a 67, and the championship. I don't think I'm a bad competitor . . . but that cup looked a mile away and as small as a dime. I hit the ball well. It went straight for the hole . . . closer . . . closer . . . and stopped an inch away. An inch that meant a championship! We were still tied, and would have to play another round tomorrow.

When I joined my wife afterward, she was crying. "Oh, Craig," she said, "I'm afraid it just isn't in the book for you to win."

"Nonsense," I told her. "Tomorrow's the day. I feel it in my bones." I honestly did, too. The sixteen years had not gotten me down.

But the old beldame still had her crossed eyes on me. At the fourth hole Byron was perhaps two hundred yards from the green after his drive. He chose an iron . . . and hit a beautiful shot that trickled into the cup for an eagle two! I thought of Sarazen and Johnny Golden and others, who had pulled that sort of thing on me, and began to wonder if it all hadn't been written into the book a thousand years before I was born. But I still hoped. There were a lot of holes ahead.



"Wouldn't you rather have a little gold one for your charm bracelet?"

At the ninth I began to see that the runner-up jinx was still hitched to my coattails. I hit a good drive there, and wound up in an almost unplayable lie. I had to hack at it with a wedge, and, as a matter of fact, almost cut the ball in half. On the tenth I chipped to within six feet, and my putt rimmed the cup. It wasn't jitters on my part. I was as cool as I am at this moment. There are just some putts that never were meant to go down, I guess. I've dropped a lot that meant something . . . and a lot more that didn't. It's just been my bad luck that the ones I wanted most were those that stayed out.

At the short eleventh, which is guarded by a brook, I hit a poor tee shot that landed in the water. I waded in, and blasted it out, but the putt would not go down, either. Then, for the first time, I admitted to myself that I was going to be a runner-up again. I give all the credit in the world to Byron Nelson. He won . . . and he deserved to win . . . just as Sarazen and Horton Smith and Runyan and all the rest did. The story is always written on the score card, which is the ultimate answer . . . but sixteen years is a long time to wait!

Still, I haven't quit. I am not a septuagenarian yet, and I'm playing better golf than in many seasons. If I keep in there, punching, as the fighters say, some of those championships that have eluded me will come my way. They are bound to.

There is one point, though, that I'd like to straighten out. An old golf saying sets the dictum that: "They don't pay off on second place." This is not entirely true. I have been paid off very well. I have one of the finest club posts in the world at Winged Foot in Westchester County, New York. I have been a member of three Ryder Cup teams, representing the United States in international matches with Great Britain. I have a bank account, and memories . . . oh, glowing memories! . . . and a confidence in the future.

You have to be a pretty good golfer to be second in this company . . . and the difference between a champion and a runner-up is very often no more than a putt that hangs on the lip of a cup. So, maybe in the not-too-distant future that putt will go down for me, and Craig Wood will no longer be the most notorious runner-up in golf. They called Bobby Jones that once upon a time, and then he proved them wrong . . . though he didn't have to wait sixteen years. Sometime or other I'll do the same . . . if I have to hole out spoon shots instead of watching someone else do it!#

Out Where the Jest Begins

Continued from page 73

a Mexican said, "My wife, *senor?* I theenk he ees one seeck son of a beech!"

Much genuine Western humor has its origin in the impulse to bring the high and mighty, the uppity, down to a common, human level. The instinct of these real individualists is to democratize everything. The dude, the dandy, the show-off, the person who puts on airs in any way, except in fun, becomes the butt of the jest. Comments are usually slow, cynical, realistic, but deadly.

A woman whose husband had made money and who in consequence became a climber, with all sorts of silly pretensions, returned to a Western town from California with motion pictures she had made. She showed them to a group of people she hoped to impress.

"This," she said, "is my brother's home and his gardens."

There followed some shots of a beautiful and extensive garden.

"Is your brother's name Huntington?" a cowman in the audience inquired. "The reason I ask is, the last time I was out to the coast the folks took me around to the Huntington Gardens over there in Pasadena. Only I was told Huntington was dead. Right nice pictures, though, anyhow."

This comment was made blandly, innocently, but with stunning effectiveness.

A man and his wife, traveling in the West, talked to each other only in French at a table where there were other guests. Their host, an Indian trader, listened for a time, then began to talk only in Navajo. Very soon the whole company was using English.

Two other travelers, well-educated, were discussing archaeology and anthropology at a ranch-house table. In their case, they intended no pretense; they were talking as they always did.

A cowboy said afterwards, "I'm educated myself, but I couldn't understand 'em. Honest, I thought they were talkin' German."

Westerners often refuse to credit the wonders of the world outside. An Easterner visiting a remote cattle ranch was telling about a banquet in New York. A cowboy listened gravely to all he said, doubtful though he was. But when the Easterner mentioned that the banquet cost five dollars a plate, it was too much for the cowboy, who visualized high stacks of dishes, each costing five dollars.

"Now I know you're lyin'," he burst out triumphantly.

A Westerner usually listens gravely, without facial expression, to anything he hears. After a time, though, if it becomes incredible, he says, "You're hurrawin' me."

An innocent-appearing young Westerner was able to convince a group of motion picture men on location—naïve when out of their Hollywood habitat—that he was a novice at poker. He was only eighteen, but he had probably taken up poker as a serious pursuit when he was ten. They played all night. When he had worn them down so that they were betting foolishly and their nerves were frazzled, he took them for a cleaning. Beginner's luck, he called it, poker-faced.

A famous archaeologist, quiet, soft-spoken, human, got along well with the people of the country and the Indians everywhere; they all liked him, found him companionable. His favorite answer, when asked what he was doing, was, "Just pottering around." But his young assistant, fresh out of Harvard, with an accent, was ridiculed up and down the country. Like the Indian, the Westerner is usually a shrewd judge of character; he recognizes the genuine, makes fun of the pretentious.

A pompous little man, in shorts, carrying a knapsack, turned up at a trading post. He announced that he was a psychiatrist from an Eastern college.

"Do you know what a psychiatrist is?" he inquired condescendingly.

"Why, let me see," the trader said, looking at him with blue-eyed innocence. "Why, that there is an escaped lunatic, ain't it, mister?"

There is often a literal logic in Western humor; the Indians, especially the Navajos, have this mental directness, too. For example, a trader, selling a rifle to a Navajo, said: "Why, sure it has power. You could kill a cow with that gun!" The Navajo bought it, went out, and tried it on the first cow he saw. The cow belonged to the trader; the Navajo assured him he had told the truth.

Two rich dudes, in an expensive new car, were on their way to Rainbow Bridge. They paused briefly before a trading post and shouted to the trader, "Phone down and tell them we made it this far!" Before the trader could speak, they went on. He spat and drawled, "If'n I had a phone, which I ain't—they been followin' the road for twenty miles an' never noticed there was no telephone line—I ain't awful concerned about the progress of their expedition. No, sir, worryin' about them is not goin' to keep me awake."

Speaking of the psychiatrist in shorts, a young artist and his wife also did the wilds in white shorts. Said a cowboy, "I wear 'em, too, but I'm scared to take off my Levis." Levis, of course, are the blue jeans made by Levi Strauss & Co. Cowmen more or less affectionately refer to Montgomery Ward as Monkey Ward, to Sears Roebuck as Sears Sawbuck.

Westerners are not easily impressed. If an important, rich or influential man appears in the country, they size him up merely as a man. A prominent lawyer, since risen to a position of political eminence, vacationed at a trading post some years ago. He's a pudgy little man, not impressive, rather ludicrous on a horse. When told how important he was, a cowman said mildly, looking him over, "I declare!"

The typical Westerner of the cow country is astonishingly observant. A stranger, riding through the country, paused for a few minutes at a chuck-wagon, then went on. A few days later an officer came through.

"Did you see a stranger around?" he asked.

"Yeah. Uh-huh."

"What did he look like?"

"Well, sir," the chuck-wagon cook drawled, "he was ridin' a dun horse with a white stockin' on its left hind foot, a loose shoe on the right, an' a X-Bar brand. Horse was a four-year-old. Had a mangy saddle, red an' white Navajo saddle blanket, two Navajo conchas on his bridle. The man was right around five eight, had on Levis an' a blue shirt, corduroy vest. Scar on his right cheek, runnin' down his neck inside his collar. Two-three days beard. A sharp-eyed man; eyes kind o' blue. Long nose, with the tip twisted to the left, like he was smellin' somethin' bad over there. Had on a J. B. Stetson hat, kind o' wore out, with a woven hair band. I didn't take a close look at him, but that's about how he stacked up."

The only time I ever had a loaded gun pointed at me in earnest was in a small Western town, where I had unavoidably got into an argument with a hot-tempered man. At the height of our exchange of pleasantries, he went for his gun. In telling about it afterwards, I said, "All that saved him was my wife. She called out to me, 'Don't hit him!' " A cowboy thought this over, then drawled his agreement: "She sure showed presence o' mind. Why, you might 'a' killed the pore feller."

A man and his wife, touring the country, got stuck in the deep sand. Hours later, a cowman came along in a rattle-trap Ford, literally a puddle-jumper; he had a shovel, of course, and dug them out. Asked later if he remembered them, he said slowly, "Yeah I do. They're another box o' cigars I never got." But he goes on digging tourists out of the sand and mud, year after year.

"How's your corn crop?" a rancher was asked.

"Not enough to make a gallon of good licker," he replied.

The humorous effect often depends upon the poker face, the slow, casual speech, the calm acceptance of things that would excite others.

A rancher, angry at being overcharged and dunned, strode into a big store in a Western town. He headed for the manager's office at the rear, ignoring the sleepy-eyed clerk.

"Where you goin'?" the clerk lazily inquired.

"I'm going to kill Pat O'Malley!" the rancher said.

O'Malley was the store manager. The clerk didn't change his restful pose. He called out casually, "If you need any help, let me know."

An Indian trader solemnly explained why a can of peaches cost ten cents more at his place than in the railroad town sixty miles away with one word, "Freight." When it was pointed out that the freight was only a few cents on a case of canned goods, he said blandly, "I've thought a lot about that. But the only way I can explain it is freight. If you can do any better, you go right ahead."

There may be something in the country itself that makes for calm nerves and slow speech. One typical man of the country, driving a washed-out mountain road, said with no acceleration of speech, "We're going to turn over." By the time he got to the first syllable of the last word, the car had overturned.

Once a motion picture company, on location in the Navajo country, picked up a man of the region to play a small part. He was slow-moving, slow-talking. The director was nervous, cocky, hard-boiled. The line of dialogue was: "Where do you want those machine guns put?"

The director instructed the amateur actor to utter the words quickly, like this: "Whered'you wantthosemachinegunsput?" "Snap it up! Snap it up!" he said. "You're excited, see?"

After ten rehearsals, the slow-spoken Westerner was still drawling: "Wheah—do you—want—them—machine guns—*put?*" The final word came out like a noise from a backfiring motor; that was his attempt to speed up. The director worked hard to get the man to talk like a city gangster, or a movie version of one; he did not realize that he had a chance to capture the authentic essence of Western speech and timing.

Much of the effectiveness of Will Rogers depended on his timing; most Westerners have the same thing and the Rogers' drawl and the Rogers' knack of poking good-humored fun at the high and mighty.

Charles Laughton reports that when he first worked in pictures, he envied the timing of Gary Cooper. An engaging trouper, if no great shakes of an actor, Cooper probably acquired it in his Montana days. Once a cowboy, once a Westerner, always. The stamp remains. Gary Cooper can dress like Marco Polo or a rich young man loose in Paris; he still belongs on a bronc.

By the same token, dudes can—and often do—rig themselves up in all the trappings of the West, from boots to sombreros, and nobody who knows the real article will mistake them for cow-persons. Let a cowman put on any garb—even, as I caught one doing, golf knickers!—and no one with savvy will take him for a retired banker.

A business man who punched

cows in Texas, many years ago, and has lived in cities since then, was talking in his office to a visitor. He hadn't said more than a few words when the other man asked, "What part of Texas you from?"

The indelible stamp is as plain as that.

Quite a lot of Western humor, in these days, is conscious. The Westerner is living up to his tradition and his literary character. He reads Western writers, some of whom have developed an outlandish lingo never heard on mesa or in canyon. Life is at its old business of copying art. Western clothing, always colorful and expensive, has also become somewhat influenced by the movie cowboys and the magazine illustrations. But Western humor has always been intentional. There seems to be something in the atmosphere, the landscape, the way of life that develops this special brand of dry, laconic wit, this slow, pointed speech.

A man who had grown up in a remote part of New Mexico went East to college, became a famous football star, later a football coach. Returned to the ranch, he gradually shucked most of the traces of Eastern influence and became again a man of the range, in clothes, speech and habits. He told tall tales, added to the extraordinary legend of the Lost Adams Diggings and was proud of his reputation as a champion liar.

A Westerner, so self-reliant and competent on his own range, is a little suspicious of outsiders; he hates to have his ignorance exposed, although he can take a joke when it is turned his way. A woman tripped into a trading post, one day, and asked whimsically, something of condescension in her tone, "Have you any fetishes—or fee-tishes?" The young trader, poker-faced, replied, "No ma'am, I haven't."

When she had gone on, he turned to me and said, "What in hell did she mean?"

"Those little carved animals the Zunis carry for lucky charms," I said. "You've got four or five in your showcase."

"Oh," he said, "I thought she wanted something for her feet."

An old-timer was once telling me something about a notorious bad man of other days. He spoke at some length of what the man had done—bank and train robberies, killings, escapes. But he didn't reveal the man himself.

"You knew him well," I urged. "What was he really like?"

"Well, sir," he said, "he was the politest man ever I knew. Had to be. If he wasn't all-fired polite, somebody might take exception to something he said and there'd be trouble. Natchally, he always tried to avoid trouble."

Perhaps the prize example of understatement is the comment of a famous old guide in the Kaibab on a local crime wave. Two wild young boys had gone through the country, committing robberies and winding up with a brutal murder.

"I don't know what's come over us," the old guide observed. "Folks ridin' through the country, breakin' the rules thataway."

Whether it takes the form of fanciful exaggeration or depends for its effect upon drawling understatement and slow timing, Western humor is a native growth, unique, flavorsome. To the connoisseur of humor who can drift into the lazy rhythm of Western ways, its study will be rich and engaging.

Almost always it contains a mild acid that corrodes pretense and cracks the shell of arrogance.

There is little that the Westerner takes too seriously. He is easy-going, tolerant and regards even his own misfortunes with something of detached amusement. Consciously or unconsciously, he still aims to live so that he can get up every morning, look the world in the face and tell everybody to go to hell—in a quiet, good-humored way.

It was a Westerner—it had to be —who, when asked what he had done during the Depression, replied, with an engaging combination of frankness and earnestness, "Mister, I et!"

He who drinks the waters of the Hassayampa is never again able to tell the unvarnished truth. Many Westerners seem to have sipped these waters, for tellers of tall tales—proud liars of the purple sage—are everywhere. When not engaged in fanciful exaggeration, they are equally adept at understatement; or in a combination of the two.

A Westerner recently said of a Senator from his State: "Why, I've knowed him all his life. The poor feller couldn't make a livin'—all he had was a gift o' gab—so some of us boys got together an' said, 'Let's send him to Washington, so's we won't have to listen to him.' We did, an', by gravy, he's been there ever since."

There is an oft-told tale that accurately suggests the spirit of Western humor. The mayor of a Texas town called on the Rangers to quell a riot. A lone, undersized Ranger got off the first train. "Only one Ranger?" the mayor yelled. The Ranger spat. "Only one riot, ain't they?" he shot back.

No such story, I think, has been told of the Royal Mounted, the F. B. I. or any force of policemen. It's amusing, yes; but it's more than that. One mild, soft-spoken, undersized Ranger often proved himself equal to such a situation; he was not speaking with bravado; he was merely expressing the quiet confidence of a man whose nerves are in good shape.

Humor of that type still rides the range, in the vast cow country that follows the Continental Divide from Mexico to Canada. Quite unlike urban, sophisticated wit, it is earthy, full of savor, masculine and meaty. It contains surprise and mockery.

Best of all, it is funny. So much humor is not. #

Bone Bending in the Jungle

Continued from page 68

was done, if he would show me.

He got up from his stool and led me to an open shed. Under the palm-thatched roof there was a small canoe. The hull of the canoe had been lined with clay, moulded to form a reclining seat from which two deep log-channels sloped. The black boy was lifted into the canoe. He sat in the seat hollow, put his bent leg in one of the troughs. The straight leg he rested on top of the clay form. Three old men came out of the medicine hut with gourds full of a white liquid which they poured over the bowed leg until it was entirely covered. Then from the fire the black pot was brought. The chief sniffed at its contents, then the mash was dumped into the canoe, over the boy's leg. The white liquid became dark, and an oily sheen came to the surface—oily and iridescent.

"He will sleep in the medicine canoe tonight," the chief said. "Tomorrow we will straighten the leg a little more."

I dipped my finger into the liquid. It smelled acidic. It was very oily. I looked at the empty gourds, picked them up and smelled them, hoping that I might recognize whatever it was they had contained before their contents had been mixed in the medicine canoe. But they were quickly taken away from me, carried back inside the medicine hut. "That's all that can be seen today," the chief grunted. "Tomorrow, before you leave, we will show you a little more."

Night settles quickly over the jungle. The red sunset faded from the sky before I had finished my dinner. For an hour the village was a blackout, in which only dim shadows could be heard walking and talking. Among themselves the medicine men spoke *deepi-talki*, a secret language known only to Djukas. Then the blackness began to lift, like a fog, as moonlight spread over the roof of the jungle and filtered brighter and brighter, through the trees. It was the night of the full moon. The village people hastened from house to house as the moonlight brightened, doing last-minute tasks. Then they went into their thatched homes and closed their carved wood doors. Only the old medicine men stayed outside—and each of them held a big palm leaf over his head like an umbrella, keeping his face in the shadow of the palm. The Djukas, like many other primitive races, are afraid of the full moon's light.

You laugh? You don't think the light of the full moon can do a man any harm? Well, maybe not, where you live, but down under the Equator the moon has a power over the earth and over man that is often astounding. It has a power far north of the Equator, too—only most of us never realize it. Most of us are not near lunatic asylums on the night of a full moon. Few of us have seen the devastation of a tidal wave. Not many of us camp out in wolf country and hear the way the wolves howl and whimper on a night when the moon is full. But I don't laugh. I've been with natives who could split *wallaba* blocks into thin shingles on full moon nights; at any other time *wallaba* can't be split at all. I've had a friend whose face was twisted, paralyzed the doctors later termed it, after he slept all night in the full moon's light.

Even the Djuka dogs crawled under shelters. Now and then a mongrel bayed dismally from the shadows—bayed at nothing, it seemed. I swung back and forth in my netted hammock, under the thatched roof. No drums were beaten. There was no dancing. The village at midnight seemed lifeless.

Shortly after dawn I went to the shed beneath which the bow-legged boy had spent the night. He was still in the medicine canoe. The chief and two aged practitioners of black arts lifted him from the slimy concoction and placed him on a rough table. I saw that the flesh of his warped leg was deeply wrinkled, like elephant hide. It was so flabby that it seemed lifeless meat on a bone skewer. The two old men pinioned the leg, ankle and crotch, with two stout pegs driven into holes in the table top. Then with their hands they pressed against the curve of the knee. Under the pressure of their hands the leg straightened, a quarter, then a half-inch nearer plumb. The medicine men padded the knee with cloth and tied it to the table with leather thongs, drawn so taut through other holes that the knee could not spring back. A woman came with a gourd of broth and some rice cakes. The boy stopped gritting his teeth and began eating. The chief and the medicine men returned to the carved hut.

I tried, when I thought no one was looking, to fill a bottle with the solution which still remained in the medicine canoe. It seemingly had the power to soften human bones. I'd take it back to civilization and have chemists study it. But a woman yelled a warning. The chief came hastily to the canoe, took the bottle away from me, ordered the canoe emptied.

"*E deepi sani!*" he exclaimed angrily. "*Deepi sani! Bahkra no sabbi!*" It was a secret thing, he quarreled, the white man would not understand it! That was his answer to every question I asked him. The medicine men covered over their pots when I squatted down outside their hut; they threw cloths over bundles of roots and baskets of dried leaves, so I could not study their ingredients in de-

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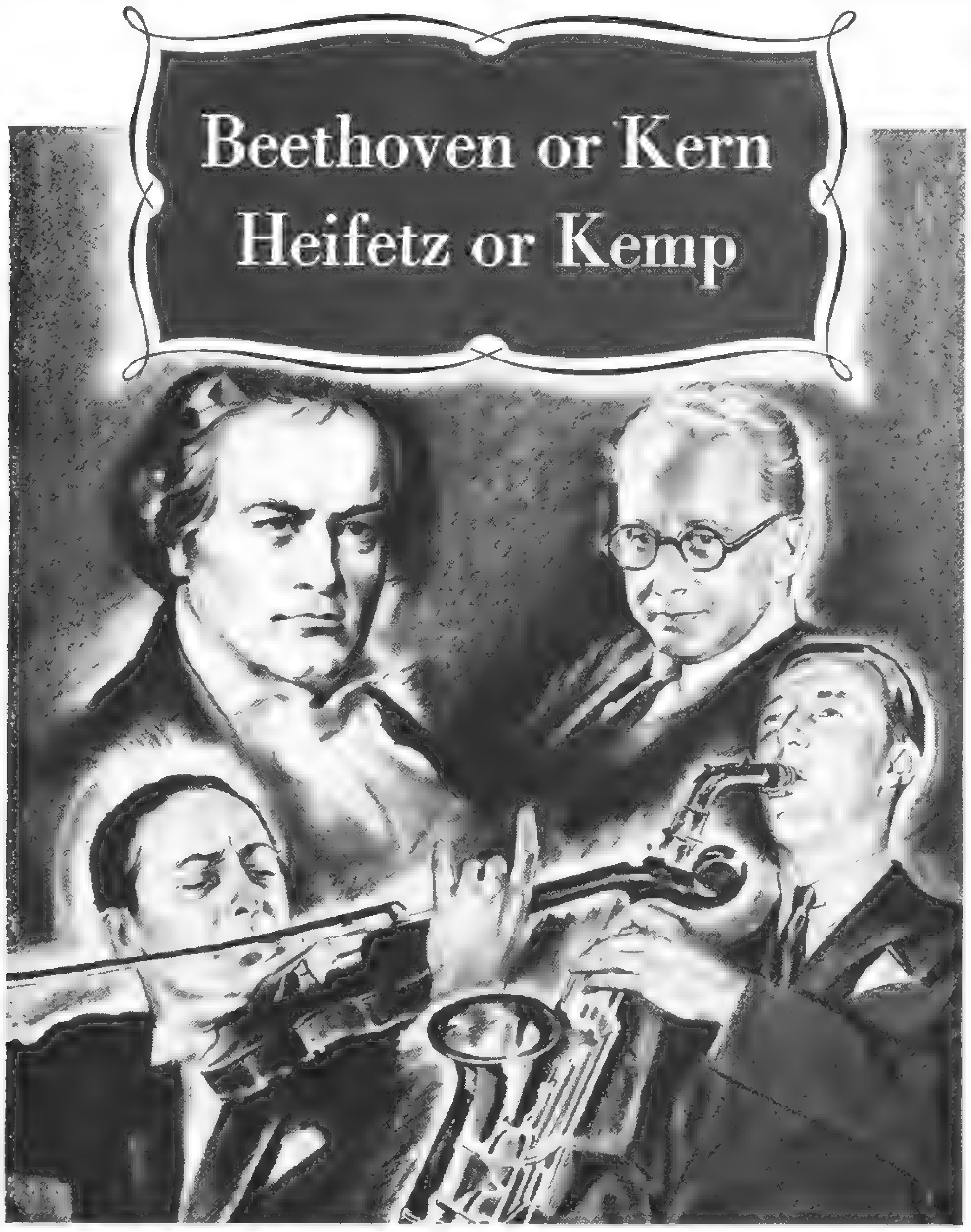

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Bone Bending in the Jungle

Continued from pages 68-145

tail. Some dried pieces of vine, some round purplish roots, some lumps of whitish gum, at least three different kinds of leaves. From such a primitive pharmacy could a bone softening solution possibly come? I asked myself that question over and over. I would postpone my river travel another day, stay in the village and see what facts I could discover.

I knew that primitive medicine men used many of the medicines civilization today accepts long before the white man ever discovered them. Look through a *pharmacopoeia*, some time, and you will see that most present-day drugs and medicinal preparations have their origins in roots, barks, vines, flowers, and minerals. I knew, also, that many of the largest medical supply organizations sent frequent expeditions to Africa and South America, so that their research men could study the things primitive tribes used and discover new plants that had medicinal properties. Sometimes the native doctors divulged the plants they used, often they did not. Jungle women chew a certain root and are relieved of pain at childbirth; the Aracanians of the Chilean interior know a plant that produces tribal abortions, when food is scarce; the Amazon Indians have a gum that quickly heals ulcers and running sores; they have a vine which kills fish and insects instantly, but can be eaten by man and animals. After long patience we know now what that vine is. It has been brought out to medical laboratories, analyzed. Its poison we now call *rhodonone*. Yes, it's going to be put to work by civilization as an insecticide. If enough of it can be obtained from the jungle, or from the new coastal plantations, rhodonone will replace arsenic compounds—and our lives will be made much safer.

But my eagerness to discover the ingredients of the bone-softening solution was not going to produce any quick discovery. The old chief, when I suggested that I would stay over a day and visit with him, announced that he was very busy. The paddlers, he said, had rested and they were ready to be off up river. *Ah-tu-den-du*, the Djuka king, had sent a messenger down river saying that he expected me before sunset. You seldom gain anything arguing with a primitive man. Patience often succeeds but impatience turns primitive friends into enemies.

The jungle river, draining an interior which no white man had explored, absorbed my attention as the thirty-foot canoe rounded each palm-lined bend. Fourteen black paddlers dug their broad blades into the water and threw spray behind them. Here and there along the banks Djukas fished with bow and harpooned arrow. At noon the paddlers spilled some of their rice and salt meat into the river before squatting down to eat; they made me throw a spoonful of beans and some of my tinned beef and crackers on the water also. The river god, they insisted, would be very angry if we did not give him a peace and friendship offering. I saw a snake, but could not shoot it. The serpent, they said, was *taboo*. It was taboo, also, to sit on the ground. Each man traveled with a small carved stool. The ground god didn't like to be sat on. Each paddler wore around his neck *obeahs*, charms against evil gods. I was given a necklace made of shells and pieces of anteater hair. The Djukas insisted that I put it around my neck; many of the spirits, they explained, didn't like strangers, were afraid of white men. My *obeah* would tell them that I was a friend, a *moi man*—good fellow.

At three o'clock we arrived at the Village-of-the-Devils. An acre had been cut out of the jungle, twenty small thatched huts, with façades of carved and painted wood, stood in the clearing. No human being lived there—only twenty devils, each a wooden figure housed in a separate dog house. The paddlers went ashore and put offerings on a central platform, and chanted a prayer. They made me leave a little rum and some tobacco.

"Why give presents to devils!" I said. "Give presents to the gods, surely. But devils are evil things!" At first I refused to humor them.

"*Goblo!*" they exclaimed. If a man passed up the devils something terrible would happen to him. The devils would be very jealous. *E-ya!* It was more important to give presents to the devils than to the gods; the devils were always plotting some mischief and it was only by giving plenty of presents that a man could be safe. They made me pour rum into a small gourd and empty half a package of tobacco on the platform.

When we reached *Ah-tu-den-du's* village the king sent word down to the river that he would receive me—as soon as I had time to put on my *dressi uppi* clothes. The paddlers hastily bathed in the river and prepared themselves for entrance into the village. From their traveling sacks they took bright-colored togas which they tied around their shoulders like Roman gladiators. They put on red, blue, yellow, and green loincloths. I took out of my duffle bag a pajama suit which I had had made on the coast out of rainbow-colored cotton. I felt very foolish getting out of my boots and into such a regalia, but the ceremony of friend-meeting-friend was bound by many jungle conventions. I gave my bag of presents to a paddler and we climbed up the ridge to the waiting village. There was *Ah-tu-den-du*, black face grinning, dressed in an old Dutch Admiral's uniform. The Dutch officials had presented it to him on his last visit to the coast—a visit which he or his underchiefs made annually to collect the peace-money tribute from the white men.

I gave my presents first, then shook hands. He admired my pajamas. I admired his gilt epaulets and brass buttons. He looked very funny, but so did I. He had set aside a clean house for me. Anything else I wanted would be provided, he announced. His hospitality was due to the fact that I had come up the jungle river to make a profitable deal with him, a deal that involved one thousand mahogany logs.

"Yes, there is something else you can do for me," I suggested as we sat on our stools and sipped rum and lime. "In the Village-of-the-Gods there are medicine men who make a medicine that seems to straighten bent legs. Is that true?"

"*E-ya!*" he nodded. "Our medicine men are very wise!"

"The chief medicine man mixes leaves and roots and vines—and maybe other things—into bone medicine," I said. "Order him to tell me what each thing is, give me samples, to take to the coast."

"Medicine men can't be ordered around!" he grunted. "Not even by me. It is their secret. Can you go to your medicine men, your white man's medicine men, and order them to tell *you* what's in their little bottles? No! I hear the white medicine men won't answer questions. My son became sick once on the coast. A white medicine man came to see him. He had many little bottles in his bag. He wanted to make him drink from a spoon. My son asked what was in the medicine. The white medicine man said: drink it quick and don't ask questions! What did our medicine men say to you?"

"*Goblo!*" I laughed. "He said the same thing!"

I arranged for the mahogany to be cut, shipped down the river with balsa rafts. I did everything I had come up the river to do. But not one item did I learn about bone bending. I offered bribes but they were without result. Nobody but the medicine men knew the secret. *Ah-tu-den-du* said that even he, who had once been a little boy with bent legs and had them straightened, didn't know how the native doctors made their bone-softening medicine.

I stopped in at the Village-of-the-Gods on the way down river, two weeks later, and the boy's legs were straight. His knees touched, as he stood facing me. His ankles touched each other. He would stay with the medicine men for another two weeks the chief said. His mother and his father would come, bringing chickens, ducks and the new canoe. That was as it had been agreed.

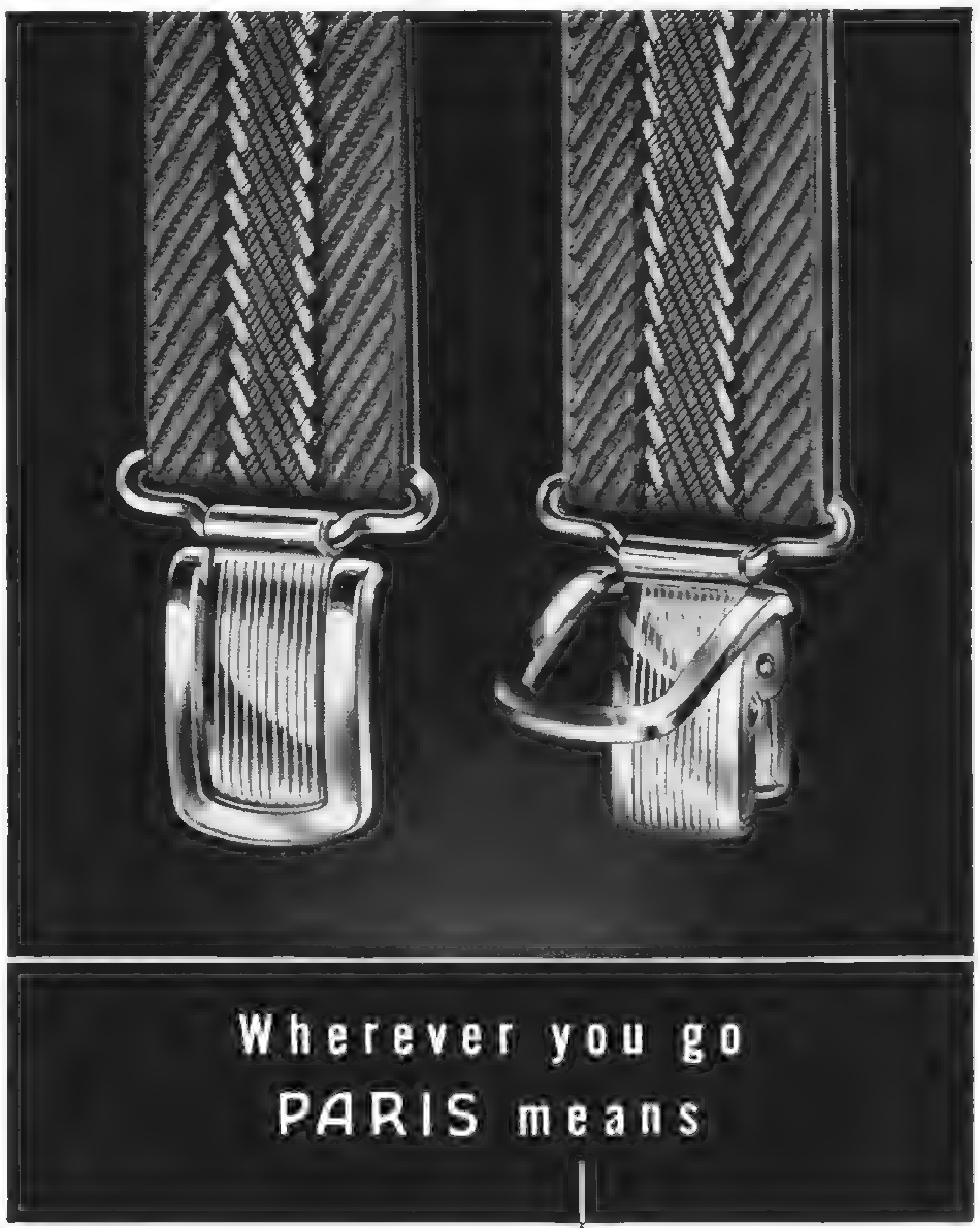
"How many legs have you straightened?" I asked.

"*Goblo!*" he snorted. "Can you count the ants in a tree!" He snapped his skinny fingers loudly. *Many, many, many* bent legs had been made straight, he said. And *many, many* feet and hands had been straightened also.

Two weeks later I was on the coast. I sat with the chief medical officer of the government hospital. He had given me an injection to guard against the chance that I had caught yellow fever while in the jungle. The little Dutch town at the mouth of the muddy Surinam was like a bit of transplanted Holland. Overhead the Brazilian Clipper hummed as it came in over Devil's Island and nosed down for its four-minute mail and passenger landing. "You know," I said, finally getting up courage enough to say the thing I thought he'd laugh at, "I saw a very strange operation up there, in a Djuka medicine village. I saw a boy's bow-legs being straightened—being *bent* straight. I know you won't believe it, but I *saw* it!"

"*Ya!*" the Dutch doctor said. "We know about it. They use some solution that softens the bone, makes it pliable like bamboo," he added. "*Ya!* The American Consul had a Djuka orphan boy working with him. His father was killed in the rapids coming down the river with logs. The boy stayed in the town, worked for the Consul. His legs were very bowed—there was eight inches between the knees when he stood up and put his ankles together. *Ya!* That's a fact. Then one day the boy disappeared, went up the river we guessed with some Djukas who were returning from the coast. We didn't see him for a year. When he came to town again the Consul called me over to his house. *Ya!* The nigger's legs were as straight as yours. I made X-ray pictures to see if the leg bones had been broken and reset, to study the texture of the bone. The bone hadn't been broken. We tried to find out just what the medicine men had done. He told us they had dipped him in a hot solution, kept him sitting in it for days, then put him on a table and *pushed* his legs straighter and straighter. That's all we could get out of him. The American Consul said he was going to report it to some medical association."

Well, as I said in the beginning, I am a skeptic. I don't *like* to believe in magic, or magical compounds. Most of the jungle magic I have seen is pure tommy-rot—believed only by primitive, uninformed, minds. White men don't believe in river gods, don't wear *obeahs* to keep the evil spirits away, don't hold umbrellas over their heads on moonlit nights to keep the moon from screwing up their faces, or brains. White men have science, instead of *voodoo.* But I can tell you this: If I were a bow-legged or knock-kneed man and didn't like the way people laughed at me I'd get on a boat and go to Dutch Guiana. I'd go up the wild Surinam, into the Djuka country. I'd go to the Village-of-the-Gods, and sit in the medicine canoe. No matter how primitive, and crazy it sounds, I'd bet that the Djuka medicine men would do something no civilized doctor can do . . . bend my bones until they were straight. You see, I've *seen* them do it! #



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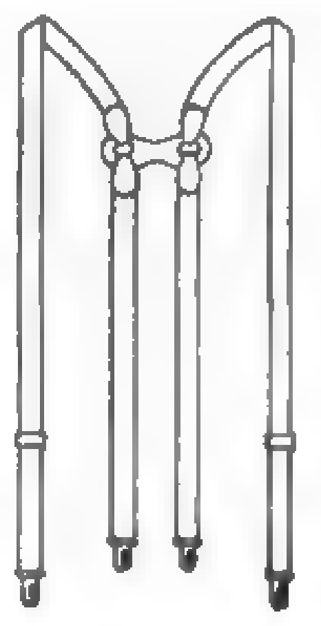

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 80

the American Lyric Theatre, relieved J. K. Lilly, Indianapolis philanthropist and pharmaceutical czar, of $50,000. Exploiting his high regard for Stephen Foster, they put on Broadway a syrupy, sixth-rate pot-pourri of Foster melodies called *Susanna, Don't You Cry;* in return he financed a couple of modern mediocrities. Lilly brought a trainload of friends from Indianapolis, but the venture sank when criticisms were published and he refused to put up more ante.

To cement further the understanding between Germany and Japan, the Vienna Choir Boys were shipped off to Yokohama from Los Angeles. The thirty kids, ages 9 to 16, gave concerts around the islands and made frequent Japanese radio broadcasts. At home, the German ether has been full of recordings of Japanese folk songs . . . The Nazis have organized their entire female population into women's clubs. A popular group is called RICHARD WAGNER ASSOCIATION OF GERMAN WOMEN . . . Artur Rodzinski scored sensational success presenting Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mzenk* at the Met Opera House . . . Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior quarreled and made up . . . LAURENS HAMMOND's *Novachord* started a revolution in home music making.

* * *

EMMA EAMES, OLIVE FREMSTAD, EVA GAUTHIER, GERALDINE FARRAR, EMILIO DE GOGORZA and other stars from The Golden Age of Song commented on their own discs over New York's WQXR . . . Nazis refused to produce Richard Strauss's *Friedenstag* because the librettist, Stefan Zweig, was Semitic. Simultaneously, they sent to the Paris Exposition as representative German art *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Rosenkavalier*, both with librettos by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, a Jew . . . Graduation exercises featured musical programs by artists and orchestras of outstanding merit: George Washington University dispensed with superfluous oratory and hired Gladys Swarthout instead . . . Alexander Kipnis, who should have been there ten years before, was invited to the Met . . . Largest crowd in American history to attend a concert gathered in Grant Park, Chicago, to hear André Kostelanetz and his frau, Lily Pons.

The couple traveled in James Petrillo's armored car. Miss Pons had had an experience with crowds. Four husky muggs parked in her Newark, N. J., dressing-room and handed her this card:

GANGSTER'S SQUAD.
NEW JERSEY STATE POLICE.

KATE SMITH kept on putting the *Moon Over The Mountain* . . . THE PHILADELPHIA OPERA COMPANY produced a practical plan for native opera ensembles of a kind developed in Europe centuries ago. Promoted by the twenty-year-old Philadelphians who made *Youth Concerts* famous, SYLVAN LEVIN's gang had 2,000 season subscribers before rehearsals started. Its singers, drawn from the Philadelphia area, must either live or study there; in one opera they sing a leading role, in the next, understudy a small part. At last our young singers can gain experience in actual performance—and next season one young American will hear his opera produced . . . *Good Night Sweetheart, Time on My Hands, Body and Soul, Star Dust, Brother Can You Spare a Dime, Tip-Toe Through the Tulips, Little White Lies, The Music Goes 'Round and Round, Boo-Hoo, Three Little Fishes, Begin the Beguine, Flat Foot Floogie, Stormy Weather, Deep Purple, Moon Love, Over the Rainbow* . . . faded across the ether.

EUTERPE TOOK A JOLT at the New York World's Fair. Recitals sponsored in a new air-conditioned Hall of Music played to empty houses. Grace Moore grossed $197. Jan Kiepura, $91. Music Director Olin Downes resigned. *The Hot Mikado* filled 2500 seats and hung out the S.R.O. sign twice daily . . . Leopold Stokowski flopped in Paris, had a lukewarm reception in Stockholm, Garbo's hometown . . . Robert Virovrai knocked New York critics into the aisles . . . The non-union Boston Symphony—in connoisseurs' opinion, the country's best—has long been without a radio outlet. Sponsors and networks shy away, not wanting to offend the Musicians' Union. The Union, now considering a ban on their recordings, stopped their participation in ASCAP's Carnegie Hall celebration. Dr. Koussevitzky, not to be trifled with by New York barbarians, presented his own program of American compositions in Boston.

* * *

With *One Night of Love*, Grace Moore boomed Hollywood musicals. Too many re-takes of the same tale left her with a turkey: Carpentier's *Louise* . . . Serious music hours on radio networks tripled during the decade . . . Society women on New York Lewisohn Stadium Concerts Committee succeeded in re-routing airplane traffic during concert hours. They then tackled the Fire Department . . . Lauritz Melchior, appearing in rehearsal for the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, wore his twelve medals.

That night at the concert, one member of the orchestra appeared with twelve V-8 buttons plastered across his front . . . Uncle Sam's Federal Music Project presented 6,772 compositions of American composers, born or living in this country, to an estimated 128,268,000 persons.

New York recitalists favored Schubert. After him: Brahms, Schumann, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss. All five are Germans. Sibelius was the most sung of the non-German composers . . . Conductorial discovery: Massimo Freccia. Havana orchestra grabbed off the young Florentine, who holds promise of being Toscanini's successor . . . Josef Hofmann, who opened the New York World's Fair Concerts, was asked to open the Hollywood Bowl, Ravinia Park Concerts, the Town Hall recital series. Said he: "I have had to play fifty-two years to become a musical janitor."

* * *

When the fierce strain put by critical work on my powers of attention makes it necessary, in the middle of the season, to allow my mind to ramble, I sometimes wonder if:

DEANNA DURBIN will succeed in concerts . . . HOROWITZ will make a smash comeback . . . EDDIE JOHNSON has full say at the Met . . . KOUSSEVITZKY's clothes are tailored by Lanvin . . . Television will come to life . . . JOSEF HOFMANN still puts cotton in his ears when he plays . . . ARTHUR JUDSON likes music . . . PAUL CRAVATH, Chairman of the Met Opera Board, will continue his music appreciation lessons . . . The next DISNEY film will contain half the music STOKOWSKI recorded for it: Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*, *Eine Feste Burg* and *Toccata and Fugue* of Bach, excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, Moussorgsky's *Night on a Bald Mountain*, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, the *Vienna Woods* waltz, *Claire de Lune* and *Fêtes* of Debussy, condensation of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* and Beethoven's *Pastorale* Symphony.

Top-salaried concert artist for 1940 is NELSON EDDY . . . The D.A.R. fracas made MARIAN ANDERSON a bigger draw than TIBBETT, FLAGSTAD, HEIFETZ or MENUHIN . . . Rarest record collectors' items are the legendary discs of JEAN DE RESZKE . . . The best concert halls in the world are, as JOSEF HOFMANN says, the Colon in Buenos Aires, Gewandhaus in Leipzig, Salles des Noblesses in Moscow, Woolsey Hall in New Haven, Salt Lake City Tabernacle . . . The World of Tomorrow will again be full of strange sounds: mechanical moos at BORDEN's, nightingales in FLORIDA, testy leghorns and squawking geese and the pig in FIRESTONE's barnyard . . . Plays ending with music have a better chance with Pulitzer Prize judges. In *Idiot's Delight* the curtain fell on *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. In *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, it was *Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! His soul goes marching on.*

BARBIROLLI will conduct the New York Philharmonic-Symphony's 100th anniversary season . . . ARTURO TOSCANINI took as long to rehearse and record Paganini's five-minute *Perpetuum Mobile* as he did Beethoven's *Eighth* Symphony . . . STOKOWSKI is afraid of RACHMANINOFF.

Cops Are Lousy Marksmen!

Continued from page 51

week. Not because they come from Texas, have red hair or were born under Saturn—but because they have been properly trained and are compelled to maintain a standard of proficiency.

Unquestionably, the finest marksmanship course among the country's law enforcement agencies is that laid down by J. Edgar Hoover for his G-Men, 75 per cent of whom rate as Experts. Which, if you aren't familiar with shooting ratings, is one grade above Sharpshooter and two grades above Marksman, the lowest medal-winning class.

Naturally, this course begins with target shooting in which the man masters such fundamentals as breathing, stance, sighting, trigger squeeze, etc. After he and his .38 caliber revolver become a part of each other, he then proceeds to explore the possibilities of the .38 automatic, the .357 Magnum, the .45 automatic, the .30'06 rifle, the .351 autoloading rifle, the .45 "Tommy gun," the riot gun and the gas gun.

After sufficient machine-gun practice in the light he learns how to load and shoot in the dark. And after he's been through the mill on the indoor range, he goes over to Quantico and adds to his repertory such useful things as shooting machine guns and rifles from moving automobiles, shooting at "bobber" targets or at man-size targets under the variable conditions of outdoor illumination, and many other angles of practical marksmanship.

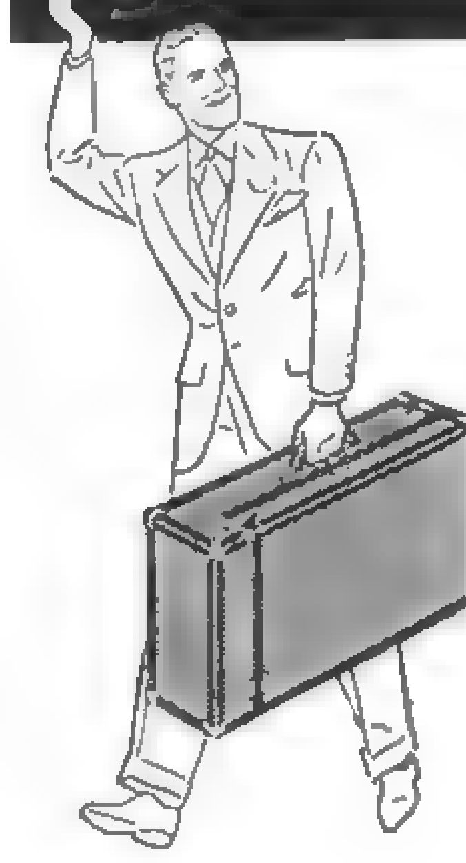
With such training—*and periodic retraining!*—it was simple for these lads to mow down the Brady Gang in Bangor, Maine, not long ago, without scratching one of the scores of early shoppers who were on Central Street at the time. Incidentally, all but two of the FBI men's bullets were accounted for in a later check-up—which is something when you consider that sub-machine guns were used.

Without taking anything away from the men who did it under fire, the basic credit for that kind of shooting must go to the Director himself who has pretty nearly made a fetish of marksmanship. "There is a definite need for improvement in this phase of policing," Mr. Hoover told me recently, "even though recent progress in police marksmanship has been significant. The modern peace officer is coming into daily contact with criminals who shoot to kill without a moment's hesitation or even without the slightest provocation.

The most desperate criminals of the past few years have been those whose continued freedom meant so much, in view of the serious charges against them, that they would stop at nothing to remain at large."

The police know this, for none of the important public enemies is removed from circulation before he has killed a half-dozen cops at least. The notorious Jones-Lewis mob alone, pioneers in modern

Continued on page 150



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Cops Are Lousy Marksmen!

Continued from pages 51-149

banditry, set the style by killing thirty-nine peace officers among them before they were eradicated, chiefly because they gave more serious attention to their armament than their pursuers did. Still a good many police executives haven't learned the lesson yet.

The outstanding exception, of course, is the Los Angeles Police Department under the far-sighted administration of Chief James E. Davis. A crack shot himself, Chief Davis has been a hellion for marksmanship among his men ever since he took over the force. Every one of the two thousand or more members of the Department, including policewomen, must report twice a month at the range and fire at least 40 rounds. And the rookies who come through the training school take an extensive marksmanship course.

Shooting from the hip at five different targets as you advance; shooting from a quick draw, Western style (which is very different from movie stuff); shooting with either hand from behind barricades in a sham raid—or at moving targets in the dark—or at surprise targets which pop up unexpectedly—all of this is part of the rigorous course. You've got to knock off a score of 300 out of a possible 400 in this last test in order to qualify. And it is interesting to observe that the preliminary training is so thorough that the average rookie is shooting a 375 or better before he's through.

Is it worth it? Well, fifteen years ago, according to Chief Davis, the police toll stood at one dead cop for every bandit killed. Today the figures read *twelve bandits for each officer.*

All this is not to imply that there aren't any good police marksmen anywhere else. Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Denver have pretty good records, and other cities are turning out championship police pistol teams who are anxious and able to give the two Los Angeles teams a run for their money. Gun fans are quite familiar with the names of such crack-shooting cops as Reeves and Hemming, of Detroit; Yanick and Spavor, of St. Louis; Baldwin, of Miami, and others. Indeed, you begin to appreciate what good police shooting can be when you see a fellow like Patrolman Harry Reeves (of Detroit) set a new world mark of 183 at fifty yards in the .45 caliber match at Camp Perry—or shoot thirty straight tens in another timed fire match.

This means 30 hits at 25 yards in a black spot a shade larger than three inches at a firing rate of five shots in twenty seconds. But these sterling performers are generally picked men; the exceptions, not the rule. And while the Los Angeles teams are naturally the pick of the force, too, it is still true that the rank and file of that department probably includes more Sharpshooters than any ten departments of comparable size.

There is no reason why any other group of policemen cannot attain this same high level because there is nothing secret about the method. And certainly if our police administrators lack the vision or initiative to bring about this much-needed improvement, then it behooves the taxpayers to supply the spark. Whatever the cost may be, it will come back many times in the elimination of premature pensions to police widows. Beyond that, the mere fact that Los Angeles reports a 70 per cent drop in crimes of violence since its cops learned to shoot is eloquent enough in itself.

Conceding the fundamentals, the rest is mere detail. If your department's budget is so skimpy that it can't afford to buy practice ammunition—and its men too poorly paid to afford it themselves—then some civic organization could well invest in several thousand rounds, plus a hundred dollars in a good quantity reloading machine. The men can then reload their used shells at about one-quarter the cost of new ones (or have the city jail prisoners do it as in Los Angeles!) and thus the main obstacle to continued practice is removed.

In a real economic pinch, half or three-quarters of the range shooting might be done with .22 caliber stuff at about one-fifth the cost of .38's, shooting fundamentals being the same. For although it is preferable to have each man do all his shooting with the gun he carries, it's far more practical to practice with a .22 than not to practice with a .45.

In most communities outdoor ranges can be rigged up in safe locations by the department's own handy men or by WPA labor using scrap materials discarded by local industrial plants; in congested localities more formal indoor ranges will be necessary, but they can certainly be cut to fit the purse. In many cities, too, ranges already exist in private clubs (there are at least 3,000 of them affiliated with the National Rifle Association alone), in colleges, in Federal buildings, and in state armories from which, incidentally, the bandits steal so much of their equipment!

In short, finding the means and the place to shoot safely is no problem. Thousands of high school clubs have solved it, so it shouldn't be difficult for our astute police commissioners.

Of course, it's nice for the men if target practice on department time is feasible, and often it is. Sometimes it can be worked half on the men's time and half in their working hours, but the vital thing is to get it done. Certainly men who can't meet a reasonable scoring requirement of, say, 85 or 90 on the tyro's L Target at 25 yards, ought to be compelled to practice on their own time until they make the grade. And when the inevitable howl of protest goes up from the stick-in-the-muds, remember that the rest of us have to perfect ourselves in our jobs at our own expense.

On the other hand, men should be graded on their performance and medals awarded for the standard classes, Marksman, Sharpshooter and Expert. It should be compulsory to wear these medals on duty, and the winning of each one should entitle the man to an increase in pay, as in the Army, or to extra days off on his vacation time. Some civic group could well afford to award additional precinct trophies and individual cash prizes to further stimulate interest.

As far as the thorn of cost goes, it is well to remember that a police revolver and rifle range can very well be a self-paying project in the average city. In a nation boasting of almost twice as many amateur shooters as there are golfers, there is a market for range facilities which could be capitalized by an alert police department. Or, if that seems bound by red tape, then let the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, American Legion, or some such group finance the range, collect fees from the public and accord the facilities to the police without charge.

To be sure, not a few up-and-coming departments have reversed this procedure and invite the public to their ranges. They did this in Wilmington, Delaware, not long ago, and all through New Jersey you'll see police ranges cropping up on which the civilian shooter is welcomed. Reverting to Los Angeles again, the police there hold open shoots nearly every Sunday, and it is common to see 300 to 400 citizens blazing away at the targets side by side with the cops.

This is a healthy condition for both of them, albeit it's the police we're interested in improving now, not the civilians. Considering his duty, his problem and its risks, it is trite to say that a cop should be a crack shot—it is far more to the point to say that it is criminal negligence for his superiors to let him roam the streets with a gun he can't handle well. In London, the average "bobby" is unarmed, the possession of weapons being restricted to the trained members of a Gun Squad. And while that scheme would be preposterous under our conditions, the basic idea that only those officers who can shoot may carry guns strikes right at the heart of the problem.

That brings us back to the fundamental philosophy of police marksmanship which seems a bit cracked in a country where most policemen have to buy their own guns with little or no standardization requirements. The result is that many departments are armed with a god-awful conglomeration of bargain basement guns ranging all the way from .22's to frontier model six-shooters and including the expected proportion of defective guns, guns with rusted cylinders and plugged barrels, center-fire weapons loaded with rimfire cartridges, etc. Ironically enough, while these officers walk their beats with this collection of junk, officials periodically dump into the river or the sea thousands of first class, modern weapons seized from criminals who, too often, are armed far better than their legal adversaries.

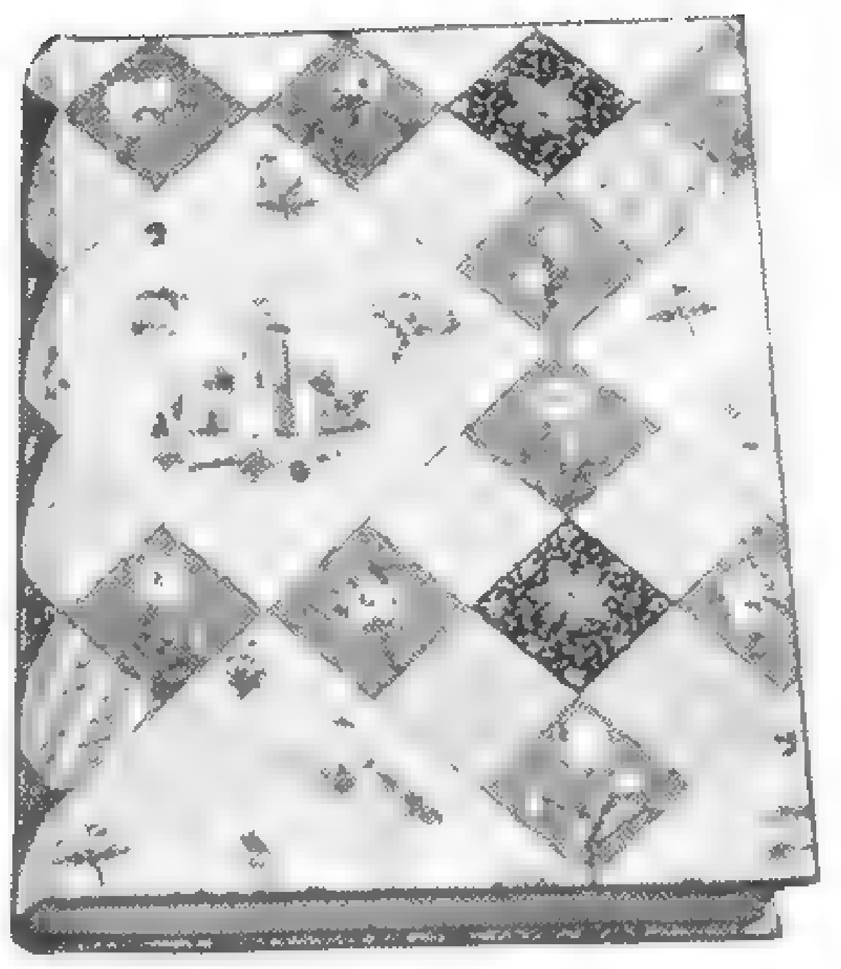
Just considering one factor of the problem, it would be interesting and illuminating to swoop down on any police force at random and find out how many of their revolvers are loaded with ammunition that will pierce an automobile body. A sickening proportion of them will fall down on this single point—indeed, you might be astonished to discover that some of the cartridges carried will barely penetrate a good winter overcoat at fifty paces!—yet the automobile get-away is the most common form of escape today, effective because the fugitives, of necessity, have a head-start.

Such negligence would sound screwy in almost any other occupation, but it commonly exists, perhaps in your own city. It seems to be something well worth looking into. But if you start looking, do it with an open mind and with the advice of some expert shooters who know what it is all about. Don't begin by panning the cops for the situation: it is not of their making, for lack of police training is a disease which grows down from the top, not up from the bottom.

Laymen rarely go into such things, however, until some fine day a couple of citizens are accidentally knocked off as they step out of a drug store into a bandit chase down Main Street. And when we go roaring into a righteous cleanup under that sort of impetus, we forget that police shooting in action is a difficult job—far more difficult than even military shooting. The cop's critical situations are nearly all unexpected and he is gravely handicapped by the unfortunate circumstance that the other guy, uninhibited by etiquette or regulations, invariably gets in the first shot while the officer unlimbers his gun from under one or two layers of clothing.

Even forewarned, the cop in action is not shooting at a still paper target under an ideal north light: he is in a dark hall, a murky cellar, a crowded street, a jouncing car. If he shoots too quickly, he's up on the carpet for the "promiscuous use" of his weapon; if he shoots too slowly, he's up on a slab in the morgue with an incurable ailment; if he shoots the wrong guy, he's on the defendant's seat in court fighting a civil suit.

In short, the cop who gets in an enforcement situation involving gun play is in one hell of a tough spot. His future promotion and his present bank account are always in jeopardy even if he comes out with a whole skin. Hence, for his own benefit, to say nothing of yours and mine, every cop ought to be a damned good shot. And there's no reason in the world why he can't be. ##



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Whatever Happened to Immorality?

Continued from page 29

the devastating economic troubles of the past ten years.

For a while it looked as though the famous young people of the twenties would spawn a generation of prigs, prissies and self-righteous snoots.

The pendulum we were pompously assured, would swing back and produce a new Victorian era—but it did not.

On the contrary, the brassiere-and-shorts bathing outfit for women created no fuss anywhere but in the fashion notes when it appeared. And the skirts, after dipping from time to time, are about where they were in 1922. As for any complaints you may have heard about swing music and dancing and jitterbugs a couple of seasons back—they were not on moral grounds.

Some of us old folks brought up on conservative long-underwear jazz had our nervous systems shaken apart just watching the boys and girls fling themselves around—but none of us said anything about morals or the collapse of civilization.

Now when I say that talk of immorality as a general topic of community conversation has disappeared, I do not mean to imply that we have reached a millennium, or that young people don't break the rules or do things they later regret. Nor am I overlooking our generation's quota of babies born to high school girls. Sure, young people sometimes drink too much and drive themselves into telephone poles, or steal cars or marry tramps and no-accounts.

But for the most part they are a serious, conscientious lot, and pretty swell about this lousy, jittery, insecure world into which we have led them.

If college boys and girls do go off into the hills with a blanket today, the chances are they have a pretty good idea what they are about.

Unlike those of the 1920's they are not just trying to be smart and wild and daring and "modern." They are too intelligent to get themselves into a serious situation just for a gag.

Also very pertinent to this generation's attitude toward sex is the vastly increased knowledge of birth control—even the bulky mail order catalogues now offer a selection of items.

Still more recently we have lost our Victorian modesty concerning venereal disease, so that daily newspapers and even the radio have sponsored campaigns to make the community aware not only of the extent of such diseases, but of their cure.

Anyway, for one reason or another, nobody complains about immorality much any more. Probably we are not much better or worse than we were in the twenties, but we have learned to mind our own business.

And we have learned that people are good, bad, or rotten because of what they are, regardless of whether they wear crinolines, slit skirts, bustles, slacks, shorts or whalebone corsets.

All of which indicates that as a nation, we are growing up.

The Time of Ruby Robert

Continued from page 33

towards thirty-one when he lost to Fitzsimmons; Dempsey was thirty-one when he lost to Tunney; Sullivan was thirty-four when he lost to Corbett. I differ from experts on fighting as to this age matter. A man at thirty-one or thirty-four is good enough for any man of any age. It may be that dissipation will lower a fighter's effective strength, but the mere matter of years, which have not advanced beyond thirty or so, will not do so. The case of Fitzsimmons proves this, and I stress it to make the point in favor of the Cornishman as a fighter with no superior. He had what no one can explain: he had strength, as Sullivan had, strength that can endure, that can rush and deliver great blows, strength that can stand up when beaten and bloody and fight on, as Sullivan did in his fight with Corbett. There was a report about that Sullivan was drunk the night before that fight. It is likely true, for Sullivan had been drinking heavily for years. And they say that is bad for the muscles and the wind—but look at Sullivan lasting for 21 rounds, chasing Corbett around the ring, and at last sinking in exhaustion in his corner. The standard reports of this fight say that Corbett defeated Sullivan; they do not say that Sullivan was knocked out.

Corbett was a boxer. He cut his foes to pieces, and as for himself he was hard to hit. He cut Fitzsimmons to ribbons, but it did not avail him, as it did in his fight with Sullivan. Fitz stayed on, though several years older than Corbett, and older than Sullivan was when Corbett defeated him. These points are well to remember.

I saw Fitzsimmons in action several times, first with a fighter named Ed Dunkhorst, who was called the "Human Freight Car." He was the Carnera of his day. When the two stepped into the ring it looked like a fight between a grasshopper and a rat. You can well suppose that if Dunkhorst's weight had sent a blow to Fitz's jaw that Fitz would have gone down. Why not? Dunkhorst must have weighed towards three hundred. But Fitz almost murdered this huge slugger, as he waltzed around Dunkhorst planting terrible punches that made Dunkhorst grunt and double up. Before this time Fitz had defeated Peter Maher, and the first Jack Dempsey and a long list of fighters of all weights. He took them all on, say-

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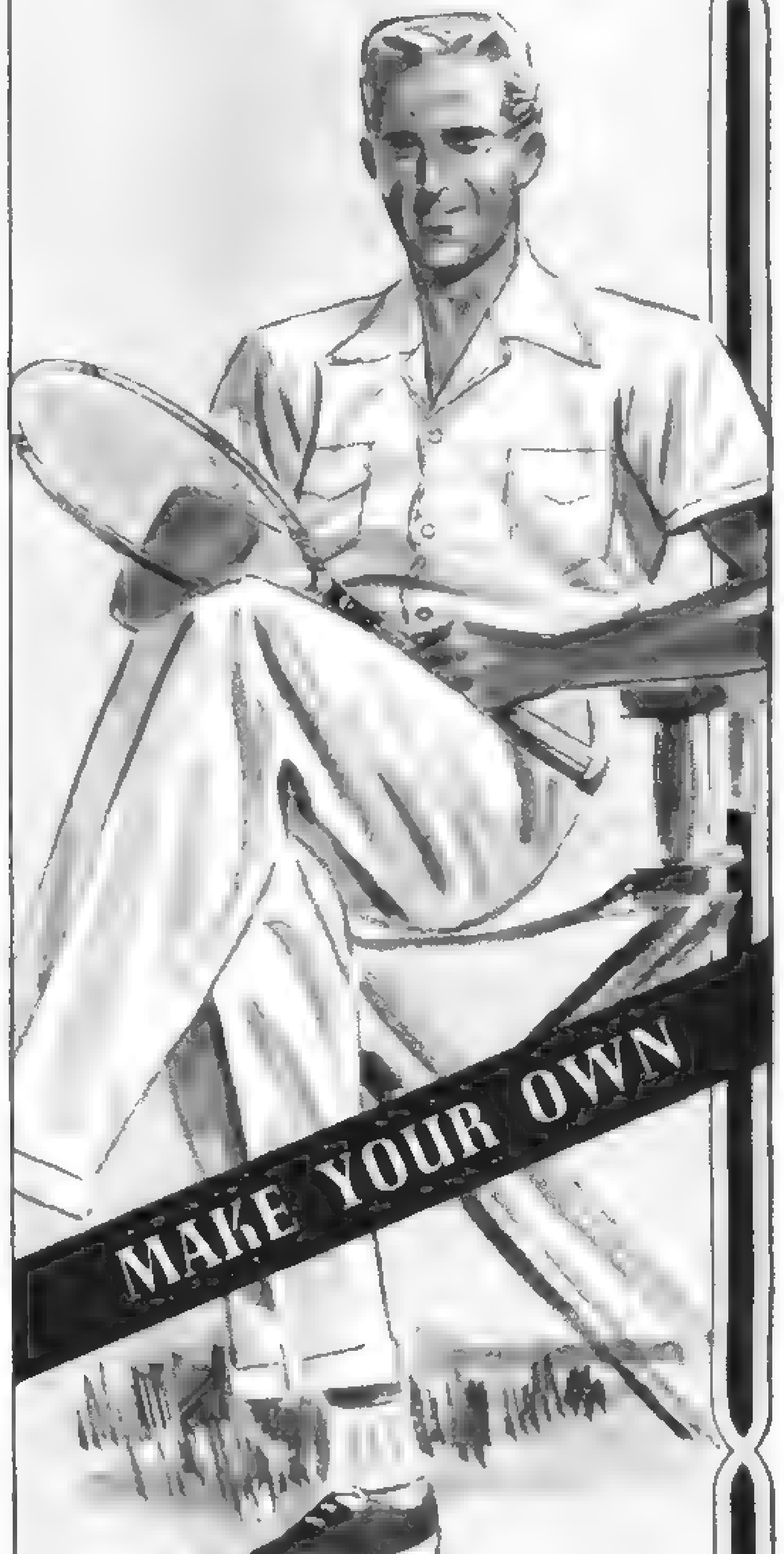

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ing that the bigger they were the harder they fell.

Then I saw the fight between Fitzsimmons and the champion of South Africa, a heavyweight named Jeff Thorne, or Jim Thorne, the name is differently reported. Thorne greatly outweighed Fitz, perhaps by twenty pounds anyway. Thorne was not to be despised. There had been so much talk by this time of Fitz's short punch, a kind of corkscrew it was, that I was very glad of the chance to see him use it on this Jeff Thorne. I wanted to see how it was that Fitz could put a man down so that he could not get up. In this connection you must admit that many champions didn't put their men down so that they could not get up; they wore them out, or cut them to pieces, or covered them with blood and bruises, or put them down as Dempsey put down Tunney—who got up. Fitz put them down for good. He did it with Corbett, and many others.

Malachy Hogan, a referee long remembered as an honest man and a good fellow, met me on the street one day in Chicago and gave me a ringside seat to this fight between Fitz and Thorne. It was held at Tattersall's, and I was there on time, sitting within a few feet of the ring, waiting to see Fitz do the trick.

Pretty soon the fighters entered the ring amid great applause. Fitz in a manner ambled into the ring, though he was quick and nimble enough. His indifference was laughable. He looked about as if he knew what the result was going to be, as if he wanted to get at the business and have it over. His legs were slender, but not too much so, not as much so as the cartoons of the time led one to believe that they were. He was bald, but what hair he had was not so ruby after all. The arresting thing about him was his shoulders, which were huge, with no ridges of muscles, but as it seemed with long thin muscles slipping and gliding smoothly and easily beneath his skin, not so freckled after all. His arms were the most powerful to look at that I ever saw, and without bulges. They were long symmetrical cables of muscle, like a python's body, like the legs of a large man. He probably weighed about 160, a good deal less than Thorne, that was clear.

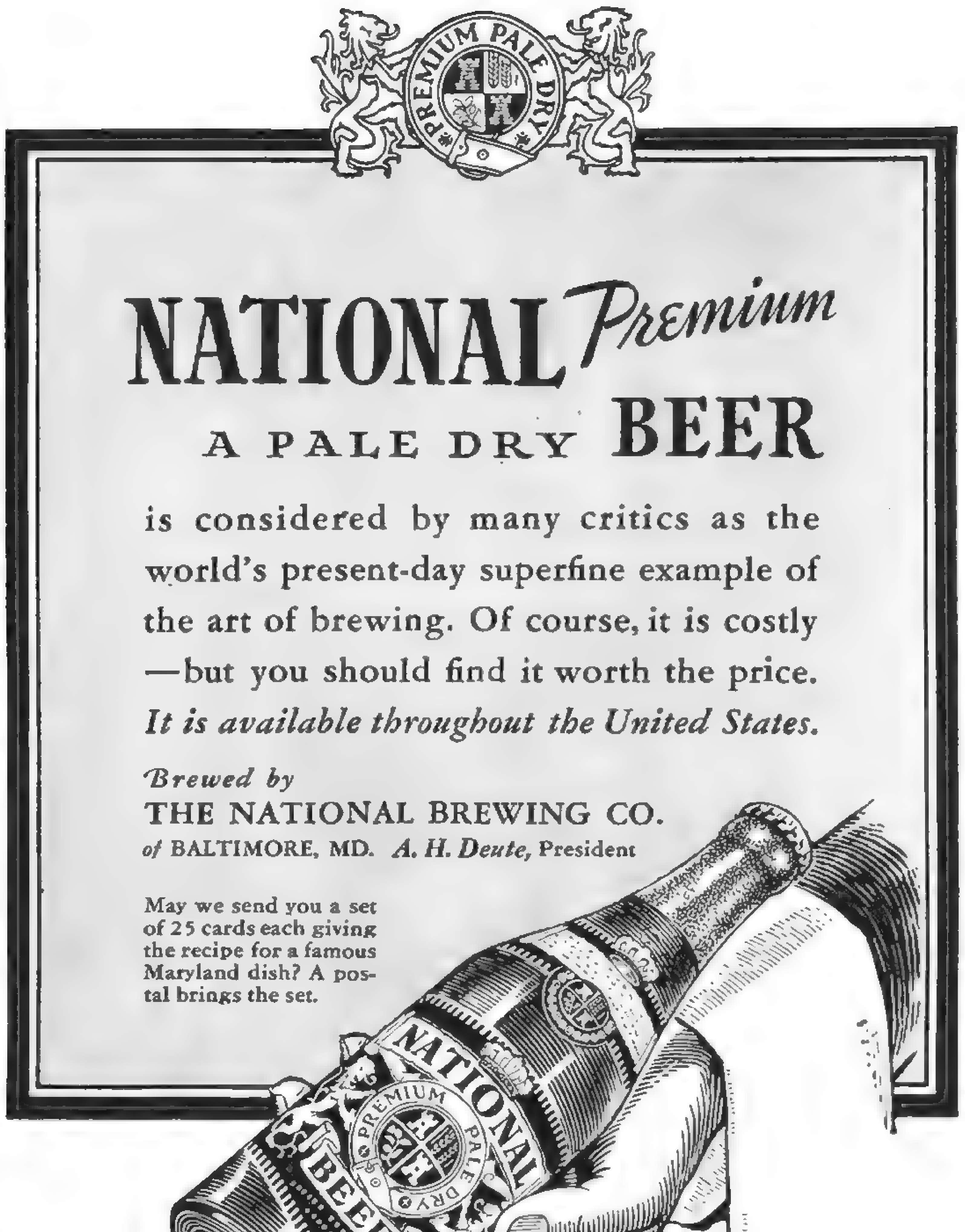
Fitz sat in his corner unconcerned, waiting for the bell, while Malachy Hogan stepped about getting ready to judge the fight. At last the bell! Fitz ambled over to the center of the ring, and there met Thorne coming on fast, full of fight, and striking out viciously over and over. He tried for Fitz's jaw. Fitz lifted up one of those huge shoulders, and sent the blow harmlessly to one side. He tried for Fitz's stomach. Fitz just drew in his stomach, and the blow fanned the air. Meantime Fitz did not strike a blow; and meantime I was watching every movement with concentrated eyes. The round ended with no damage. Thorne had not hit Fitz, Fitz had not tried to hit Thorne. I was wondering what cunning plan Fitz was nursing in that small bald head of his, I was watching to see the famous corkscrew.

Well, the second round, with Thorne after Fitz as in the first round, to no result! Then they got close together, and I looked and watched. Then this is what I saw: Fitz twisted a short blow to Thorne which caught him on the chin. The blow was not over six inches in delivery—but what a sock! You could tell that from the way that Thorne crumpled. He sank down to the resin. Malachy counted him out. He did not get up. He lay there limp and helpless. Malachy with the help of some others carried him to his corner. When he was put into his chair his head fell over on his breast. They rubbed him with ammonia. They sprayed champagne upon him. Still he did not come to. He was dead to the world. I wish I had held a watch on all this. But it was a good deal more than 18 seconds. It seemed to me several minutes before Thorne awoke to the realities. He had received one of Fitz's twists from one of those python-like arms. Can you think of another fighter who did the like, or did what Fitz did at Carson City to Corbett? Does this count in measuring what Fitz was when compared to other fighters?

No championship should be decided on ten rounds. I indulge that judgment based upon what I have seen, for outside of Fitz and others, Choynski included, and Jack Johnson in a sparring match, I saw Young Griffo, Terry McGovern, Tommy West, Benny Leonard, Harry Wills, Firpo, and in the old days Joe Goddard, Jim Hall, a marvelous boxer, whom Fitz defeated with some difficulty, and once a few years before Sullivan died I saw him spar with Jake Kilrain. A fighter can be very bad off in the tenth round, or even in the fifteenth round, and then come on and score the victory. That's what it means to have strength, that enigmatic X. That's what it means to fight 75 rounds, as Sullivan did with Jake Kilrain. That's what it means to be bleeding and reeling, as Fitz was in the 13th round at Carson City, and then in the 14th round to score a terrible knockout. Which shows that a man's strength and punching power can be on tap when he is bleeding. In these days a technical knockout is awarded when a man is blind and bleeding. Not in the old days, not in the days of Homer, nor in the days when Jeffries was blind from Fitz's blows at Coney Island.

One time in a conversation with Corbett, not many years before his death, I asked him how it was that he had fought sixty rounds, and others had fought as many in former days, and then in these later days 15 rounds were considered a long fight, long enough to test the superiority of one of the contestants. His reply was that fighters grew to be trained for speed and terrific strength, quickly

Continued on page 154



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WATCH FOR FEBRUARY CORONET—
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY 25TH

The Time of Ruby Robert

Continued from pages 33-153

exerted; while formerly they were trained for endurance, trained by running and other exercises that make for wind. There is something to this, but it doesn't quite convince. Later than this I read a statement by Tunney in which he said that ten rounds were not enough upon which a championship should pass. And I believe that in the second fight between him and Dempsey, Dempsey might have scored a knockout if the fight had gone to fifteen rounds. The matter comes back to that enigmatic thing called strength, to which I have already referred. In this talk I furnish material for experts to argue, but I am an expert myself, since I have done for years what experts do, namely, I have watched fights, read the reports of fights, and talked to experts who have seen fights that I did not see.

Fitz's fight with Corbett at Carson City helps to prove my point. I didn't see this fight, but I have talked by the hour about it with Bob Davis, who was in Fitz's corner there, representing the *New York Journal*, and as a coach to Fitz. You will find descriptions of this fight in plenty, but none so vivid as that Bob Davis can give at the luncheon table. It was a fierce fight, animated by hate on Corbett's part, and by cool ambition on Fitz's. Corbett kept dancing about jabbing and cutting Fitz, and dodging Fitz's blows. He hit Fitz enough. He covered him with blood. In the sixth round Fitz was down. It seemed that Fitz was through. In the thirteenth round Fitz presented a spectacle as terrible as Galento did in his recent fight with Louis. But the fight was not stopped. It had to go on to a finish.

Bob Davis told me that Fitz came back to his corner at the end of the thirteenth round with his chest streaming with blood, with his face covered with blood, with his eyes half-blinded. He sat down and his seconds began to sponge him off, to work on him. Then Fitz said coolly and as a matter of fact that he would get Corbett in the next round and to put up money on it, to tell the boys to bet. Think of that! When Bob heard Fitz say this he turned to his fellows and told them to put their money on Fitz. That was the amount of confidence that Bob Davis had in Fitz, sitting there covered with blood. More than that he sent a wire to his paper, saying that Fitz had won in the fourteenth round. This before the round was fought! But it was soon fought. Fitz worked what was called "the fatal shift," some kind of a placing and bracing of his feet in which all his bulk and strength were put into leverage, and he delivered the solar plexus, a blow to the midriff, which sent Corbett writhing and helpless, defeated and counted out. Everybody knows what it is to get a blow in the pit of the stomach. That was what Fitz gave Corbett. He had studied it out, and it did the trick. That made Fitz heavyweight champion of the world, at thirty-five years of age, weighing about 160 pounds. He began then to tour the country heralded as the champion of champions. He was thus heralded, but his name lacked magic somehow. He didn't clean up. He was not a gentleman, a Shakespearean amateur; he was a fighter. Six years after this time he won the light heavyweight championship. He was only the world's middleweight champion when he defeated Corbett.

In 1898 Jeffries after a bruising fight in San Francisco with Tom Sharkey, gaining the decision in the 20th round, was after Fitz. Fitz told him to go and get a reputation. Finally when the match was made Jeffries took on Tommy Ryan as a trainer, a very foxy and able fighter. He trained Jeffries so that Fitz would have difficulty in hitting him. That is he trained him to a kind of crouch, with the head down and one fist thrust forward. The great hulk, Jeffries with his 220 pounds of bronze-like flesh, did not want to be hit by a fist with only 160 pounds back of it, seeing that those pounds were Fitz's. Fitz gave Jeffries everything he had. He was then thirty-seven years of age. Jeffries was twenty-four. In the 11th round Jeffries knocked old Fitz out.

Fitz turned forty and challenged Jeffries. In the meantime Jeffries had fought Tom Sharkey 25 rounds and had won the decision. There was no knock down. For the first time that I know anything about, pictures were made of the fight. I saw them and studied them, watching the short Sharkey and the tall bear-like Jeffries fight toe to toe, round after round. You couldn't tell from the pictures that either one had any advantage. They toed the mark and slugged. Often Jeffries' head went back, often Jeffries soaked Sharkey with terrific blows. But it turned out that Sharkey's ribs were smashed. The fight looked like a draw. But after observation at the hospital it was not difficult for doctors to say that Sharkey was badly punished, even if not knocked out.

At this time there was a huge fellow named Gus Ruhlin, called the giant grip-man, as he had run a grip-car. In the week before Fitz fought Jeffries the second fight, Fitz took on this Ruhlin, defeating him handily in a few rounds. Also in this week he took on Sharkey, knocking him out in two rounds, as I remember the facts. True, Sharkey had been badly macerated in that fight with Jeffries, but what do you think of the trick that Fitz turned in actually knocking out the tough Tom Sharkey? Then came Fitz's second fight with Jeffries. It took place at San Francisco.

As I am writing this article a magazine is on my desk with a piece in it by Hype Igoe, in which he says that Fitz gave Jeffries the most awful beating that he ever saw a man take in the ring, and that Dempsey's destruction of Willard or Firpo cannot be compared to it. I have heard the same thing from men who were on the ground, from Louis Houseman, a sports writer for Chicago papers, from Malachy Hogan already mentioned. Fitz was over forty, and Jeffries twenty-six. Fitz was a light heavyweight, Jeffries was one of the heaviest of the heavyweights.

Houseman told me that Jeffries at the last was nothing but bloody pulp, he was blinded, reeling. In these days the fight might have been stopped to save the life of Jeffries. Fitz had the fight won by a large margin until the strange end of things in the eighth round. Then suddenly Jeffries, out of his blindness, delivered a blow which sent Fitz sprawling to the mat. It turned out that what happened was this: Fitz walked close to Jeff, saying, "Hit me, Jeff." That's what he told Houseman, and Houseman told this to me. Spectators did not realize at the time that Fitz had nothing on which to continue the fight. His hands were just mush, bloody mush. That's why he said to Jeffries, "Hit me, Jeff," and exposed himself so that Jeffries could do it. When Fitz was in his dressing room they had to cut the gloves from his hands. His endurance had not deserted him, he was simply without weapons. Can any fight by Sullivan, by Dempsey, by anyone be compared to this? To me it puts Fitz at the top. For courage, for power, for skill, for fighting will, there is nothing in the record of Sullivan down to Joe Louis that holds a candle to it.

After this fight Fitz drifted around, sometimes fighting, but not notably. He got to be fifty and wanted to fight. The authorities would not let him. His purse was thin, and finally it came out that he had died in Chicago, aged fifty-six. Like other men he had to leave it to posterity to judge of him, to decide how good he was; and as in the case of other men, experts argue about him, and lie about him, and misvalue his record. So far as I am concerned I think he was a wonder in every way. ⧺

The Collaboration

Continued from page 38

ninety-nine per cent of the whole business. I am a stylist myself. Waiter, bring over that hamburger. . . . You see?"

"Thank you," said the young man.

"Yes," said Ambrose. "You can now look at it closely. I have this ability to gratify my friends—call it power if you will—because I am a fine stylist. I count on my forthcoming book to sell half a million copies. Eat the hamburger. It is nothing to me."

"O. K." said the young man, falling to.

"You seem to like hamburgers," said Ambrose. "I need a sort of secretary with a good experience of life: apprentice, in short, such as the old masters had, who could rough out plots for me. You seem to have an unlimited supply of material. I have an unlimited supply of hamburgers."

"Sell out?" cried the young man. "For a hamburger? Not me."

"There would be large steaks . . ." said Ambrose.

"But . . . " said the young man.

". . . smothered with mushrooms," said Ambrose. "Fried chicken. Pie. New clothes. Comfortable quarters. Maybe a dollar a week pocket money."

"Make it two," said the young man. "You can't take a dame out on a dollar."

"Certainly not," said Ambrose. "No dames. All must go into the plots."

"That's tough," said the young man.

"Take it or leave it," said Ambrose.

The young man, after a struggle, succumbed, and soon was tied up with a long-term contract, and taken home to the little house on Long Island. Ambrose described him as a secretary, in order to conceal the true arrangement from his wife, for he feared it might lessen her adoration.

The young man, whose new clothing became him very well, ate and drank very heartily, and relished all that was set before him, all except the sherry. This he abruptly refused, demanding a cocktail. "Mix him an Old-fashioned," said Ambrose to his wife, for he felt it might help to nourish up a plot full of life in the raw.

His lovely wife opened her eyes very wide, first at her husband, then at his secretary, and finally at the Old-fashioned, of which she could not resist taking a surreptitious sip. "How extremely delicious!" she thought. "How delightful life is, after all! In comes this young man, and at once I get what I have been sighing for. I wonder if he ever sighs for anything. He seems too vital. He would just ask for it. Or take it. Oh, dear!"

With that she handed the cocktail to the young man, who received it shyly, gratefully, and yet as if it were his due. He drank it in a straightforward manly fashion, yet with a keen, primitive, simple enjoyment, holding the glass just so, throwing back his head just so—I cannot describe how handsomely this young man appeared to dispose of his cocktail.

All went well in the house. Soon Ambrose ceased to worry. Soon his wife ceased to sigh. Soon the plot was ready. It had everything. "You will remain here," said Ambrose to his secretary, "and we shall go to our little house in Provence, where I shall cast this rough clay into something rather like a Grecian vase. Meanwhile,

Continued on page 156

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The Collaboration

Continued from pages 38-155

you can think up another."

So off they went, Ambrose rubbing his hands. His wife perversely shewed some disposition to sigh again when they boarded the liner, but of that he took no notice. He soon, however, had reason to sigh himself, for when he began work in his stateroom he found his style was not quite as perfect as he had imagined it to be. In fact, by the end of the voyage his high-grade paper was still as blank as before.

This put Ambrose back into the depths of despair. When they got to Paris, he slunk out of the hotel, and drifted into the dingiest café he could find, where the poorest writers forgathered, who were all destitute of plots, money, adoring wives, ideal children and everything.

Such cafés abound in every back street of Paris, and enjoy a numerous and cosmopolitan custom. Ambrose found himself sitting beside a young Englishman whose features were sensitive to a degree, and almost transparent by reason of their extreme emaciation. Ambrose observed that this young man's eyes were full of tears. "Why," said he, "are your eyes full of tears?"

"I am a writer," said the young man, "and as the barbarous publishers pay no heed to style, but insist upon plots about beastly men and women, you may understand that I have to live very simply. I was making my frugal dinner on the smell of a superb dish of *tripes à la mode*, which that fat fellow is eating, when in came an abominable newspaper man, who sat down in our neighborhood and poured out such a flood of journalese that I was obliged to move away. And I am hungry."

"Too bad!" said Ambrose. "I'll tell you what. I'll order a portion for myself, and you shall sniff as heartily as you wish."

"I am eternally grateful," said the other. "I don't know why you should benefit a stranger in this way."

"That's nothing," said Ambrose. "Have you ever tasted a piece of bread dipped in gravy?"

"Yes, indeed," cried the other. "I did so last Christmas. It lent a special richness to my style all through the first half of this year."

"How admirably you would write," said Ambrose, "if someone fed you *Boeuf en Daube!*"

"I could write an Iliad on it," cried the other.

"And *Bouillabaisse?*

"An Odyssey."

"I need someone," said Ambrose, "to put a little finishing touch to some more modern but equally magnificent conceptions of mine. I have a little house in Provence, with an excellent kitchen . . ."

In a word, he soon had this unfortunate in his hands, and tied up with options and loans as securely as any white slave in Buenos Aires.

The young man first lived in a rapture of sniffing, then grew quite used to bread dipped in the gravy, and finally ate all that was going, to the utmost benefit to his physique and style. He would not, however, drink any of Ambrose's sherry. "Let me have a cocktail," said he. "It will impart a modern and realistic smack to my prose, which is particularly desirable for the scenes laid in America."

"Not only that," thought Ambrose, "but it will provide a link, a rapport, between him and the other." Accordingly he called in his wife, at whose appearance the young man inhaled deeply. "Mix him an Old-fashioned," said Ambrose.

His wife again opened her bewitching eyes widely, on husband, secretary and cocktail, of which last she again took a secret sip. She experienced a delicious sensation. "Perhaps I was wrong to begin sighing again," she thought. "Perhaps there is very seldom any real reason to sigh. That young man looks as if he sighed a good deal, which is a pity in anyone so graceful and delicate. I wonder if he knows the cure for it."

Life, however, is not all play: the book progressed rapidly, and soon took shape as the four-star classic of all time, thrilling enough for the most hardened lowbrow, and so perfectly written as to compel the wonder of the connoisseurs.

It sold like hot cakes, and Ambrose was fêted everywhere. His cellar was full of the most superlative sherries. His wife no longer sighed, not even when they left Long Island for Provence, or Provence for Long Island. "It makes a change," said she to the interviewers.

It was not very long before she crowned his happiness by presenting him with a sturdy son. "Soon," said Ambrose, "he will be able to run to meet me, and you shall take us on the Movie-ola. He is not quite as like me as he ought to be: it must be your cruder nature coming out in him. But perhaps he will improve, or perhaps you will do better next time."

Sure enough, there was a next time, and Ambrose rejoiced in two ideal children. "This one," said he, "is still a little short of the ideal. He has your rather effeminate look. No matter: they average out very like their father indeed, and that is as much as could be hoped for."

So time went by, and no man was more pleased with himself than Ambrose. "What a happy man I am," said he to himself, "with my fame, my riches, my beautiful wife who adores me, my forceful plots, my exquisite style, my houses, my secretaries, and my two ideal children!" He had just called for the Movie-ola to have them taken running to meet him, when a visitor was announced, a literary pilgrim who had come to do him homage.

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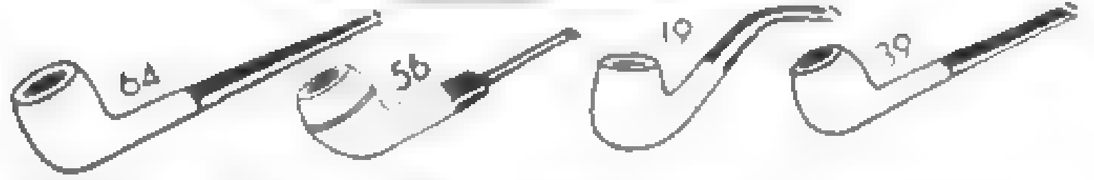

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to the great man. "Yes," said he. "Here I am. This is my study. Those are my books. There, in the hammock, is my wife. And, down there, in the garden, are my two ideal little children. I will take you to see them. You shall watch them run to meet their papa."

"Tell me," said the visitor, "do they reflect the genius of their father?"

"Probably," said Ambrose. "In a small way, of course."

"Then," said the visitor, "let us approach them quietly. Let us overhear their prattle. Suppose they are telling stories to one another. I should like to tell the world, sir, that they have inherited their father's genius."

Ambrose was indulgent, and they tiptoed to the edge of the sandpit, where the two youngsters, squatting in the dirt, were busy gabbling to one another. True enough, they were engaged in telling a story.

"An' the ol' dragon," said the elder, "sprung out on him like mad, spittin' out flames . . ."

"And the monster," said the younger, "rushed forth upon him, breathing fire . . ."

"He hopped out of the way, and stuck his sword in its belly . . ."

"He leapt nimbly aside, and thrust his gleaming blade into its black heart . . ."

"And over it went . . ."

"And it fell . . ."

"Done in."

"Dead." #

Gliders Without Wings

Continued from page 63

the judges' eyes. Valuable points may be lost in every phase of the jump. Perhaps his approach was very timid, he may have jumped off too early or, what is still worse, too late. His flight may have been rather tense and stiff, or he may have barely managed his equilibrium when he landed. Unmercifully, points are split—subtracted and lost. The final handful left is paired with the points for the distance reached, according to intricate charts. Sixteen points for form are fairly satisfactory; 17 points are respectable; 18 points are remarkable and 19 points are tops—seldom reached but certainly deserved when granted. Twenty points are exceptionally outstanding—supreme! Very few mortals can boast of having had a "twenty." Birger Ruud, the uncrowned king of modern ski jumping, is one of them. Whoever attended the 1936 Olympic Games and saw Birger sailing with the clouds in perfect, flawless, and birdlike rhythm will understand me. This form won him Olympic honors, in spite of the fact that Sven Erikson's jumps were a trifle longer.

Ski jumping can be learned, must be learned almost from the cradle on. The first demand is the intuitive feeling born and alive in a child, then inspiration from brilliant examples and later on rigorous training, absolute physical fitness, nerves of steel, the delicate feeling for balance of a precision scale—these are only a few of the necessary qualities to make a jumper. Training, after all, is most important, and not only to practice on big hills, but also on the many smaller-sized hills, up to a distance of approximately 120 feet. That makes jumpers and there is one of the secrets of Norway's élite class. The variety of their hills is almost unlimited. Almost every private house has its "home hill"; and only a few are in the gigantic class. Norwegians are even very much opposed to the giant hills of Central European origin. In fact, there is no official record registered for the longest ski jump, due to the different construction and profile of every hill. All such records are unofficial and problematic because these mammoth hills are not recognized by the F.I.S. (Féderation Internationale de Ski). They are regarded as inconsistent with the classic ideals and demands of the sport and the holy tradition.

The mammoth hills are listed as "ski-gliding hills," to distinguish them from ski jumping hills. And it is quite true that there is a considerable difference between the two categories. The world's longest jump was achieved on one of these famous "ski-gliding hills," in Planica, Jugoslavia, a really gigantic construction.

On this hill, Josef Bradl, a dapper, curly-haired chap with the heart of a lion, set the new world mark at 107 meters. Already in the spring of 1936 Bradl had established the record with a hop of a "mere" 101 meters. But Bradl was not satisfied. He returned in late March 1938. Lady Fortune was with him. The temperature was just right, the course lightning fast and the hill in prime shape. He opened his series of jumps feeling the way calmly with leaps of 83, 95 and 100 meters—and then suddenly everything seemed to click and he dove and glided down to touch ground again after 107 meters of liberated flight. "I had a wonderful sensation in the air," said Bradl, "and I felt so sure of myself. I knew this was going to be over 100." There is no hill in the world which can be compared with this one, was the unanimous acclaim of all the jumpers. The result was indeed encouraging—from twenty-six jumps only one single ended in a slight fall and five were over the 100 meter mark.

The Norwegians were never allowed to compete on this hill, and thus they jumped only for exhibition, the hill being banned by their officials as unsporting. To the great embarrassment of these officials the very same memorable day in 1936 some boys home in Norway soared over ninety meters, and that in competition. The ban is still on but the boys keep on jumping for "exhibition" because they like it. They claim there is no

Continued on page 158

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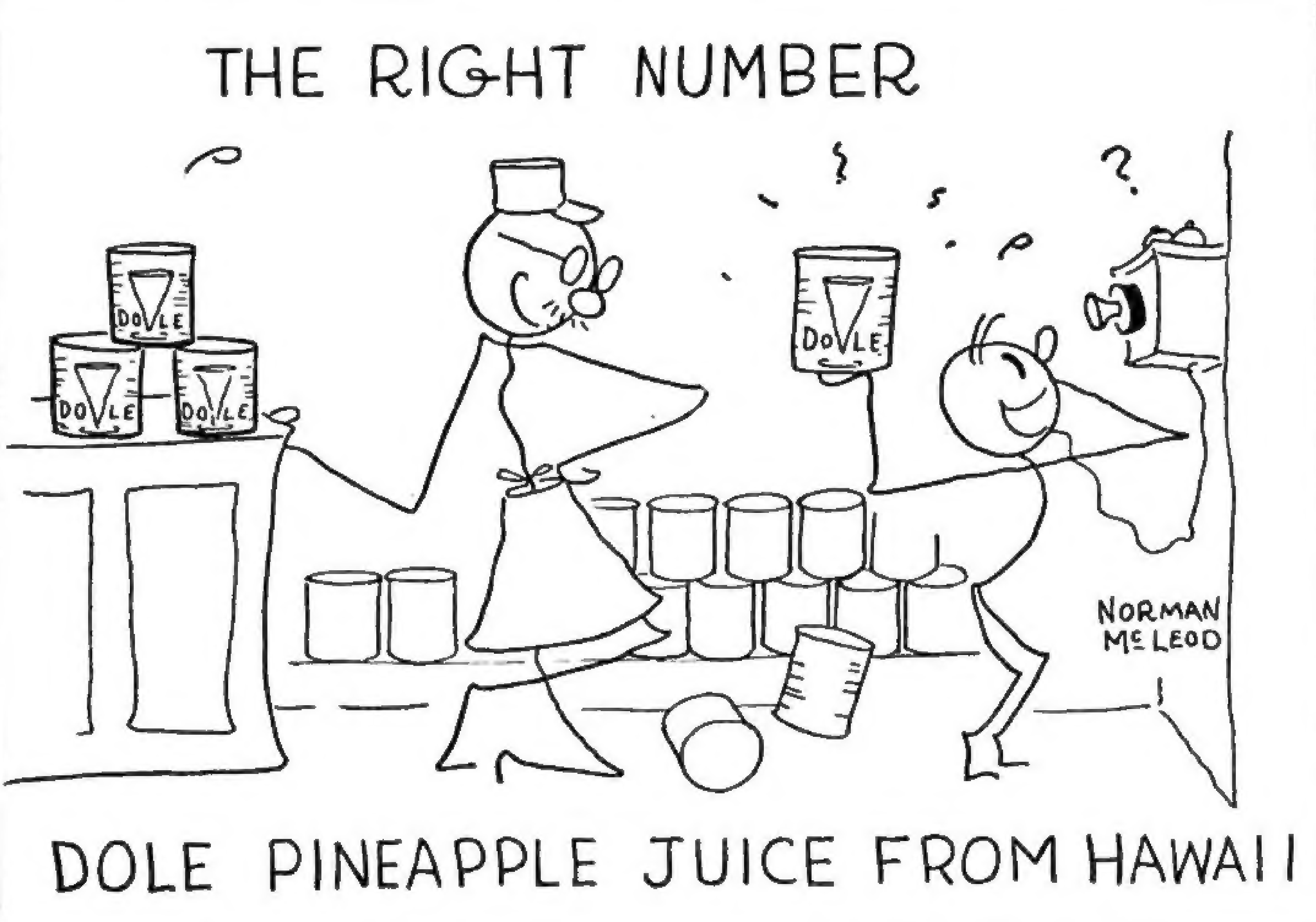

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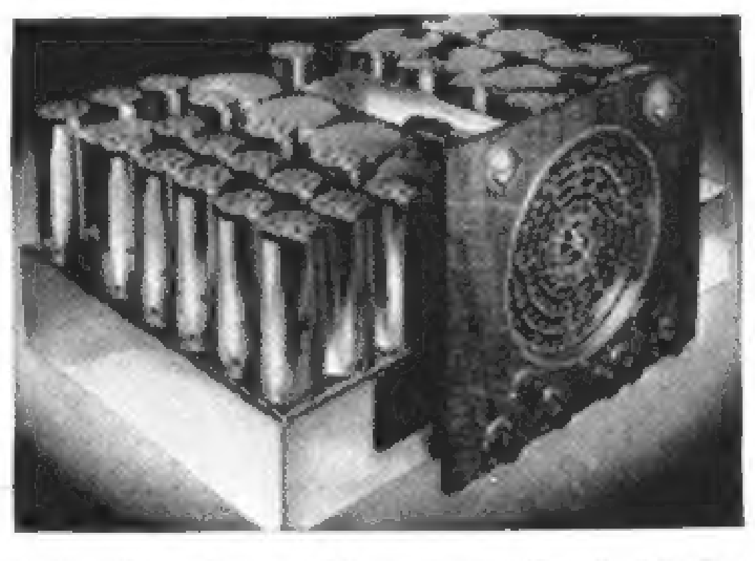

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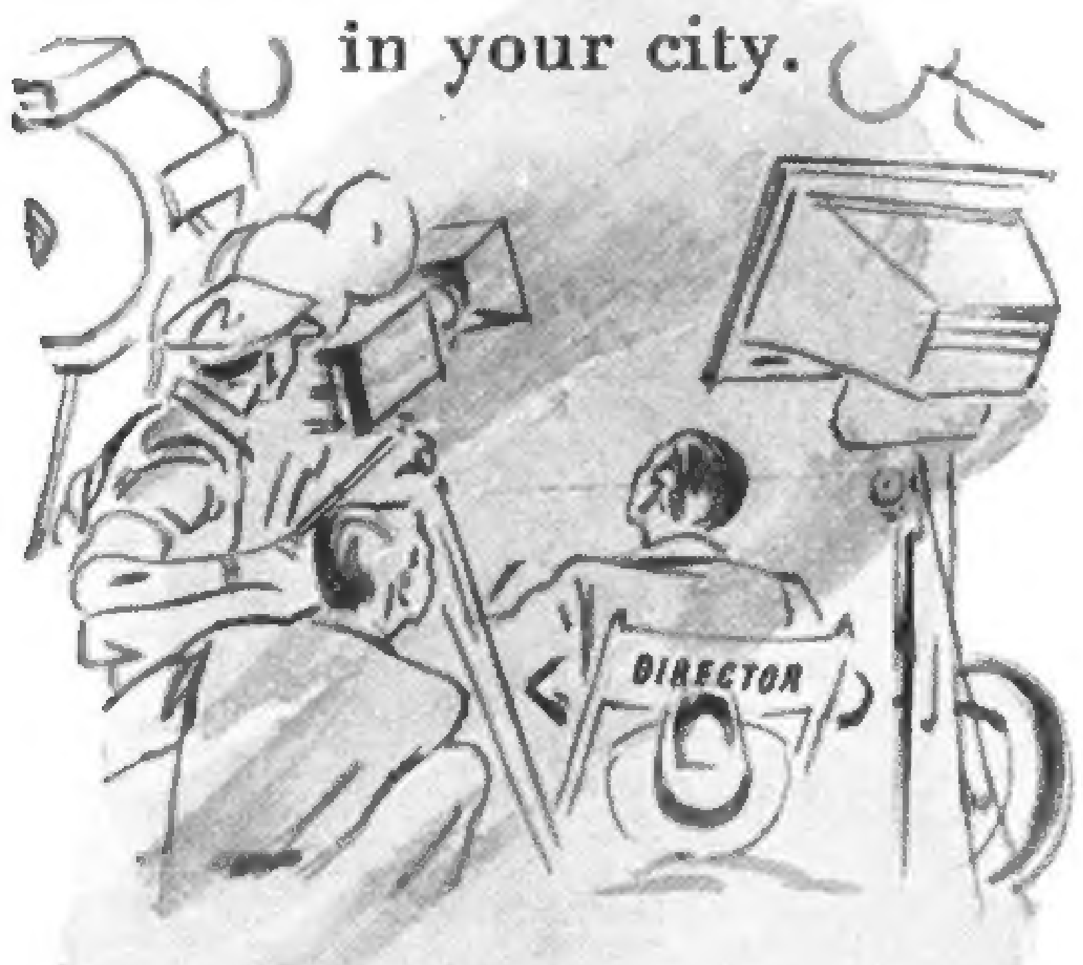

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Gliders Without Wings

Continued from pages 63-157

more danger in "gliding" with skis on a well-constructed mammoth hill, than in "jumping" on any other hill. The main condition is that the hill itself be in an impeccable condition and that only absolutely competent jumpers be allowed to essay it.

The greatest danger in jumping on these hills is the terrific speed. The speed problem will also prevent much longer jumps in the future. Theoretically it would be possible to build a hill where one could cover 150 or more meters. But to fly so far the initial speed when taking off from the edge would have to be near 100 miles per hour. It is doubtful whether a man can stand such speed and still be able to control his actions without taking greatest risks and running utmost danger. When I once asked Birger Ruud for his opinion on this question, he told me that he thought 130 meters would probably be the limit. Such amazing results have been achieved during the last years in every branch of sport that I would not be surprised if this prediction would come true.

Comes a charming episode to my mind. An old lady from a little town in the Middle West was watching a jumping tournament for the first time in her life. Still aghast and with a wide-open facial expression, she stopped one of the jumpers, who was making his way back to the top of the hill with his skis dangling in both hands. "You guys must be crazy to throw yourselves down them suicide contramptions," shouted the old girl. "Aw no," he murmured. He walked on, then suddenly turned around and with a quick mischievous twinkle in his face, added over his shoulder . . . "but, gee, lady it does help a lot if one is."

Skiing history's greatest winter carnival repeats itself every year at Holmenkollen near Oslo. It is practically a national holiday in Norway. Old and young pile around the famous hill on this special Sunday, until some 70,000 people are waiting for the signal from the royal box to see the first jumper sail over Holmenkollen's little church tower in the skyline. It is the dream of every Norwegian boy to win the Holmenkollen Cup, or, even better, the Ladies Cup which is awarded for the best performer in the jumping and cross-country combination.

Even Holmenkoll, with all its glorious tradition, had to bow to evolution in this sport and to the stormy demands of modern youth. In February 1938 it presented itself for the last time in its ancient shape. Last year a new hill with moderately enlarged proportions was baptized, but Holmenkoll will remain the same, a classic symbol of Norway's pet sport.

The old hill, itself, was rather tricky and by no means a record hill. It only unwillingly allowed more than 50 meters, but it demanded everything and was the most classic and severe test for a ski jumper—the new one is just as tough. Only the highest "class" can place successfully and to be in the first twenty means to be in select company with the world's best.

Never will I forget those wonderful days of my boyhood in Austria and the picturesque sight of a "Skispringen"—a colorful rustic symphony. The village mayor, with all his Sunday dignity, children on skis, children in perambulators, the more fashionable hotel crowd mummed in thick furs sitting in pompous horse-sledges, a translucent pale blue sky, and the village band generally clad in flashy national costumes with red, green, white and yellow colors freely mixed and fantastic plumes on their hats, furnishing the indispensable brass music to entertain a gay and happy crowd and to make the jumpers forget their worries, to give them what we call "*Stimmung*." A long thick rope comes down the whole landing slope, with people clinging to it like flies, tracking and packing the hill with their skis and giving it the final polish until it looks as smooth as a billiard table. Never will I forget the exciting last moments before starting up to the top, all jumpers gathered around, an inspiring sight, these healthy-looking and well-built boys, broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, with a certain determined glint in their eyes, all neatly dressed in smartly cut streamlined clothes and bright-colored sweaters.

The jumpers inspect the hill and the snow from foot to foot and the last touch is given to the skis. A few caressing strokes with the palm of the hand over the gliding surface, perhaps a last thin layer of paraffin is carefully put on. Finally, when the flag on the take-off is removed and waved, the hill is ready, the jump is free! A sharp bugle signal and a tiny dark point comes already zooming down the in-run like a bullet. Now a slight zip—a stretch of the body, vaguely reaching forward—passing the knoll and then diving head-first down the precipice and here it comes sailing—the human bird in graceful motion and suave rhythm. Nearer and nearer the curve of his flight approaches the curve of the landing slope until he glides into it with a resounding clash of his skis, but an almost effortless movement of his knees. One or two bashful tears come rolling down his cheeks from the speed and the cold air—or is it from too-great happiness? Or might it be sadness and disappointment that this divine flight has come to an end so quickly?

But nature takes care that no tree grows to heaven—and that no mortal flies to heaven in such a grand manner. Also gravity is eventually stronger than any human effort and every ski jump has to come to an end sometime, after all. ⌗

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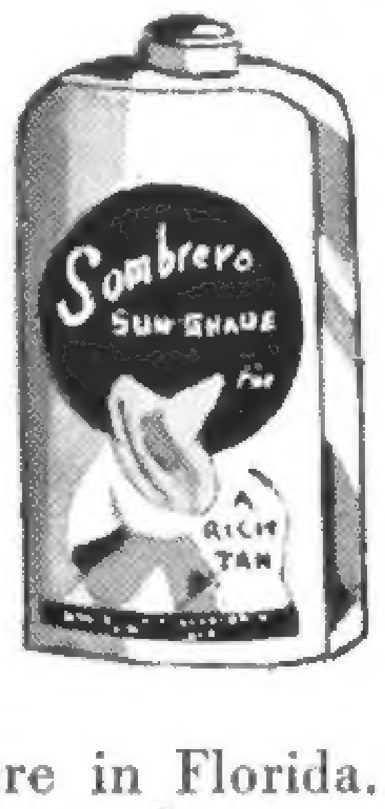

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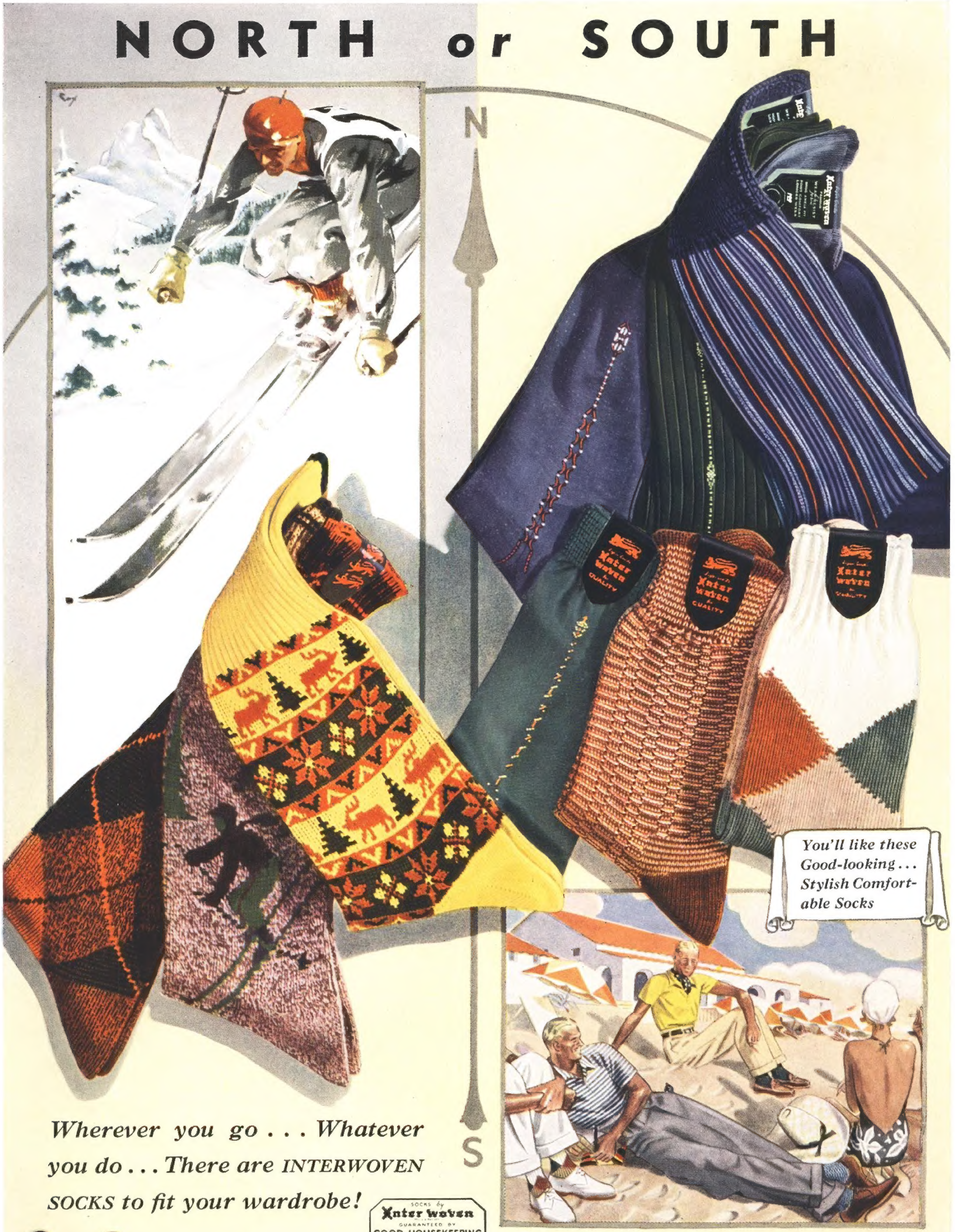

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